

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

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OF
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IN SIX VOLUMES.—VOL. VI.

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DON JUAN.

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CANTO THE FOURTH.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE opinion given by Mr. Murray of the third and fourth cantos was that half was very good. "You are wrong," replied Lord Byron; "for if it were it would be the finest poem in existence. Where is the poetry of which one half is good? is it the *Æneid*? is it Milton's? is it Dryden's? is it any one's except Pope's and Goldsmith's, of which all is good? But if one half of the two new cantos be good in your opinion, what would you have more? No—no; *no* poetry is *generally* good—only by fits and starts—and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a midnight *all stars* as rhyme all perfect." "The third canto," he wrote again on the 19th of January, 1821, "is dull, but you must really put up with it; if the two first and two following are tolerable what do you expect?" When the new cantos were at last announced expectation was on tiptoe. "Scarcely any poem of the present day," said Thomas Campbell, "has been more generally read, or its continuation more eagerly and impatiently awaited. Its poetical merits have been extolled to the skies by its admirers, and the Priest and the Levite, though they have joined to anathematise it, have not, when they came in its way, passed by on the other side." The reception of the second instalment was equally flattering to the powers of the author, and belied his idea that there was a falling off in its spirit. No portion of the poem, either then or since, found greater favour than the third canto, of which Lord Byron thought so meanly. The character of Lambro, whose mild manners and savage disposition were drawn from Ali Pacha, was thought extremely picturesque, as well as the vivid scene of motley revelry which greets his astonished eyes on his sudden return after his reported death. Coleridge considered it the most individual, and therefore the best passage in Lord Byron's works, and said that the festal abandonment put him in mind of Nicholas Poussin's pictures. It does, indeed, resemble a richly coloured painting, crowded with groups of diversified gaiety, which appear to live and move before the eye. The graver strains were likewise in his happiest manner, and the inspiriting lyric on Greece, and the pensive stanzas on evening at the close, would alone have sufficed to redeem the canto, and fulfil the promise of its predecessors. The fourth canto, which was originally the second half of the third, is much inferior, though there is mirth in the account of the singers,—an episode due to Lord Byron's reminiscences of his Drury Lane management—and melancholy in the insanity and death of Haidée. In announcing the completion of these cantos, the poet expressed his belief that they were "very decent," and it was generally allowed that there was, comparatively, little which could make modesty blush, or piety frown. Though his page cannot be called absolutely spotless, he proved that he had the power, when he had the will, to keep all his pictures of life and nature free from every grosser stain, without the slightest sacrifice of point and entertainment.

DON JUAN.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end ;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sinning ;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride,¹ which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

II.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast :
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this—the blood flows on too fast :
But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

DON JUAN.

III.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wish'd that others held the same opinion;
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dominion:
Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow
Leaf,"² and Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, for we must steep
Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep:
Thetis baptised her mortal son in Styx;³
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.⁴

V.

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line;
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,
Unless it were to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,
And revell'd in the fancies of the time,
True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings d
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know ;
 Perhaps no better than they have treated me,
 Who have imputed such designs as show
 Not what they saw, but what they wish'd to see ;
 But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,
 This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free :
 Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
 And tells me to resume my story here.⁵

VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
 To their own hearts' most sweet society ;
 Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft
 With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms ; he
 Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,
 Though foe to love ; and yet they could not be
 Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,
 Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
 Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail ;
 The blank grey was not made to blast their hair,
 But like the climes that know nor snow nor hail,
 They were all summer ; lightning might assail
 And shiver them to ashes, but to trail
 A long and snake-like life of dull decay
 Was not for them—they had too little clay.

X.

They were alone once more ; for them to be
 Thus was another Eden ; they were never
 Weary, unless when separate : the tree
 Cut from its forest root of years—the river
 Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the knee
 And breast maternal wean'd at once for ever,—
 Would wither less than these two torn apart ;⁶
 Alas ! there is no instinct like the heart—

XI.

The heart—which may be broken : happy they !
Thrice fortunate ! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall : they can ne'er behold
The long year link'd with heavy day on day,
And all which must be borne, and never told ;
While life's strange principle will often lie
Deepest in those who long the most to die.

XII.

“ Whom the gods love die young ” was said of yore,⁷
And many deaths do they escape by this :
The death of friends, and that which slays even more—
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath ; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

XIII.

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead.
The heavens, and earth, and air, seem'd made for them :
They found no fault with Time, save that he fled ;
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn ;
Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,
The least glance better understood than words,
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much ;
A language, too, but like to that of birds,
Known but to them, at least appearing such
As but to lovers a true sense affords ;
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er heard.

XV.

All these were theirs, for they were children still,
And children still they should have ever been;
They were not made in the real world to fill
A busy character in the dull scene,
But like two beings born from out a rill,
A nymph and her beloved, all unseen
To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours.

XVI.

Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found
Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys
As rarely they beheld throughout their round;
And these were not of the vain kind which cloy,
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
By the mere senses; and that which destroys^s
Most love, possession, unto them appear'd
A thing which each endearment more endear'd.

XVII.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!
But theirs was love in which the mind delights
To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,
And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights,
Intrigues, adventures of the common school,
Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,
Where Hymen's torch but brands one strumpet more,
Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re.

XVIII.

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which many know.
Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,
Who never found a single hour too slow,
What was it made them thus exempt from care
Young innate feelings all have felt below,
Which perish in the rest, but in them were
Inherent; what we mortals call romantic,
And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

XIX.

This is in others a factitious state,
 An opium dream of too much youth and reading,
 But was in them their nature or their fate :
 No novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding
 For Haidée's knowledge was by no means great,
 And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding ;
 So that there was no reason for their loves
 More than for those of nightingales or doves.

XX.

They gazed upon the sunset ; 'tis an hour
 Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,
 For it had made them what they were : the power
 Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from such skie
 When happiness had been their only dower,
 And twilight saw them link'd in passion's ties ;
 Charm'd with each other, all things charm'd that bro
 The past still welcome as the present thought.

XXI.

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
 Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
 And swept, as 'twere, across their hearts' delight,
 Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
 When one is shook in sound, and one in sight :
 And thus some boding flash'd through either frame
 And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
 While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

XXII.

That large black prophet eye seem'd to dilate
 And follow far the disappearing sun,
 As if their last day of a happy date
 With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were gor
 Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—
 He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
 His glance enquired of hers for some excuse
 For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

XXIII.

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort
 Which makes not others smile ;' then turn'd aside :
 Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd short,
 And master'd by her wisdom or her pride ;
 When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
 Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—
 “ If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—
 Or I at least shall not survive to see.”

XXIV.

Juan would question further, but she press'd
 His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,
 And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,
 Defying augury with that fond kiss ;
 And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best :
 Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss ;
 I have tried both ; so those who would a part take
 May choose between the headache and the heartacne.

XXV.

One of the two, according to your choice,
 Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo ;
 Both maladies are taxes on our joys :
 But which to choose, I really hardly know ;
 And if I had to give a casting voice,
 For both sides I could many reasons show,
 And then decide, without great wrong to either,
 It were much better to have both than neither.

XXVI.

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other
 With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
 Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother ;
 All that the best can mingle and express
 When two pure hearts are pour'd in one another,
 And love too much, and yet can not love less
 But almost sanctify the sweet excess
 By the immortal wish and power to bless.

XXVII.

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong;
The world was not for them, nor the world's art
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

XXVIII.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale;¹⁰ they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care;
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

XXIX.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook
A worldless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air;

XXX.

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical usurper of the mind—
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see."¹¹

XXXI.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
Chain'd to a rock ; she knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her ;
And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

XXXII.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
And stumbled almost every step she made ;
And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid :
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasp'd,
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

XXXIII.

The dream changed :—in a cave she stood, its walls
Were hung with marble icicles ; the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk ;
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and mirk
The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,
Which froze to marble as they fell,—she thought.

XXXIV.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,
Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how sweet
Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now !)
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
Of his quench'd heart ; and the sea dirges low
Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

XXXV.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face .
 Faded, or alter'd into something new—
 Like to her father's features, till each trace
 More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
 With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;
 And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
 Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?
 'Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair!

XXXVI.

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
 With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
 Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell
 The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be
 Perchance the death of one she loved too well:
 Dear as her father had been to Haidée,
 It was a moment of that awful kind——
 I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

XXXVII.

Up Juan sprang to Haidée's bitter shriek,
 And caught her falling, and from off the wall
 Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
 Vengeance on him who was the cause of all:
 Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,
 Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call,
 A thousand scimitars await the word;
 Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

XXXVIII.

And Haidée clung around him; "Juan, 'tis—
 'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with me—
 He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
 Oh! dearest father, in this agony
 Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
 Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
 That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
 Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

XXXIX.

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood :
He look'd upon her, but gave no reply ;
Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die ;
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

XL.

"Young man, your sword ;" so Lambro once more said :
Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free."
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
And drawing from his belt a pistol, he
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."
Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see
'Twas fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
And next proceeded quietly to cock.

XLI.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so ;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe ;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

XLII.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's breath,
When Haidée threw herself her boy before ;
Stern as her sire : "On me," she cried, "let death
Descend—the fault is mine ; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith ;
I love him—I will die with him : I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too.

XLIII.

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy; but now
She stood as one who champion'd human fears—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd the blow;
And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer mark; and with a fix'd eye scann'd
Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

XLIV.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas strange
How like they look'd! the expression was the same;
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame;
For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a lioness, though tame;
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

XLV.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and years:
Even to the delicacy of their hand¹²
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
Shows what the passions are in their full growth.

XLVI.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,
And looking on her, as to look her through,
“Not *I*,” he said, “have sought this stranger's ill;
Not *I* have made this desolation: few
Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill;
But I must do my duty—how thou hast
Done thine, the present vouches for the past.”¹³

XLVII.

“Let him disarm; or, by my father’s head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball!”
He raised his whistle, as the word he said,
And blew; another answer’d to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,
And arm’d from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
He gave the word, “Arrest or slay the Frank.”

XLVIII.

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter; while compress’d within his clasp,
’Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew;
In vain she struggled in her father’s grasp—
His arms were like a serpent’s coil: then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates; save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

XLIX.

The second had his cheek laid open; but
The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put
His own well in: so well, ere you could look,
His man was floor’d, and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook
From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head.

L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
Juan from the apartment: with a sign
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,
Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
Until they reach’d some galliots, placed in line;
On board of one of these, and under hatches,
They stow’d him, with strict orders to the watches.

LI.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
 And here was one exceedingly unpleasant :
 A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,
 Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,
 Just at the very time when he least broods
 On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,
 Wounded and chain'd, so that he cannot move,
 And all because a lady fell in love.

LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
 Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea
 Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic ;
 For if my pure libations exceed three,
 I feel ~~my~~ heart become so sympathetic
 That I must have recourse to black Bohea :
 'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
 For tea and coffee leave us much more serious,

LIII.

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac !
 Sweet Naiad of the Phlegethontic rill !
 Ah ! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,¹⁵
 And make, like other nymyhs, thy lovers ill ?
 I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*
 (In each sense of the word), whene'er I fill
 My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,
 Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

LIV.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe—
 Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded ;
 Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
 Of those with which his Haidée's bosom bounded !
 She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
 And then give way, subdued because surrounded ;
 Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,
 Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

LV.

There the large olive rains its amber store
In marble fonts; there grain, and flour, and fruit,
Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan;
And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

LVI.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.¹⁶

LVII.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the Simoom¹⁷ sweeps the blasted plains.

LVIII.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she view'd an instant and no more,—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

LIX.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyesth
 Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;
 And her head droop'd, as when the lily lies
 O'ercharged with rain: her summon'd handmaids bore
 Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
 Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
 But she defied all means they could employ,
 Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

LX.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
 With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
 She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
 No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead;
 Corruption came not in each mind to kill
 All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred
 New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul—
 She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
 When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
 But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
 O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
 O'er the Laocoön's all eternal throes,
 And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
 Their energy like life forms all their fame,
 Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.⁹

LXII.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
 Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,
 A strange sensation which she must partake
 Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
 Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
 Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
 Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
 For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

LXIII.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what ;
She saw them watch her without asking why,
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat ;
Not speechless, though she spoke not ; not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts ; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served ; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

LXIV.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not ;
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away ;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherish'd in their day ;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory she lay ;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful meaning.

LXV.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp ;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument ;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turn'd as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent ;
And he begun a long low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

LXVI.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,
And sung of love ; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection ; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being ; in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

LXVII.

Short solace, vain relief!—thought came too quick
 And whirl'd her brain to madness; she arose
 As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
 And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
 But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
 Although her paroxysm drew towards its close
 Hers was a phrensy which disdain'd to rave,
 Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

LXVIII.

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense;
 Nothing could make her meet her father's face
 Though on all other things with looks intense
 She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;
 Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
 Avail'd for either; neither change of place,
 Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
 Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for ever.

LXIX.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at last
 Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
 A parting pang, the spirit from her past:
 And they who watch'd her nearest could not tell
 The very instant, till the change that cast
 Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
 Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
 Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!²⁰

LXX.

She died, but not alone; she held within
 A second principle of life, which might
 Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;²¹
 But closed its little being without light,
 And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
 Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one blight
 In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
 The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

LXXI.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid.
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well²²
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.²³

LXXII.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say,
What was; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,²⁴
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

LXXIII.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
Sighs o'er her name; and many an islander
With her sire's story makes the night less long;
Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her;
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

LXXIV.

But let me change this theme, which grows too sad,
And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf;
I don't much like describing people mad,
For fear of seeming rather touch'd myself—
Besides, I've no more on this head to add;
And as my Muse is a capricious elf,
We'll put about, and try another tack
With Juan, left half-kill'd some stanzas back.

LXXV.

Wounded and fetter'd, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"

Some days and nights elapsed before that he
Could altogether call the past to mind;

And when he did, he found himself at sea,
Sailing six knots an hour before the wind;

The shores of Ilion lay beneath their lee—
Another time he might have liked to see 'em,
But now was not much pleased with Cape Sigæum.*

LXXVI.

There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is

(Flank'd by the Hellespont, and by the sea)
Entomb'd the bravest of the brave, Achilles;

They say so—(Bryant says the contrary):
And further downward, tall and towering still, is

The tumulus—of whom? Heaven knows; 't may be
Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus;

All heroes, who if living still would slay us.

LXXVII.

High barrows, without marble, or a name,

A vast, untill'd, and mountain-skirted plain,
And Ida in the distance, still the same,

And old Scamander, (if 'tis he) remain;
The situation seems still form'd for fame—

A hundred thousand men might fight again,
With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's walls,
The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls;*

LXXVIII.

Troops of untended horses; here and there,

Some little hamlets, with new names uncouth;
Some shepherds, (unlike Paris) led to stare

A moment at the European youth
Whom to the spot their school-boy feelings bear;
A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe in mouth,
Extremely taken with his own religion,
Are what I found there—but the devil a Phrygian.

LXXIX.

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge
From his dull cabin, found himself a slave;
Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,
O'ershadow'd there by many a hero's grave;
Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could urge
A few brief questions; and the answers gave
No very satisfactory information
About his past or present situation.

LXXX.

He saw some fellow-captives, who appear'd
To be Italians, as they were in fact;
From them, at least, *their* destiny he heard,
Which was an odd one; a troop going to act
In Sicily—all singers, duly rear'd
In their vocation; had not been attack'd
In sailing from Livorno by the pirate,
But sold by the impresario at no high rate.²⁷

LXXXI.

By one of these, the buffo²⁸ of the party,
Juan was told about their curious case;
For although destined to the Turkish mart, he
Still kept his spirits up—at least his face;
The little fellow really look'd quite hearty,
And bore him with some gaiety and grace,
Showing a much more reconciled demeanour,
Than did the prima-donna and the tenor.

LXXXII.

In a few words he told their hapless story,
Saying, "Our Machiavelian impresario,
Making a signal off some promontory,
Hail'd a strange brig; Corpo di Caio Mario!
We were transferr'd on board her in a hurry,
Without a single scudo of salario;
But if the Sultan has a taste for song,
We will revive our fortunes before long.

LXXXIII.

“The prima-donna, though a little old,
 And haggard with a dissipated life,
 And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
 Has some good notes ; and then the tenor's wife,
 With no great voice, is pleasing to behold ;
 Last carnival she made a deal of strife,
 By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna
 From an old Roman princess at Bologna.

LXXXIV.

“And then there are the dancers ; there's the Nini,
 With more than one profession gains by all ;
 Then there's that laughing slut the Pelegrini,
 She, too, was fortunate last carnival,
 And made at least five hundred good zecchini,
 But spends so fast, she has not now a paul ;
 And then there's the Grotesca—such a dancer !
 Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.

LXXXV.

“As for the figuranti,* they are like
 The rest of all that tribe ; with here and there
 A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,
 The rest are hardly fitted for a fair ;
 There's one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,
 Yet has a sentimental kind of air
 Which might go far, but she don't dance with vigour ;
 The more's the pity, with her face and figure.

LXXXVI.

“As for the men, they are a middling set ;
 The musico is but a crack'd old basin,
 But being qualified in one way yet,
 May the seraglio do to set his face in,*
 And as a servant some preferment get ;
 His singing I no further trust can place in :
 From all the Pope* makes yearly 'twould perplex
 To find three perfect pipes of the *third* sex.

LXXXIII.

“The prima-donna, though a little old,
 And haggard with a dissipated life,
 And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
 Has some good notes ; and then the tenor’s wife,
 With no great voice, is pleasing to behold ;
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 But spends so fast, she has not now a paul ;
 And then there’s the Grotesca—such a dancer !
 Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.

LXXXV.

“As for the figuranti,²⁹ they are like
 The rest of all that tribe ; with here and there
 A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,
 The rest are hardly fitted for a fair ;
 There’s one, though tall and stiffer than a pike,
 Yet has a sentimental kind of air
 Which might go far, but she don’t dance with vigour ;
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LXXXVI.

“As for the men, they are a middling set ;
 The musico is but a crack’d old basin,
 But being qualified in one way yet,
 May the seraglio do to set his face in,³⁰
 And as a servant some preferment get ;
 His singing I no further trust can place in :
 From all the Pope³¹ makes yearly ’twould perplex
 To find three perfect pipes of the *third* sex.

LXXXVII.

“The tenor’s voice is spoilt by affectation,
And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;
In fact, he had no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow;
But being the prima-donna’s near relation,
Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
They hired him, though to hear him you’d believe
An ass was practising recitative.

LXXXVIII.

“’Twould not become myself to dwell upon
My own merits, and though young—I see, sir—you
Have got a travell’d air, which speaks you one
To whom the opera is by no means new:
You’ve heard of Raucocanti?³²—I’m the man:
The time may come when you may hear me too;
You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
But next, when I’m engaged to sing there—do go.

LXXXIX.

“Our baritone³³ I almost had forgot,
A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit;
With graceful action, science not a jot,
A voice of no great compass, and not sweet,
He always is complaining of his lot,
Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street;
In lovers’ parts his passion more to breathe,
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth.”

xc.

Here Raucocanti’s eloquent recital
Was interrupted by the pirate crew,
Who came at stated moments to invite all
The captives back to their sad berths; each threw
A rueful glance upon the waves, (which bright all
From the blue skies derived a double blue,
Dancing all free and happy in the sun,)
And then went down the hatchway one by one.

XCI.

They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles,
 Waiting for his Sublimity's firmān,
 The most imperative of sovereign spells,
 Which everybody does without who can,
 More to secure them in their naval cells,
 Lady to lady, well as man to man,
 Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple,
 For the slave-market of Constantinople.

XCII.

It seems when this allotment was made out,
 There chanced to be an odd male, and odd female,
 Who (after some discussion and some doubt,
 If the soprano might be deem'd to be male,
 They placed him o'er the woman as a scout)
 Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male
 Was Juan, who—an awkward thing at his age,—
 Pair'd off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

XCIII.

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chain'd
 The tenor; these two hated with a hate
 Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd
 With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate;
 Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,
 Instead of bearing up without debate,
 That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,
 “Arcades ambo,” *id est*—blackguards both.³⁴

XCIV.

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,
 But bred within the March of old Ancona,
 With eyes that look'd into the very soul
 (And other chief points of a “bella donna,”)
 Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;
 And through her clear brunette complexion shone a
 Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,
 Especially when added to the power.

XCV.

But all that power was wasted upon him,
For sorrow o'er each sense held stern command ;
Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim :
And though thus chain'd, as natural her hand
Touch'd his, nor that—nor any handsome limb
(And she had some not easy to withstand)
Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel brittle ;
Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

XCVI.

No matter ; we should ne'er too much enquire,
But facts are facts : no knight could be more true,
And firmer faith no ladye-love desire ;
We will omit the proofs, save one or two :
'Tis said no one in hand " can hold a fire
By thought of frosty Causasus ; " ³⁵ but few,
I really think ; yet Juan's then ordeal
Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaste description,
Having withstood temptation in my youth, ³⁶
But hear that several people take exception
At the first two books having too much truth ;
Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

XCVIII.

'Tis all the same to me ; I'm fond of yielding,
And therefore leave them to the purer page
Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
Who say strange things for so correct an age ;
I once had great alacrity in wielding
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
And recollect the time when all this cant
Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't.

XCIX.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble ;
 But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
 Leaving such to the literary rabble,
 Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease
 While the right hand which wrote it still is able.
 Or of some centuries to take a lease ;
 The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
 And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

C.

Of poets who come down to us through distance
 Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,
 Life seems the smallest portion of existence ;
 Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
 'Tis as a snowball which derives assistance
 From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
 Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow ;
 But, after all, 'tis nothing but cold snow.

CI.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,
 And love of glory's but an airy lust,
 Too often in its fury overcoming all
 Who would as 'twere identify their dust
 From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,
 Leaves nothing till "the coming of the just"—
 Save change: I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
 And heard Troy doubted ;³⁷ time will doubt of Rome.

CII.

The very generations of the dead
 Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
 Until the memory of an age is fled,
 And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom :
 Where are the epitaphs our fathers read ?
 Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom
 Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,
 And lose their own in universal death.

CIII.

I canter by the spot each afternoon
 Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,
 Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
 For human vanity, the young De Foix !
 A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
 But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
 Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
 While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.³⁸

CIV.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid :
 A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
 Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid³⁹
 To the bard's tomb,⁴⁰ and not the warrior's column :
 The time must come, when both alike decay'd,
 The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,
 Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
 Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,
 With human filth that column is defiled,
 As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented
 To show his loathing of the spot he soil'd :⁴¹
 Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented
 Should ever be those blood-hounds, from whose wild
 Instinct of gore and glory earth has known
 Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.⁴²

CVI.

Yet there will still be bards : though fame is smoke,
 Its fumes are frankincense to human thought ;
 And the unquiet feelings, which first woke
 Song in the world, will seek what then they sought :⁴³
 As on the beach the waves at last are broke.
 Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought
 Dash into poetry, which is but passion,
 Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion.

CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was
 At once adventurous and contemplative,
 Men who partake all passions as they pass,
 Acquire the deep and bitter power to give⁴⁴
 Their images again as in a glass,
 And in such colours that they seem to live;
 You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,
 But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

CVIII.

Oh! ye, who make the fortunes of all books!
 Benign Ceruleans of the second sex!
 Who advertise new poems by your looks,
 Your "imprimatur" will ye not annex?
 What! must I go to the oblivious cooks,
 Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian wrecks?
 Ah! must I then the only minstrel be,
 Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea?⁴⁵

CIX.

What! can I prove "a lion" then no more?
 A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press darling?
 To bear the compliments of many a bore,
 And sigh, "I can't get out," like Yorick's starling;
 Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore,
 (Beacuse the world won't read him, always snarling)
 That taste is gone, that fame is but a lottery,
 Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.⁴⁶

CX.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
 As some one somewhere sings about the sky,
 And I, ye learned ladies, say of you;
 They say your stockings are so—(Heaven knows why,
 I have examined few pair of that hue);
 Blue as the garters which serenely lie
 Round the Patrician left-legs, which adorn
 The festal midnight, and the levée morn.⁴⁷

CXI.

Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures—
 But times are alter'd since, a rhyming lover,
 You read my stanzas, and I read your features :
 And—but no matter, all those things are over ;
 Still I have no dislike to learned natures,
 For sometimes such a world of virtues cover ;
 I knew one woman of that purple school,
 The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool.

CXII.

Humboldt, “ the first of travellers,” but not
 The last, if late accounts be accurate,
 Invented, by some name I have forgot,
 As well as the sublime discovery's date,
 An airy instrument, with which he sought
 To ascertain the atmospheric state,
 By measuring “ the *intensity of blue* : ” ⁴²
 Oh, Lady Daphne ! let me measure you ! ⁴³

CXIII.

But to the narrative.—The vessel bound
 With slaves to sell off in the capital,
 After the usual process, might be found
 At anchor under the seraglio wall ;
 Her cargo, from the plague being safe and sound,
 Were landed in the market, ⁵⁰ one and all,
 And there with Georgians, Russians, and Circassians,
 Bought up for different purposes and passions.

CXIV.

Some went off dearly ; fifteen hundred dollars
 For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,
 Warranted virgin ; beauty's brightest colours
 Had deck'd her out in all the hues of heaven :
 Her sale sent home some disappointed bawlers,
 Who bade on till the hundreds reached eleven ; ⁵¹
 But when the offer went beyond, they knew
 'Twas for the Sultan, and at once withdrew.

CXV.

Twelve negresses from Nubia brought a price
Which the West Indian market scarce would bring,
Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it twice
What 'twas ere Abolition ; and the thing
Need not seem very wonderful, for vice
Is always much more splendid than a king :
The virtues, even the most exalted, Charity,
Are saving—vice spares nothing for a rarity.

CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,
How some were bought by pachas, some by Jews,
How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,
And others rose to the command of crews
As renegadoes ; while in hapless group,
Hoping no very old vizier might choose,
The females stood, as one by one they pick'd 'em,
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim :⁵³

CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song ;
Also our hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant
(Because this canto has become too long),
Must be postponed discreetly for the present ;
I'm sensible redundancy is wrong,
But could not for the muse of me put less in't ;
And now delay the progress of Don Juan,
Till what is call'd in Ossian the fifth Duan.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE FIFTH

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE fifth canto of "Don Juan" was begun at Ravenna, October the 16th, and finished November 20th, 1820. Lord Byron read it in MS. to Shelley, who wrote a most glowing account of it to his wife. "It is astonishingly fine, and sets him not only above but far above all the poets of the day. Every word has the stamp of immortality. This canto is in a style (but totally free from indelicacy, and sustained with incredible ease and power) like the end of the second canto; there is not a word which the most rigid assertor of the dignity of human nature could desire to be cancelled; it fulfils, in a certain degree, what I have long preached,—of producing something wholly new, and relative to the age, and yet surpassingly beautiful." The eulogy does not seem altogether appropriate; for, commencing with the fifth canto, the "surpassingly beautiful" poetry diminishes, and the humorous and familiar has an increased and almost undivided sway. In the conversational, laughing, ridiculing strain, it was certainly an excellent specimen of that easy strength which enabled him to sport with more apparent freedom under the embarrassments of rhyme, and a difficult stanza, than did others in plain, unfettered prose. It was now that he first conceived the frame-work of the poem. When Mr. Murray originally asked him his plan, he replied, "*I have* no plan; *I had* no plan; but I had or have materials." Gradually he arrived at the excellent idea of giving unity and purpose to these miscellaneous materials by carrying Juan from country to country, catching as he went the contagion of every clime, and thus enabling the poet to expose, through his hero, the immoral epidemic of the several nations in a natural progression. "I meant," he said, "to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as Anacharsis Cloots in the French Revolution. I meant to have made him a Cavalier Servente in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a sentimental 'werther-faced man' in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually gaté and blasé as he grew older." His object, therefore, was not to interest by a romantic story; but by a minute description of successive scenes, to give a vivid view of the changing follies of many-coloured life. His intimate acquaintance with the interior habits of foreign nations enabled him to execute the design with rare fidelity, and even the incidents, as he tells us, are almost all real. The principal subjects he designed to treat were war, love, and religion; but his satire glances in all directions, and to counterbalance his misplaced levity he effectively exposes a number of inconsistencies, sophistries and vices which pass current among mankind. It must ever be a matter of regret that he should have done it with the tone of a libertine, and not of a moralist. Nature's sternest painter is always here the best.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves,
They little think what mischief is in hand ;
The greater their success the worse it proves,
As Ovid's verse may give to understand ;
Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity,
Is the platonic pimp of all posterity.

II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
Except in such a way as not to attract ;
Plain—simple—short, and by no means inviting,
But with a moral to each error tack'd,
Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,
And with all passions in their turn attack'd ;
Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
This poem will become a moral model.

III.

The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces ; the Ocean stream^a
Here and there studded with a seventy-four :
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam ;
The cypress groves ; Olympus high and hoar ;
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu.

IV.

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"
 For once it was a magic sound to me ;
 And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
 Where I beheld what never was to be ;
 All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
 A spell from which even yet I am not quite free :
 But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,
 Which must not be pathetically told.

V.

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
 Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades ;
 'Tis a grand sight from off "the Giant's Grave"
 To watch the progress of those rolling seas
 Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
 Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease ;
 There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
 Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

VI.

'Twas a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,
 When nights are equal, but not so the days ;
 The Parcæ then cut short the further spinning
 Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise
 The waters, and repentance for past sinning
 In all, who o'er the great deep take their ways :
 They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't ;
 Because if drown'd, they can't—if spared, they won't.

VII.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
 And age, and sex, were in the market ranged ;
 Each bevy with the merchant in his station :
 Poor creatures ! their good looks were sadly changed.
 All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,
 From friends, and home, and freedom far estranged ;
 The negroes more philosophy display'd,—
 Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.

VIII.

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,
As most at his age are, of hope, and health ;
Yet I must own, he look'd a little dull,
And now and then a tear stole down by stealth ;
Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull
His spirit down ; and then the loss of wealth,
A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,
To be put up for auction amongst Tartars,

IX.

Were things to shake a stoic ; ne'ertheless,
Upon the whole his carriage was serene :
His figure, and the splendour of his dress,
Of which some gilded remnants still were seen,
Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess
He was above the vulgar by his mien ;
And then, though pale, he was so very handsome ;
And then—they calculated on his ransom.³

X.

Like a backgammon board the place was dotted
With whites and blacks, in groups on show for sale,
Though rather more irregularly spotted :
Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale.
It chanced amongst the other people lotted,
A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,⁴
With resolution in his dark grey eye,
Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

XI.

He had an English look ; that is, was square
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown hair,
And, it might be from thought, or toil, or study,
An open brow a little mark'd with care :
One arm had on a bandage rather bloody ;
And there he stood with such *sang froid*, that greater
Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

XII.

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,
 Of a high spirit evidently, though
 At present weigh'd down by a doom which had
 O'erthrown even men, he soon began to show
 A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
 Lot of so young a partner in the woe,
 Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse
 Than any other scrape, a thing of course.

XIII.

"My boy!"—said he, "amidst this motley crew
 Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not,
 All ragamuffins differing but in hue,
 With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
 The only gentlemen seem I and you;
 So let us be acquainted, as we ought:
 If I could yield you any consolation,
 'Twould give me pleasure.—Pray, what is your nation?"

XIV.

When Juan answer'd—"Spanish!" he replied,
 "I thought, in fact, you could not be a Greek;
 Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed:
 Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak,
 But that's her way with all men, till they're tried;
 But never mind,—she'll turn, perhaps, next week;
 She has served me also much the same as you,
 Except that I have found it nothing new."

XV.

"Pray, sir," said Juan, "if I may presume,
What brought you here?"—"Oh! nothing very rare—
 Six Tartars and a drag chain——"—"To this doom
 But what conducted, if the question's fair,
 Is that which I would learn."—"I served for some
 Months with the Russian army here and there,
 And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
 A town, was ta'en myself instead of Widdin."

XVI.

“Have you no friends?”—“I had—but, by God’s blessing,
Have not been troubled with them lately. Now
I have answer’d all your questions without pressing,
And you an equal courtesy should show.”
“Alas!” said Juan, “’twere a tale distressing,
And long besides.”—“Oh! if ’tis really so,
You’re right on both accounts to hold your tongue;
A sad tale saddens doubly when ’tis long.

XVII.

“But droop not: Fortune at your time of life,
Although a female moderately fickle,
Will hardly leave you (as she’s not your wife)
For any length of days in such a pickle.
To strive, too, with our fate were such a strife
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle:
Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.”

XVIII.

“’Tis not,” said Juan, “for my present doom
I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a maid:”—
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of gloom;
A single tear upon his eyelash staid
A moment, and then dropp’d; “but to resume,
’Tis not my present lot, as I have said,
Which I deplore so much; for I have borne
Hardships which have the hardest overworn,

XIX.

“On the rough deep. But this last blow—” and here
He stopp’d again, and turn’d away his face.
“Ay,” quoth his friend, “I thought it would appear,
That there had been a lady in the case;
And these are things which ask a tender tear,
Such as I, too, would shed if in your place:
I cried upor my first wife’s dying day,
And also when my second ran away:

xx.

“My third——”——“Your third!” quoth Juan, turning round,
“You scarcely can be thirty: have you three?”
“No—only two at present above ground:
Surely, ’tis nothing wonderful to see
One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!”
“Well, then, your third,” said Juan; “what did she?
She did not run away, too,—did she, sir?”
“No, faith.”——“What then?”——“I ran away from her.”

xxi.

“You take things coolly, sir,” said Juan. “Why,”
Replied the other, “what can a man do?
There still are many rainbows in your sky,
But mine have vanish’d. All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm, and prospects high;
But time strips our illusions of their hue,
And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake.

xxii.

“’Tis true, it gets another bright and fresh,
Or fresher, brighter; but the year gone through,
This skin must go the way, too, of all flesh,
Or sometimes only wear a week or two;—
Love’s the first net which spreads its deadly mesh;
Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory, glue
The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,
Where still we flutter on for pence or praise.”

xxiii.

“All this is very fine, and may be true,”
Said Juan; “but I really don’t see how
It betters present times with me or you.”
“No?” quoth the other; “yet you will allow
By setting things in their right point of view,
Knowledge, at least, is gain’d; for instance, now,
We know what slavery is, and our disasters
May teach us better to behave when masters.”

XXIV.

“ Would we were masters now, if but to try
Their present lessons on our Pagan friends here,”
Said Juan—swallowing a heart-burning sigh :
“ Heaven help the scholar, whom his fortune sends here !”
“ Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by,”
Rejoin’d the other, “ when our bad luck mends here.
Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to eye us)
I wish to G—d that somebody would buy us !

XXV.

“ But, after all, what is our present state ?
’Tis bad, and may be better—all men’s lot :
Most men are slaves, none more so than the great,
To their own whims and passions, and what not ;
Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got :
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world’s stoics—men without a heart.”

XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage
Of the third sex stept up, and peering over
The captives, seem’d to mark their looks and age,
And capabilities, as to discover
If they were fitted for the purposed cage :
No lady e’er is ogled by a lover,
Horse by a black-leg, broadcloth by a tailor,
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.⁶
’Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures ;
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dext’rous ; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,
Some by a place—as tend their years or natures ;
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

XXVIII.

The eunuch having eyed them o'er with care,
Turn'd to the merchant, and began to bid
First but for one, and after for the pair ;
They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so they did !
As though they were in a mere Christian fair,
Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid ;
So that their bargain sounded like a battle
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,
And pulling out reluctant purses, and
Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling
Some down, and weighing others in their hand,
And by mistake sequins' with paras jumbling,
Until the sum was accurately scann'd,
And then the merchant giving change, and signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good ?
Or, if it were, if also his digestion ?
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude,
And conscience ask a curious sort of question,
About the right divine how far we should
Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has opprest one,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

XXXI.

Voltaire says "No ;" he tells you that Candide
Found life most tolerable after meals ;
He's wrong—unless man were a pig, indeed,
Repletion rather adds to what he feels,
Unless he's drunk, and then no doubt he's freed
From his own brain's oppression while it reels.
Of food I think with Philip's son,⁸ or rather
Ammon's (ill pleased with one world and one father ;)

XXXII.

I think with Alexander, that the act
Of eating, with another act or two,
Makes us feel our mortality in fact
Redoubled ; when a roast and a ragout,
And fish, and soup, by some side dishes back'd,
Can give us either pain or pleasure, who
Would pique himself on intellects, whose use
Depends so much upon the gastric juice ? "

XXXIII.

The other evening ('twas on Friday last)—
This is a fact, and no poetic fable—
Just as my great coat was about me cast,
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,
I heard a shot—'twas eight o'clock scarce past—
And, running out as fast as I was able,
I found the military commandant
Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant."

XXXIV.

Poor fellow ! for some reason, surely bad,
They had slain him with five slugs ; and left him there
To perish on the pavement : so I had
Him borne into the house and up the stair,
And stripp'd, and look'd to,"—But why should I add
More circumstances ? vain was every care ;
The man was gone : in some Italian quarrel
Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.

XXXV.

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well ;
And though I have seen many corpses, never
Saw one, whom such an accident befell,
So calm ; though pierced through stomach, heart, and liver,
He seem'd to sleep,—for you could scarcely tell
(As he bled inwardly, no hideous river
Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead :
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said—

XXXVI.

“Can this be death? then what is life or death?
 Speak!” but he spoke not; “wake!” but still he slept:—
 “But yesterday, and who had mightier breath?
 A thousand warriors by his word were kept
 In awe: he said, as the centurion saith,
 ‘Go,’ and he goeth; ‘come,’ and forth he stepp’d.
 The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb—
 And now nought left him but the muffled drum.”¹³

XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worshipp’d—they
 With their rough faces throng’d about the bed
 To gaze once more on the commanding clay
 Which for the last, though not the first, time bled;
 And such an end! that he who many a day
 Had faced Napoleon’s foes until they fled,—
 The foremost in the charge or in the sally,
 Should now be butcher’d in a civic alley.

XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his new,
 Those honourable scars which brought him fame;
 And horrid was the contrast to the view——
 But let me quit the theme; as such things claim
 Perhaps even more attention than is due
 From me: I gazed (as oft I have gazed the same)
 To try if I could wrench aught out of death
 Which should confirm, or shake, or make a faith;

XXXIX.

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,
 And there we go:—but *where*? five bits of lead,
 Or three, or two, or one, send very far!
 And is this blood, then, form’d but to be shed?
 Can every element our elements mar?
 And air—earth—water—fire live—and we dead?
We, whose minds comprehend all things. No more;
 But let us to the story as before.

XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance
Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,
Embark'd himself and them, and off they went thence
As fast as oars could pull and water float;
They look'd like persons being led to sentence,
Wond'ring what next till the caïque¹⁴ was brought
Up in a little creek below a wall
O'ertopp'd with cypresses, dark-green and tall.

XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket
Of a small iron door, 'twas open'd, and
He led them onward, first through a low thicket
Flank'd by large groves, which tower'd on either hand:
They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—
For night was closing ere they came to land.
The eunuch made a sign to those on board,
Who row'd off, leaving them without a word.

XLII.

As they were plodding on their winding way
Through orange bowers, and jasmine, and so forth:
(Of which I might have a good deal to say,
There being no such profusion in the North
Of oriental plants, "et cetera,"
But that of late your scribblers think it worth
Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their* works,
Because one poet travell'd 'mongst the 'Turks :) "¹⁵

XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there came
Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he
Whisper'd to his companion:—'twas the same
Which might have then occur'd to you or me.
"Methinks,"—said he,—“it would be no great shame
If we should strike a stroke to set us free;
Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,
And march away—'twere easier done than said.”

XLIV.

“Yes,” said the other, “and when done, what then?
How get out? how the devil got we in?
 And when we once were fairly out, and when
 From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin,¹⁶
 To-morrow ’d see us in some other den,
 And worse off than we hitherto have been;
 Besides, I’m hungry, and just now would take,
 Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

XLV.

“We must be near some place of man’s abode;—
 For the old negro’s confidence in creeping,
 With his two captives by so queer a road,
 Shows that he thinks his friends have not been sleeping;
 A single cry would bring them all abroad:
 ’Tis better therefore looking before leaping—
 And there, you see, this turn has brought us through,
 By Jove, a noble palace!—lighted too.”

XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building
 Which open’d on their view, and o’er the front
 There seem’d to be besprent a deal of gilding
 And various hues, as is the Turkish wont,—
 A gaudy taste, for they are little skill’d in
 The arts of which these lands were once the font:
 Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen
 New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

XLVII.

And nearer as they came, a genial savour
 Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and pilaus,
 Things which in hungry mortals’ eyes find favour,
 Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,
 And put himself upon his good behaviour:
 His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,
 Said, “In Heaven’s name let’s get some supper now,
 And then I’m with you, if you’re for a row.”

XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason ;
The last of these was never much the fashion,
For reason thinks all reasoning out of season :
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,
But more or less continue still to tease on,
With arguments according to their " forte ; "
But no one ever dreams of being short.—

XLIX.

But I digress : of all appeals,—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no
Method's more sure at moments to take hold¹⁷
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

L.

Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine ;
And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard
No Christian knoll to table, saw no line
Of lackeys usher to the feast prepared,
Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
And cooks in motion with their clean arms bared,
And gazed around them to the left and right,
With the prophetic eye of appetite.

LI.

And giving up all notions of resistance,
'They follow'd close behind their sable guide,
Who little thought that his own crack'd existence
Was on the point of being set aside :
He motion'd them to stop at some small distance,
And knocking at the gate, 'twas open'd wide,
And a magnificent large hall display'd
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

LII.

I won't describe ; description is my forte,
But every fool describes in these bright days
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise—
Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport ;
While Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
Resigns herself with exemplary patience
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations.

LIII.

Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatted
Upon their hams, were occupied at chess ;
Others in monosyllable talk chatted,
And some seem'd much in love with their own dress ;
And divers smoked superb pipes, decorated
With amber mouths, of greater price or less ;
And several strutted, others slept, and some
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.¹⁸

LIV.

As the black eunuch enter'd with his brace
Of purchased Infidels, some raised their eyes
A moment without slackening from their pace ;
But those who sate, ne'er stirr'd in any wise :
One or two stared the captives in the face,
Just as one views a horse to guess his price ;
Some nodded to the negro from their station,
But no one troubled him with conversation.¹⁹

LV.

He leads them through the hall, and, without stopping,
On through a farther range of goodly rooms,
Splendid but silent, save in *one*, where, dropping,²⁰
A marble fountain echoes through the glooms
Of night, which robe the chamber, or where popping
Some female head most curiously presumes
To thrust its black eyes through the door or lattice,
As wondering what the devil noise that is.

LVI.

Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty walls
Gave light enough to hint their farther way,
But not enough to show the imperial halls
In all the flashing of their full array;
Perhaps there's nothing— I'll not say appals,
But saddens more by night as well as day,
Than an enormous room without a soul
To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

LVII.

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems nothing:
In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,
There solitude, we know, has her full growth in
The spots which were her realms for evermore;
But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in
More modern buildings and those built of yore,
A kind of death comes o'er us all alone,
Seeing what's meant for many with but one.

LVIII.

A neat, snug study on a winter's night,²¹
A book, friend, single lady, or a glass
Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,
Are things which make an English evening pass;
Though *certes* by no means so grand a sight
As is a theatre lit up by gas.
I pass my evenings in long galleries solely,
And that's the reason I'm so melancholy.

LIX.

Alas! man makes that great which makes him little:
I grant you in a church 'tis very well:
What speaks of Heaven should by no means be brittle,
But strong and lasting, till no tongue can tell
Their names who rear'd it; but huge houses fit ill—
And huge tombs worse—mankind, since Adam fell:
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel
Might teach them this much better than I'm able.

LX.

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-box, and then
 A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,
 Where Nabuchadonosor, king of men,
 Reign'd, till one summer's day he took to grazing,
 And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,
 The people's awe and admiration raising;
 'Twas famous, too, for Thisbe and for Pyramus,²²
 And the calumniated queen Semiramis.—²³

LXI.

That injured Queen, by chroniclers so coarse,
 Has been accused (I doubt not by conspiracy)
 Of an improper friendship for her horse
 (Love, like religion, sometimes runs to heresy):
 This monstrous tale had probably its source
 (For such exaggerations here and there I see)
 In writing "Courser" by mistake for "Courier;"
 I wish the case would come before a jury here.²⁴

LXII.

But to resume,—should there be (what may not
 Be in these days?) some infidels, who don't,
 Because they can't, find out the very spot
 Of that same Babel, or because they won't
 (Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some bricks has got,
 And written lately two memoirs upon't,) ²⁵
 Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who
 Must be believed, though they believe not you,

LXIII.

Yet let them think that Horace has exprest
 Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly
 Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,
 Who give themselves to architecture wholly;
 We know where things and men must end at best:
 A moral (like all morals) melancholy,
 And "Et sepulchri immemor struis domos" ²⁶
 Shows that we build when we should but entomb us.

LXIV.

At last they reach'd a quarter most retired,
Where echo woke as if from a long slumber;
Though full of all things which could be desired,
One wonder'd what to do with such a number
Of articles which nobody required;
Here wealth had done its utmost to encumber
With furniture an exquisite apartment,
Which puzzled Nature much to know what Art meant.

LXV.

It seem'd, however, but to open on
A range or suite of further chambers, which
Might lead to heaven knows where; but in this one
The moveables were prodigally rich:
Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

LXVI.

The black, however, without hardly deigning
A glance at that which wrapt the slaves in wonder,
Trampled what they scarce trod for fear of staining,
As if the milky way their feet was under
With all its stars; and with a stretch attaining
A certain press or cupboard niched in yonder,
In that remote recess which you may see—
(Or if you don't the fault is not in me,—

LXVII.

I wish to be perspicuous; and the black,
I say, unlocking the recess, pull'd forth
A quantity of clothes fit for the back
Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth;
And of variety there was no lack—
And yet, though I have said there was no dearth,—
He chose himself to point out what he thought
Most proper for the Christians he had bought.

LXVIII.

The suit he thought most suitable to each
Was, for the elder and the stouter, first
A Candiot cloak, which to the knee might reach,
And trousers not so tight that they would burst,
But such as fit an Asiatic breech ;
A shawl, whose folds in Cashmire had been nursed,
Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy ;
In short, all things which form a Turkish dandy.

LXIX.

While he was dressing, Baba, their black friend,
Hinted the vast advantages which they
Might probably obtain both in the end,
If they would but pursue the proper way
Which Fortune plainly seem'd to recommend ;
And then he added, that he needs must say,
“ ’Twould greatly tend to better their condition,
If they would condescend to circumcision.

LXX.

“ For his own part, he really should rejoice
To see them true believers, but no less
Would leave his proposition to their choice.”
The other, thanking him for this excess
Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice
In such a trifle, scarcely could express
“ Sufficiently ” (he said) “ his approbation
Of all the customs of this polish’d nation.

LXXI.

“ For his own share—he saw but small objection
To so respectable an ancient rite ;
And, after swallowing down a slight refection,
For which he own’d a present appetite,
He doubted not a few hours of reflection
Would reconcile him to the business quite.”
“ Will it ? ” said Juan sharply : “ Strike me dead,
But they as soon shall circumcise my head ! ”

LXXII.

“Cut off a thousand heads, before——”——“Now, pray,”

Replied the other, “do not interrupt :
You put me out in what I had to say.

Sir !—as I said, as soon as I have supt,
I shall perpend if your proposal may
Be such as I can properly accept ;
Provided always your great goodness still
Remits the matter to our own free-will.”

LXXIII.

Baba eyed Juan, and said, “Be so good
As dress yourself——” and pointed out a suit
In which a princess with great pleasure would
Array her limbs ; but Juan standing mute,
As not being in a masquerading mood,
Gave it a slight kick with his Christian foot ;
And when the old negro told him to “Get ready,”
Replied, “Old gentleman, I’m not a lady.”

LXXIV.

“What you may be, I neither know nor care,”
Said Baba ; “but pray do as I desire :
I have no more time nor many words to spare.”
“At least,” said Juan, “sure I may inquire
The cause of this odd travesty ?”——“Forbear,”
Said Baba, “to be curious ; ’twill transpire,
No doubt, in proper place, and time, and season :
I have no authority to tell the reason.”

LXXV.

“Then if I do,” said Juan, “I’ll be ”——“Hold !”
Rejoin’d the negro, “pray be not provoking ;
This spirit’s well, but it may wax too bold,
And you will find us not too fond of joking.”
“What, sir,” said Juan, “shall it e’er be told
That I unsex’d my dress ?” But Baba, stroking
The things down, said, “Incense me, and I call
Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

LXXVI.

"I offer you a handsome suit of clothes :

A woman's, true ; but then there is a cause
Why you should wear them."—"What, though my soul loathes
The effeminate garb ?"—thus, after a short pause,
Sigh'd Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,

"What the devil shall I do with all this gauze ?"
Thus he profanely term'd the finest lace
Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

LXXVII.

And then he swore ; and, sighing, on he slipp'd

A pair of trousers of flesh-colour'd silk ;
Next with a virgin zone he was equipp'd,
Which girt a slight chemise as white as milk ;
But tugging on his petticoat, he tripp'd,

Which—as we say—or as the Scotch say, *whilk*,
(The rhyme obliges me to this ; sometimes
Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes) ²⁸—

LXXVIII.

Whilk, which (or what you please), was owing to

His garment's novelty, and his being awkward :
And yet at last he managed to get through

His toilet, though no doubt a little backward :
The negro Baba helped a little too,

When some untoward part of raiment stuck hard ;
And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,
He paused, and took a survey up and down.

LXXIX.

One difficulty still remain'd—his hair

Was hardly long enough ; but Baba found
So many false long tresses all to spare,

That soon his head was most completely crown'd,
After the manner then in fashion there ;

And this addition with such gems was bound
As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,
While Baba made him comb his head and oil it.

LXXX.

And now being femininely all array'd,
With some small aid from scissors, paint, and tweezers,
He look'd in almost all respects a maid,
And Baba smilingly exclaim'd, "You see, sirs,
A perfect transformation here display'd;
And now, then, you must come along with me, sirs,
That is—the Lady:" clapping his hands twice,
Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

LXXXI.

"You, sir," said Baba, nodding to the one,
"Will please to accompany those gentlemen
To supper; but you, worthy Christian nun,
Will follow me: no trifling, sir; for when
I say a thing, it must at once be done.
What fear you? think you this a lion's den?
Why, 'tis a palace; where the truly wise
Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

LXXXII.

"You fool! I tell you no one means you harm."
"So much the better," Juan said, "for them;
Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,
Which is not quite so light as you may deem.
I yield thus far; but soon will break the charm,
If any take me for that which I seem:
So that I trust, for every body's sake,
That this disguise may lead to no mistake."

LXXXIII.

"Blockhead! come on, and see," quoth Baba; while
Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who,
Though somewhat grieved, could scarce forbear a smile
Upon the metamorphosis in view,—
"Farewell!" they mutually exclaim'd: "this soil
Seems fertile in adventures strange and new;
One's turn'd half Mussulman, and one a maid,
By this old black enchanter's unsought aid."

LXXXIV.

“Farewell!” said Juan: “should we meet no more,
I wish you a good appetite.”—“Farewell!”
Replied the other; “though it grieves me sore;
When we next meet, we’ll have a tale to tell:
We needs must follow when Fate puts from shore.
Keep your good name: though Eve herself once fell.”
“Nay,” quoth the maid, “the Sultan’s self shan’t carry me,
Unless his highness promises to marry me.”

LXXXV.

And thus they parted, each by separate doors;
Baba led Juan onward room by room
Through glittering galleries, and o’er marble floors,
Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
Haughty and huge, along the distance lowers;
And wafted far arose a rich perfume:
It seem’d as though they came upon a shrine,
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

LXXXVI.

The giant door was broad, and bright, and high,
Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious guise;
Warriors thereon were battling furiously;
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish’d lies;
There captives led in triumph droop the eye,
And in perspective many a squadron flies:
It seems the work of times before the line
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

LXXXVII.

This massy portal stood at the wide close
Of a huge hall, and on its either side
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
O’er them in almost pyramidic pride:
The gate so splendid was in all its *features*,²⁹
You never thought about those little creatures,

LXXXVIII.

Until you nearly trod on them, and then
You started back in horror to survey
The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor grey,
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may ;
They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and dumb,—
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

LXXXIX.

Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
They look'd so little, did strong things at times—
To ope this door, which they could really do,
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' rhymes ;
And now and then, with tough strings of the bow,
As is the custom of those Eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat ;
For mutes are generally used for that.

XC.

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all ;
And looking like two incubi, they glared
As Baba with his fingers made them fall
To heaving back the portal folds : it scared
Juan a moment, as this pair so small,
With shrinking serpent optics on him stared ;
It was as if their little looks could poison
Or fascinate whome'er they fix'd their eyes on.

XCI.

Before they enter'd, Baba paused to hint
To Juan some slight lessons as his guide :
“ If you could just contrive,” he said, “ to stint
That somewhat manly majesty of stride,
'T would be as well, and,—(though there's not much in't)
To swing a little less from side to side,
Which has at times an aspect of the oddest ;—
And also could you look a little modest,

XCII.

“’Twould be convenient ; for these mutes have eyes
Like needles, which may pierce those petticoats ;
And if they should discover your disguise,
You know how near us the deep Bosphorus floats ;
And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,
To find our way to Marmora without boats,
Stitch’d up in sacks—a mode of navigation
A good deal practised here upon occasion.”²⁰

XCIII.

With this encouragement, he led the way
Into a room still nobler than the last ;
A rich confusion form’d a disarray
In such sort, that the eye along it cast
Could hardly carry anything away,
Object on object flash’d so bright and fast ;
A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,
Magnificently mingled in a litter.

XCIV.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much ; such things
Occur in Orient palaces, and even
In the more chasten’d domes of Western kings
(Of which I have also seen some six or seven)
Where I can’t say or gold or diamond flings
Great lustre, there is much to be forgiven ;
Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pictures,
On which I cannot pause to make my strictures.

XCV.

In this imperial hall, at distance lay
Under a canopy, and there reclined
Quite in a confidential queenly way,
A lady ; Baba stopp’d, and kneeling sign’d
To Juan, who though not much used to pray,
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in his mind
What all this meant : while Baba bow’d and bended
His head, until the ceremony ended.

XCVI.

The lady rising up with such an air
As Venus rose with from the wave, on them
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair³¹
Of eyes, which put out each surrounding gem;
And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,
She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the hem
Of her deep purple robe, and speaking low,
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

XCVII.

Her presence was as lofty as her state;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose force description only would abate:
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
Than lessen it by what I could relate
Of forms and features; it would strike you blind
Could I do justice to the full detail;
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

XCVIII.

Thus much however I may add,—her years
Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty springs,
But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things:³²
Such as was Mary's Queen of Scots; true—tears
And love destroy; and sapping sorrow wrings
Charms from the charmer, yet some never grow
Ugly; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.³³

XCIX.

She spake some words to her attendants, who
Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen,
And were all clad alike;³⁴ like Juan, too,
Who wore their uniform, by Baba chosen:
They form'd a very nymph-like looking crew,
Which might have call'd Diana's chorus "cousin,"
As far as outward show may correspond;
I won't be bail for anything beyond.

C.

They bow'd obeisance and withdrew, retiring,
 But not by the same door through which came in
 Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,
 At some small distance, all he saw within
 This strange saloon, much fitted for inspiring
 Marvel and praise; for both or none things win;
 And I must say, I ne'er could see the very
 Great happiness of the "Nil Admirari."³⁶

CI.

"Not to admire is all the art I know
 (Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few flowers of speech)
 To make men happy, or to keep them so;
 (So take it in the very words of Creech)."
 Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago;
 And thus Pope³⁶ quotes the precept to re-teach
 From his translation; but had *none admired*,
 Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired?

CII.

Baba, when all the damsels were withdrawn,
 Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then
 A second time desired him to kneel down,
 And kiss the lady's foot; which maxim when
 He heard repeated, Juan with a frown
 Drew himself up to his full height again,
 And said, "It grieved him, but he could not stoop
 To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope."

CIII.

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride,
 Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat
 He mutter'd (but the last was given aside)
 About a bow-string—quite in vain; not yet
 Would Juan bend, though 'twere to Mahomet's bride:
 There's nothing in the world like *etiquette*
 In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
 As also at the race and county balls.

CIV.

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words
About his ears, and nathless would not bend ;
The blood of all his line's Castilian lords
Boil'd in his veins, and rather than descend
To stain his pedigree, a thousand swords
A thousand times of him had made an end ;
At length perceiving the "*foot*" could not stand,
Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

CV.

Here was an honourable compromise,
A half-way house of diplomatic rest,
Where they might meet in much more peaceful guise ;
And Juan now his willingness exprest
To use all fit and proper courtesies,
Adding, that this was commonest and best,
For through the South, the custom still commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

CVI.

And he advanced, though with but a bad grace,
Though on more *thorough-bred*³⁷ or fairer fingers
No lips e'er left their transitory trace :
On such as these the lip too fondly lingers,
And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace,
As you will see, if she you love shall bring hers
In contact ; and sometimes even a fair stranger's
An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

CVII.

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade
Baba retire, which he obey'd in style,
As if well-used to the retreating trade ;
And taking hints in good part all the while,
He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid,
And looking on him with a sort of smile,
Took leave, with such a face of satisfaction,
As good men wear who have done a virtuous action.

CVIII.

When he was gone, there was a sudden change :
I know not what might be the lady's thought,
But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult strange,
And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,
Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which range
The verge of Heaven ; and in her large eyes wrought,
A mixture of sensations might be scann'd,
Of half-voluptuousness and half-command.

CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
Her features all the sweetness of the devil,
When he put on the cherub to perplex
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road to evil ;
The sun himself was scarce more free from specks
Than she from aught at which the eye could cavil ;
Yet, somehow, there was something somewhere wanting,
As if she rather *order'd* than was *granting*.—

CX.

Something imperial, or imperious, threw
A chain o'er all she did ; that is, a chain
Was thrown as 'twere about the neck of you,—
And rapture's self will seem almost a pain
With aught which looks like despotism in view ;
Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way.

CXI.

Her very smile was haughty, though so sweet ;
Her very nod was not an inclination ;
There was a self-will even in her small feet,
As though they were quite conscious of her station—
They trod 'as upon necks ; and to complete
Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign
She was a sultan's bride, (thank Heaven, not mine !)

CXII.

“To hear and to obey” had been from birth
The law of all around her; to fulfil
All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
Had been her slaves’ chief pleasure, as her will;
Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth:
Judge, then, if her caprices e’er stood still;
Had she but been a Christian, I’ve a notion
We should have found out the “perpetual motion.”

CXIII.

Whate’er she saw and coveted was brought;
Whate’er she did *not* see, if she supposed
It might be seen, with diligence was sought,
And when ’twas found straightway the bargain closed:
There was no end unto the things she bought,
Nor to the trouble which her fancies caused;
Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardon’d all except her face.

CXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught
Her eye in passing on his way to sale;
She order’d him directly to be bought,
And Baba, who had ne’er been known to fail
In any kind of mischief to be wrought,
At all such auctions knew how to prevail:
She had no prudence, but he had; and this
Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

CXV.

His youth and features favour’d the disguise,
And should you ask how she, a sultan’s bride,
Could risk or compass such strange phantasies,
This I must leave sultanas to decide:
Emperors are only husbands in wives’ eyes,
And kings and consorts oft are mystified,²⁸
As we may ascertain with due precision,
Some by experience, others by tradition.

CXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been tending:—

She now conceived all difficulties past,
And deem'd herself extremely condescending
When, being made her property at last,
Without more preface, in her blue eyes blending
Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,
And merely saying, "Christian, canst thou love?"
Conceived that phrase was quite enough to move.

CXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place;
But Juan, who had still his mind o'erflowing
With Haidée's isle and soft Ionian face,
Felt the warm blood, which in his face was glowing,
Rush back upon his heart, which fill'd apace,
And left his cheeks as pale as snow-drops blowing:
These words went through his soul like Arab spears,
So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CXVIII.

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at tears,
For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:
A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

CXIX.

And she would have consoled, but knew not how
Having no equals, nothing which had e'er
Infected her with sympathy till now,
And never having dreamt what 'twas to bear
Aught of a serious, sorrowing kind, although
There might arise some pouting petty care
To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so near
Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.

CXX.

But nature teaches more than power can spoil,"
And, when a *strong* although a strange sensation
Moves—female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feelings, whatsoe'er their nation,
They naturally pour the "wine and oil,"
Samaritans in every situation;
And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not why,
Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else; and soon
Juan, who for an instant had been moved
To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone
Of one who dared to ask if "he *had* loved,"
Call'd back the stoic to his eyes, which shone
Bright with the very weakness he reproved;
And although sensitive to beauty, he
Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,
Was much embarrass'd, never having met
In all her life 'with aught save prayers and praise;
And as she also risk'd her life to get
Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways,
Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,
To lose the hour would make her quite a martyr,
And they had wasted now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the fitting time,
To gentlemen in any such like case,
That is to say—in a meridian clime,
With us there is more law given to the chase,
But here a small delay forms a great crime:
So recollect that the extremest grace
Is just two minutes for your declaration—
A moment more would hurt your reputation.

CXXIV.

Juan's was good ; and might have been still better,
 But he had got Haidée into his head :
 However strange, he could not yet forget her,
 Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.
 Gulbeyaz, who look'd on him as her debtor
 For having had him to her palace led,
 Began to blush up to the eyes, and then
 Grow deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she laid
 Her hand on his, and bending on him eyes,
 Which needed not an empire to persuade,
 Look'd into his for love, where none replies :
 Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid,
 That being the last thing a proud woman tries ;
 She rose, and pausing one chaste moment, threw
 Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,
 But he was steel'd by sorrow, wrath, and pride :
 With gentle force her white arms he unwound,
 And seated her all drooping by his side,
 Then rising haughtily he glanced around,
 And looking coldly in her face, he cried,
 "The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I
 Serve a sultana's sensual phantasy.

CXXVII.

"Thou ask'st, if I can love? be this the proof
 How much I *have* loved—that I love not *thee* !
 In this vile garb, the distaff, web, and woof,
 Were fitter for me : Love is for the free !
 I am not dazzled by this splendid roof ;
 Whate'er thy power, and great it seems to be,
 Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne
 And hands obey—our hearts are still our own."

CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite ;
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things
She deem'd her least command must yield delight,
Earth being only made for queens and kings.
If hearts lay on the left side or the right
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
Legitimacy its born votaries, when
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
As even in a much humbler lot had made
A kingdom or confusion any where,
And also, as may be presumed, she laid
Some stress on charms, which seldom are, if e'er,
By their possessors thrown into the shade :
She thought hers gave a double "right divine ;"
And half of that opinion's also mine.

CXXX.

Remember, or (if you can not) imagine,
Ye ! who have kept your chastity when young,
While some more desperate dowager has been waging
Love with you, and been in the dog-days stung
By your refusal, recollect her raging !
Or recollect all that was said or sung
On such a subject ; then suppose the face
Of a young downright beauty in this case.

CXXXI.

Suppose,—but you already have supposed,
The spouse of Potiphar, the Lady Booby,⁴⁰
Phædra,⁴¹ and all which story has disclosed
Of good examples ; pity that so few by
Poets and private tutors are exposed,
To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by !
But when you have supposed the few we know,
You can't suppose Gulbeyaz' angry brow.

CXXXII.

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,
 Or any interesting beast of prey,
 Are similes at hand for the distress
 Of ladies who can not have their own way;
 But though my turn will not be served with less,
 These don't express one half what I should say :
 For what is stealing young ones, few or many,
 To cutting short their hopes of having any ?

CXXXIII.

The love of offspring's nature's general law,
 From tigresses and cubs to ducks and ducklings;
 There's nothing whets the beak, or arms the claw,
 Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings;
 And all who have seen a human nursery, saw
 How mothers love their children's squalls and chucklings;
 This strong extreme effect (to tire no longer
 Your patience) shows the cause must still be stronger.

CXXXIV.

If I said fire flash'd from Gulbeyaz' eyes,
 'Twere nothing—for her eyes flash'd always fire;
 Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dyes,
 I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
 So supernatural was her passion's rise;
 For ne'er till now she knew a check'd desire:
 Even ye who know what a check'd woman is
 (Enough, God knows!) would much fall short of this.

CXXXV.

Her rage was but a minute's, and 'twas well—
 A moment's more had slain her; but the while
 It lasted 'twas like a short glimpse of hell:
 Nought's more sublime than energetic bile,
 Though horrible to see yet grand to tell,
 Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle;
 And the deep passions flashing through her form
 Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest 'twere to a typhoon
To match a common fury with her rage,
And yet she did not want to reach the moon,⁴²
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page;⁴³
Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
Her wish was but to "kill, kill, kill," like Lear's,⁴⁴
And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in tears.

CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
Pass'd without words—in fact she could not speak;
And then her sex's shame⁴⁵ broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak,
But now it flow'd in natural and fast,
As water through an unexpected leak;
For she felt humbled—and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;
That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
Though not all born of the same sires and mothers;
It teaches—Heaven knows only what it teaches,
But sometimes it may mend, and often reaches.

CXXXIX.

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;
Her second, to cut only his—acquaintance;
Her third, to ask him where he had been bred;
Her fourth, to rally him into repentance;
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;
Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh, to sentence
The lash to Baba:—but her grand resource
Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

CXL.

She thought to stab herself, but then she had
The dagger close at hand, which made it awkward ;
For Eastern stays are little made to pad,
So that a poniard pierces if 'tis stuck hard :
She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad !
Though he deserved it well for being so backward,
The cutting off his head was not the art
Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

CXLI.

Juan was moved : he had made up his mind
To be impaled, or quarter'd as a dish
For dogs, or to be slain with pangs refined,
Or thrown to lions, or made baits for fish,
And thus heroically stood resign'd,
Rather than sin—except to his own wish :
But all his great preparatives for dying
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

CXLII.

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour oozed,*
So Juan's virtue ebb'd, I know not how ;
And first he wonder'd why he had refused ;
And then, if matters could be made up now ;
And next his savage virtue he accused,
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,
Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

CXLIII.

So he began to stammer some excuses ;
But words are not enough in such a matter,
Although you borrow'd all that e'er the muses
Have sung, or even a Dandy's dandiest chatter,
Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses ;⁷
Just as a languid smile began to flatter
His peace was making, but before he ventured
Further, old Baba rather briskly enter'd.

CXLIV.

“Bride of the Sun! and Sister of the Moon!”

(’Twas thus he spake,) “and Empress of the Earth
Whose frown would put the spheres all out of tune,
Whose smile makes all the planets dance with mirth,
Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not too soon—
Which your sublime attention may be worth:
The Sun himself has sent me like a ray,
To hint that he is coming up this way.”

CXLV.

“Is it,” exclaim’d Gulbeyaz, “as you say
I wish to heaven he would not shine till morning!
But bid my women form the Milky-way.
Hence, my old comet! give the stars due warning—
And, Christian! mingle with them as you may,
And as you’d have me pardon your past scorning”——
Here they were interrupted by a humming
Sound, and then by a cry, “The Sultan’s coming!”

CXLVI.

First came her damsels, a decorous file,
And then his Highness’ eunuchs, black and white;
The train might reach a quarter of a mile:
His Majesty was always so polite
As to announce his visits a long while
Before he came, especially at night;
For being the last wife of the Emperour,
She was of course the favourite of the four.

CXLVII.

His Highness was a man of solemn port,
Shawl’d to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
Snatch’d from a prison to preside at court,
His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise;
He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mentioned in the histories
Of Cantemir, or Knöllës, where few shine
Save Solyman, the glory of their line.”

CXLVIII.

He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
 With more than "Oriental scrupulosity;"³⁰
 He left to his vizier all state affairs,
 And show'd but little royal curiosity :
 I know not if he had domestic cares—
 No process proved connubial animosity ;
 Four wives and twice five hundred maids, unseen,
 Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.³¹

CXLIX.

If now and then 'here happen'd a slight slip,
 Little was heard of criminal or crime ;
 The story scarcely pass'd a single lip—
 The sack and sea had settled all in time,
 From which the secret nobody could rip :
 The public knew no more than does this rhyme ;
 No scandals made the daily press a curse—
 Morals were better, and the fish no worse.³²

CL.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
 Was also certain that the earth was square,
 Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and found
 No sign that it was circular anywhere :
 His empire also was without a bound :
 'Tis true, a little troubled here and there,
 By rebel pachas, and encroaching giaours,
 But then they never came to "the Seven Towers ;"³³

CLI.

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
 To lodge there when a war broke out, according
 To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant
 Those scoundrels, who have never had a sword in
 Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
 Their spleen in making strife, and safely wording
 Their lies, yclept despatches, without risk or
 The singeing of a single inky whisker.

CLII.

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
Of whom all such as came of age were stow'd,
The former in a palace, where like nuns
They lived till some Bashaw was sent abroad,
When she, whose turn it was, was wed at once,
Sometimes at six years old "—though this seems odd,
'Tis true; the reason is, that the Bashaw
Must make a present to his sire in law.

CLIII.

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew
Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,
One or the other, but which of the two
Could yet be known unto the fates alone;
Meantime the education they went through
Was princely, as the proofs have always shown;
So that the heir-apparent still was found
No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd.

CLIV.

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse
With all the ceremonies of his rank,
Who clear'd her sparkling eyes and smooth'd her brows,
As suits a matron who has play'd a prank;
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,
To save the credit of their breaking bank:
To no men are such cordial greetings given
As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven.

CLV.

His Highness cast around his great black eyes,
And looking, as he always look'd, perceived
Juan amongst the damsels in disguise,
At which he seem'd no whit surprised nor grieved,
But just remark'd with air sedate and wise,
While still a fluttering sigh Gulbeyaz heaved,
"I see you've bought another girl; 'tis pity
That a mere Christian should be half so pretty."

CLVI.

This compliment, which drew all eyes upon
The new-bought virgin, made her blush and shake.
Her comrades, also, thought themselves undone :
Oh ! Mahomet ! that his Majesty should take
Such notice of a giaour, while scarce to one
Of them his lips imperial ever spake !
There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

CLVII.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, sometimes—
The women up—because, in sad reality,
Their chastity in these unhappy climes
Is not a thing of that astringent quality
Which in the north prevents precocious crimes,
And makes our snow less pure than our morality
The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

CLVIII.

Thus in the East they are extremely strict,
And wedlock and a padlock mean the same ;
Excepting only when the former's pick'd
It ne'er can be replaced in proper frame ;
Spoilt, as a pipe of claret is when prick'd :
But then their own polygamy's to blame ;
Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for life
Into that moral centaur, man and wife ? "

CLIX.

Thus far our chronicle ; and now we pause,
Though not for want of matter ; but 'tis time,
According to the ancient epic laws,
To slacken sail, and anchor with our rhyme.
Let this fifth canto meet with due applause,
The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime ;
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, perhaps
You'll pardon to my Muse a few short naps.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE SIXTH

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THE SIXTH.

"THE fifth canto," wrote Lord Byron, in February, 1821, "is so far from being the last of 'Don Juan,' that it is hardly the beginning." In July, however, of the same year, the Countess Guiccioli extorted from him a promise to stop short where he was. She had read the two first cantos in French, and when, in reply to her objections, he expressed his conviction that it would last longer than 'Childe Harold,' she replied, "Ah, but I would rather have the fame of 'Childe Harold,' for three years, than an immortality of 'Don Juan.'" With this feeling she never ceased urging him to lay it aside, which sounds a singular sensitiveness of conscience in one who was pleased to live with him in open adultery. "It arises," wrote Lord Byron, "from the wish of all women to exalt the sentiments of the passions, and to keep up the illusion which is their empire. Now 'Don Juan' strips off this illusion, and laughs at that, and most other things. I never knew a woman who did not protect Rousseau, nor one who did not dislike De Grammont, Gil Blas, and all the comedy of the passions, when brought out naturally." There is profound sagacity in the explanation. Yet a more creditable motive may have had a share in the request, since people who are vanquished by their personal passions frequently retain the principles of right, and approve the better road while choosing the worse. It was with great reluctance that he yielded to her solicitations, for he had the plan for several cantos in his head, and had a high opinion of the merits of the work. Before a year had elapsed he had become a petitioner in his turn for a release from his promise, and he informed Mr. Murray in July, 1822, that he had permission from his dictatress to go on with the poem—"provided always that it was more guarded, decorous, and sentimental." He composed with such vigour after his compulsory abstinence, that by the eighth of August he had completed the sixth and two following cantos, and the three were published together in July, 1823. The Countess cancelled the bond with no less regret than Lord Byron had given it, and Mr. West, an American artist, who painted his picture while these cantos were composing, heard her say that "she wished my lord would leave off writing that ugly 'Don Juan.'" "I cannot," he answered, "give up my 'Don Juan.' I do not know what I should do without my 'Don Juan.'" To compensate, he imagined that he had complied with her conditions, and he informed Moore that the poem was immaculately decent. With a better knowledge of himself and his poem, he had said to Mr. Murray when "Don Juan" was commenced, that "if continued it must be in his own way," for this sixth canto, which was the first fruits of the compromise with the Countess, though narrated with uncommon ingenuity and humour, is probably the most exceptionable of the whole. The lax morals and free conversation of the licentious people among whom he lived, had led him to substitute the Italian for the English standard of propriety.

PREFACE TO CANTOS VI. VII. AND VIII.

THE details of the siege of Ismail in two of the following cantos (*i. e.* the seventh and eighth) are taken from a French Work, entitled “*Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie.*” * Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterward the founder and benefactor of Odessa,† where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence.

In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person’s oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed; as it is, I am aware of nothing

* [“*Essai sur l’Histoire ancienne et moderne de la Nouvelle Russie, par le Marquis Gabriel de Castelnau.*” 3 tom. Paris, 1820.]

† [“*Au commencement de 1803, le Duc de Richelieu fut nommé gouverneur d’Odessa. Quand le Duc vint en prendre l’administration, aucune rue n’y était formée, aucun établissement n’y était achevé. On y comptait à peine cinq mille habitans : onze ans plus tard, lorsqu’il s’en éloigna, on y en comptait trente-cinq milles. Les rues étaient tirées au cordeau, plantées d’un double rang d’arbres ; et l’on y voyait tous les établissemens qu’exigent le culte, l’instruction, la commodité, et même les plaisirs des habitans. Un seul édifice public avait été négligé ; le gouverneur, dans cet oubli de lui-même, et cette simplicité de mœurs qui distinguaient son caractère, n’avait rien voulu changer à la modeste habitation qu’il avait trouvé en arrivant. Le commerce, débarrassé d’entraves, avait pris l’essor le plus rapide à Odessa, tandis que la sécurité et la liberté de conscience y avaient promptement attiré la population.*”—*Biog. Univ.*

Odessa is a very interesting place ; and being the seat of government, and the only quarantine allowed except Caffa and Taganrog, is, though of very recent erection, already wealthy and flourishing. Too much praise cannot be given to the Duke of Richelieu, to whose administration, not to any natural advantages, this town owes its prosperity.—BISHOP HEBER.]

in the manner of his death* or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true: but with this the public have nothing to do; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in intention, and the weakest in intellect, that ever tyrannised over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Normans that England has been insulted by a *minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.†

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that if a poor radical, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat, he would have been buried in a cross-road, with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the minister was an elegant lunatic—a sentimental suicide—he merely cut the “carotid artery,” (blessings on their learning!) and lo! the pageant, and the Abbey! and “the syllables of dolour yelled forth” by the newspapers—and the harangue of the Coroner‡ in a eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased—(an Anthony worthy of such a Cæsar)—and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded crew of conspirators against all that is sincere and honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the *law* §—a felon or a madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric. In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a “moral lesson” to the surviving Sejani|| of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to

* [Robert, second Marquis of Londonderry, died, by his own hand, at his seat at North Cray, in Kent, in August, 1822.]

† [See Sheridan's comedy of “The Rivals.”]

‡ [All that was eulogistic in the address of the Coroner is comprised in a couple of sentences: “As a public man it is impossible for me to weigh his character in any scales that I can hold. In private life I believe the world will admit that a more amiable man could not be found.”]

§ I say by the *law* of the *land*—the laws of humanity judge more gently; but as the legitimates have always the *law* in their mouths, let them here make the most of it.

|| From this number must be excepted Canning. Canning is a genius, almost a universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman; and no man of talent can long

the nations, that their oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions, as to anticipate the sentence of mankind.—Let us hear no more of this man; and let Ireland remove the ashes of her Grattan from the sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the patriot of humanity repose by the Werther of politics!!!

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:—"La pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les lèvres." "Plus les mœurs sont dépravés, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu."

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of Blasphemer—which, with Radical, Liberal, Jacobin, Reformer, &c., are the changes which the hirelings are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on *whom* it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus Christ were put to death publicly as *blasphemers*, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph: "the wretched infidel," as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong—but he has suffered for them, and that very suffering for conscience' sake will make more proselytes to deism than the example of heterodox * Prelates to Christianity, suicide statesmen to oppression, or overpensioned homicides to the impious alliance which insults the world with the name of "Holy!" I have no wish to trample on the dishonoured or the dead; but it would be well if the

pursue the path of his late predecessor, Lord C. If ever man saved his country, Canning *can*; but *will* he? I, for one, hope so.

* [When Lord Sandwich said "he did not know the difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy," Warburton, the bishop, replied, "Orthodoxy, my lord, is *my doxy*, and heterodoxy is *another man's doxy*." A prelate of the present day has discovered, it seems, a *third* kind of doxy, which has not greatly exalted in the eyes of the elect that which Bentham calls "Church-of-Englandism."]

adherents to the classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *cant* which is the crying sin of this double dealing and false-speaking time of selfish spoilers, and——but enough for the present.

PISA, *July*, 1822.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

I.

“THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood,”—you know the rest,¹
And most of us have found it now and then;
At least we think so, though but few have guess’d
The moment, till too late to come again.
But no doubt every thing is for the best—
Of which the surest sign is in the end:
When things are at the worst they sometimes mend.

II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where:
Those navigators must be able seamen
Whose charts lay down its current to a hair;
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen²
With its strange whirls and eddies can compare:
Men with their heads reflect on this and that—
But women with their hearts on heaven knows what!

III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would risk
A throne, the world, the universe, to be
Beloved in her own way, and rather whisk
The stars from out the sky, than not be free
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—
Though such a she’s a devil (if there be one),
Yet she would make full many a Manichean.

IV.

Thrones, worlds, et cetera, are so oft upset
By commonest ambition, that when passion
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.
If Antony be well remember'd yet,
'Tis not his conquests keep his name in fashion,
But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,
Outbalances all Cæsar's victories.

V.

He died at fifty for a queen of forty ;
I wish their years had been fifteen and twenty,
For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds are but a sport—I
Remember when, though I had no great plenty
Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I
Gave what I had—a heart ; as the world went, I
Gave what was worth a world ; for worlds could never
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever.

VI.

'Twas the boy's "mite," and like the "widow's," may
Perhaps be weigh'd hereafter, if not now ;
But whether such things do or do not weigh,
All who have loved, or love, will still allow
Life has nought like it. God is love, they say,
And Love's a God, or was before the brow
Of earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears
Of—but Chronology best knows the years.

VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in
A kind of state more awkward than uncommon,
For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin
For that sad tempter, a forbidden woman :
Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,
And don't agree at all with the wise Roman,
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.'

VIII.

I know Gulbeyaz was extremely wrong ;
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it ;
But I detest all fiction even in song,
And so must tell the truth, howe'er you blame it.
Her reason being weak, her passions strong,
She thought that her lord's heart (even could she claim it)
Was scarce enough ; for he had fifty-nine
Years, and a fifteen-hundredth concubine.

IX.

I'm not, like Cassio, "an arithmetician,"
But by the "bookish theoric" 't appears,
If 'tis summ'd up with feminine precision,
That, adding to the account his Highness' years,
The fair Sultana err'd from intanition ;
For, were the Sultan just to all his dears,
She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth part
Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious
Upon all legal objects of possession,
And not the least so when they are religious,
Which doubles what they think of the transgression :
With suits and prosecutions they besiege us,
As the tribunals show through many a session,
When they suspect that any one goes shares
In that to which the law makes them sole heirs.

XI.

Now, if this holds good in a Christian land,
The Heathen also, though with lesser latitude,
Are apt to carry things with a high hand,
And take, what kings call "an imposing attitude ;"
And for their rights connubial make a stand,
When their liege husbands treat them with ingratitude ;
And as four wives must have quadruple claims,
The Tigris hath its jealousies like Thames.

XII.

Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)
The favourite ; but what's favour amongst four ?
Polygamy may well be held in dread,
Not only as a sin, but as a *bore* :
Most wise men, with *one* moderate woman wed,
Will scarcely find philosophy for more ;
And all (except Mahometans) forbear
To make the nuptial couch a " Bed of Ware." "

XIII.

His Highness, the sublimest of mankind,—
So styled according to the usual forms
Of every monarch, till they are consign'd
To those sad hungry jacobins the worms,⁶
Who on the very loftiest kings have dined,—
His Highness gazed upon Gulbeyaz' charms,
Expecting all the welcome of a lover
(A " Highland welcome " all the wide world over).'

XIV.

Now here we should distinguish ; for howe'er
Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all that,
May look like what is—neither here nor there,
They are put on as easily as a hat,
Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear,
Trimm'd either heads or hearts to decorate,
Which form an ornament, but no more part
Of heads, than their caresses of the heart.

XV.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resign'd
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne,
A sincere woman's breast,—for over-*warm*
Or over-*cold* annihilates the charm.

XVI.

For over-warm, if false, is worse than truth ;
If true, 'tis no great lease of its own fire ;
For no one, save in very early youth,
Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,
Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,
And apt to be transferr'd to the first buyer
At a sad discount : while your over chilly
Women, on t'other hand, seem somewhat silly.

XVII.

That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,
For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,
Who fain would have a mutual flame confess'd,
And see a sentimental passion glow,
Even were St. Francis' paramour their guest,
In his monastic concubine of snow ;—
In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is
Horatian, "Medio tu tutissimus ibis."

XVIII.

The "tu" 's *too* much,—but let it stand,—the verse
Requires it, that's to say, the English rhyme,
And not the pink of old hexameters ;
But, after all, there's neither tune nor time
In the last line, which cannot well be worse,
And was thrust in to close the octave's chime :
I own no prosody can ever rate it
As a rule, but *truth* may, if you translate it.

XIX.

If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,
I know not—it succeeded, and success
Is much in most things, not less in the heart
Than other articles of female dress.
Self-love in man, too, beats all female art ;
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less :
And no one virtue yet, except starvation,
Could stop that worst of vices—propagation.

xx.

We leave this royal couple to repose :

A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,
Whate'er their dreams be, if of joys or woes :

Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.

Our least of sorrows are such as we weep ;
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

xxi.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill

To pay, unpaid, protested or discounted
At a per-centage ; a child cross, dog ill,

A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's mounted,
A bad old woman making a worse will,

Which leaves you minus of the cash you counted
As certain ;—these are paltry things, and yet
I've rarely seen the man they did not fret.

xxii.

I'm a philosopher ; confound them all !

Bills, beasts, and men, and—no ! *not* womankind !
With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,

And then my stoicism leaves nought behind
Which it can either pain or evil call,

And I can give my whole soul up to mind ;
Though what *is* soul, or mind, their birth or growth,
Is more than I know—the deuce take them both !

xxiii.

So now all things are d—n'd one feels at ease,

As after reading Athanasius' curse,
Which doth your true believer so much please :

I doubt if any now could make it worse
O'er his worst enemy when at his knees,

'Tis so sententious, positive, and terse,
And decorates the book of Common Prayer,
As doth a rainbow the just clearing air.

XXIV.

Gulbeyaz and her lord were sleeping, or
At least one of them!—Oh, the heavy night,
When wicked wives, who love some bachelor,
Lie down in dudgeon to sigh for the light
Of the grey morning, and look vainly for
Its twinkle through the lattice dusky quite—
To toss, to tumble, doze, revive, and quake
Lest their too lawful bed-fellow should wake!

XXV.

These are beneath the canopy of heaven,
Also beneath the canopy of beds
Four-posted and silk-curtain'd, which are given
For rich men and their brides to lay their heads
Upon, in sheets white as what bards call “driven
Snow.”⁹ Well! 'tis all hap-hazard when one weds.
Gulbeyaz was an empress, but had been
Perhaps as wretched if a *peasant's quean*.

XXVI.

Don Juan in his feminine disguise,
With all the damsels in their long array,
Had bow'd themselves before th' imperial eyes,
And at the usual signal ta'en their way
Back to their chambers, those long galleries
In the seraglio, where the ladies lay
Their delicate limbs; a thousand bosoms there
Beating for love, as the caged bird's for air.

XXVII.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's¹⁰ wish, “that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce:”
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

XXVIII.

Oh, enviable Briareus! with thy hands
 And heads, if thou hadst all things multiplied
 In such proportion!—But my Muse withstands
 The giant thought of being a Titan's bride,
 Or travelling in Patagonian lands;
 So let us back to Lilliput, and guide
 Our hero through the labyrinth of love
 In which we left him several lines above.

XXIX.

He went forth with the lovely Odalisques,"
 At the given signal join'd to their array;
 And though he certainly ran many risks,
 Yet he could not at times keep, by the way,
 (Although the consequences of such frisks
 Are worse than the worst damages men pay
 In moral England, where the thing's a tax,)
 From ogling all their charms from breasts to backs.

XXX.

Still he forgot not his disguise:—along
 The galleries from room to room they walk'd,
 A virgin-like and edifying throng,
 By eunuchs flank'd; while at their head there stalk'd
 A dame who kept up discipline among
 The female ranks, so that none stirr'd or talk'd,
 Without her sanction on their she-parades:
 Her title was "the Mother of the Maids."

XXXI.

Whether she was "a mother," I know not,
 Or whether they were maids who call'd her mother;
 But this is her seraglio title, got
 I know not how, but good as any other;
 So Cantemir¹² can tell you, or De Tott:¹³
 Her office was to keep aloof or smother
 All bad propensities in fifteen hundred
 Young women, and correct them when they blunder'd.

XXXII.

A goodly sinecure, no doubt! but made
More easy by the absence of all men—
Except his majesty,—who, with her aid,
And guards, and bolts, and walls, and now and then,
A slight example, just to cast a shade
Along the rest, contrived to keep this den
Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,
Where all the passions have, alas! but one vent.

XXXIII.

And what is that? Devotion, doubtless—how
Could you ask such a question?—but we will
Continue. As I said, this goodly row
Of ladies of all countries at the will
Of one good man, with stately march and slow,
Like water-lilies floating down a rill—
Or rather lake—for *rills* do not run *slowly*,—
Paced on most maiden-like and melancholy.

XXXIV.

But when they reach'd their own apartments, there,
Like birds, or boys, or bedlamites broke loose,
Waves at spring-tide, or women any where
When freed from bonds (which are of no great use
After all), or like Irish at a fair,
Their guards being gone, and as it were a truce
Establish'd between them and bondage, they
Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile, and play.

XXXV.

Their talk, of course, ran most on the new comer;
Her shape, her hair, her air, her everything:
Some thought her dress did not so much become her,
Or wonder'd at her ears without a ring;
Some said her years were getting nigh their summer,
Others contended they were but in spring;
Some thought her rather masculine in height,
While others wish'd that she had been so quite.

XXXVI.

But no one doubted on the whole, that she
Was what her dress bespoke, a damsel fair,
And fresh, and “beautiful exceedingly,”¹⁴
Who with the brightest Georgians¹⁵ might compare:
They wonder’d how Gulbeyaz, too, could be
So silly as to buy slaves who might share
(If that his Highness wearied of his bride)
Her throne and power, and everything beside.

XXXVII.

But what was strangest in this virgin crew,
Although her beauty was enough to vex,
After the first investigating view,
They all found out as few, or fewer, specks
In the fair form of their companion new,
Than is the custom of the gentle sex,
When they survey, with Christian eyes or Heathen,
In a new face “the ugliest creature breathing.”

XXXVIII.

And yet they had their little jealousies,
Like all the rest; but upon this occasion,
Whether there are such things as sympathies
Without our knowledge or our approbation,
Although they could not see through his disguise,
All felt a soft kind of concatenation,
Like magnetism, or devilism, or what
You please—we will not quarrel about that:

XXXIX.

But certain ’tis they all felt for their new
Companion something newer still, as ’twere
A sentimental friendship through and through,
Extremely pure, which made them all concur
In wishing her their sister, save a few
Who wish’d they had a brother just like her,
Whom, if they were at home in sweet Circassia,
They would prefer to Padisha¹⁶ or Pacha.

XL.

Of those who had most genius for this sort
Of sentimental friendship, there were three,
Lolah, Katinka,¹⁷ and Dudù ; in short,
(To save description) fair as fair can be
Were they, according to the best report,
Though differing in stature and degree,
And clime and time, and country and complexion ;
They all alike admired their new connection.

XLI.

Lolah was dusk as India, and as warm ;
Katinka was a Georgian,¹⁸ white and red,
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,
And feet so small they scarce seem'd made to tread,
But rather skim the earth ; while Dudù's form
Look'd more adapted to be put to bed,
Being somewhat large, and languishing, and lazy,
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

XLII.

A kind of sleepy Venus seem'd Dudù,
Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those
Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose :
Few angles were there in her form, 'tis true,
Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce lose ;
Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

XLIII.

She was not violently lively, but
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking ;
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half shut,
They put beholders in a tender taking ;
She look'd (this simile's quite new) just cut
From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,
The mortal and the marble still at strife,
And timidly expanding into life.

XLIV.

Lolah demanded the new damsel's name—

“Juanna.”—Well, a pretty name enough.

Katinka ask'd her also whence she came—

“From Spain.”—“But where is Spain?”—“Don't ask such
Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for shame!”

Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,
To poor Katinka: “Spain's an island near
Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier.”

XLV.

Dudù said nothing, but sat down beside

Juanna, playing with her veil or hair;
And looking at her steadfastly, she sigh'd,
As if she pitied her for being there,
A pretty stranger, without friend or guide,
And all abash'd, too, at the general stare
Which welcomes hapless strangers in all places,
With kind remarks upon their mien and faces.

XLVI.

But here the Mother of the Maids drew near,

With “Ladies, it is time to go to rest:
I'm puzzled what to do with you, my dear,”

She added to Juanna, their new guest:
“Your coming has been unexpected here,
And every couch is occupied; you had best
Partake of mine; but by to-morrow early
We will have all things settled for you fairly.”

XLVII.

Here Lolah interposed—“Mamma, you know

You don't sleep soundly, and I cannot bear
That anybody should disturb you so;

I'll take Juanna; we're a slenderer pair
Than you would make the half of;—don't say no;
And I of your young charge will take due care.”

But here Katinka interfered, and said,
“She also had compassion and a bed.”

XLVIII.

"Besides, I hate to sleep alone," quoth she.

The matron frown'd:—"Why so?"—"For fear of ghosts,"
Replied Katinka; "I am sure I see

A phantom upon each of the four posts;
And then I have the worst dreams that can be,

Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginns, and Gouls in hosts."
The dame replied, "Between your dreams and you,
I fear Juanna's dreams would be but few.

XLIX.

"You, Lolah, must continue still to lie

Alone, for reasons which don't matter; you
The same, Katinka, until by and by;

And I shall place Juanna with Dudù,
Who's quiet, inoffensive, silent, shy,

And will not toss and chatter the night through.
What say you, child?"—Dudù said nothing, as
Her talents were of the more silent class;

L.

But she rose up, and kiss'd the matron's brow

Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,
Katinka too; and with a gentle bow

(Curt'sies are neither used by Turks nor Greeks)
She took Juanna by the hand to show

Their place of rest, and left to both their piques,
The others pouting at the matron's preference
Of Dudù, though they held their tongues from deference.

LI.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is

The Turkish title), and ranged round the wall
Were couches, toilets—and much more than this

I might describe, as I have seen it all,
But it suffices—little was amiss;

'Twas on the whole a nobly furnish'd hall,
With all things ladies want, save one or two,
And even those were nearer than they knew.

LII.

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,
 Not very dashing, but extremely winning,
 With the most regulated charms of feature,
 Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning
 Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature
 Which they hit off at once in the beginning,
 Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,
 And pleasing, or unpleasing, still are like.

LIII.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
 Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
 Luxuriant, budding ; cheerful without mirth,
 Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
 Than are your mighty passions and so forth,
 Which some call “the sublime :” I wish they’d try it :
 I’ve seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
 And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

LIV.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,
 And serious more than pensive, and serene,
 It may be, more than either—not unholy
 Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have been.
 The strangest thing was, *beauteous*, she was wholly
 Unconscious, albeit turn’d of quick seventeen,
 That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall ;
 She never thought about herself at all.

LV.

And therefore was she kind and gentle as
 The Age of Gold (when gold was yet unknown,
 By which its nomenclature came to pass ;
 Thus most appropriately has been shown
 “*Lucus à non lucendo*,” *not what was*,
 But what *was not* ; a sort of style that’s grown
 Extremely common in this age, whose metal
 The devil may decompose, but never settle :

LVI.

I think it may be of "Corinthian Brass,"¹⁹
Which was a mixture of all metals, but
The brazen uppermost). Kind reader! pass
This long parenthesis: I could not shut
It sooner for the soul of me, and class
My faults even with your own! which meaneth, Put
A kind construction upon them and me:
But *that* you won't—then don't—I'm not less free.

LVII.

'Tis time we should return to plain narration,
And thus my narrative proceeds:—Dudù,
With every kindness short of ostentation,
Show'd Juan, or Juanna, through and through
This labyrinth of females, and each station
Described—what's strange—in words extremely few:
I've but one simile, and that's a blunder,
For wordless woman, which is *silent* thunder.

LVIII.

And next she gave her (I say *her*, because
The gender still was epicene, at least
In outward show, which is a saving clause)
An outline of the customs of the East,
With all their chaste integrity of laws,
By which the more a harem is increased,
The stricter doubtless grow the vestal duties
Of any supernumerary beauties.

LIX.

And then she gave Juanna a chaste kiss:
Dudù was fond of kissing—which I'm sure
That nobody can ever take amiss,
Because 'tis pleasant, so that it be pure,
And between females means no more than this—
That they have nothing better near, or newer.
"Kiss" rhymes to "bliss" in fact as well as verse—
I wish it never led to something worse.

LX.

In perfect innocence she then unmade
 Her toilet, which cost little, for she was
 A child of Nature, carelessly array'd :
 If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,
 'Twas like the fawn, which, in the lake display'd,
 Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass,
 When first she starts, and then returns to peep,
 Admiring this new native of the deep.

LXI.

And one by one her articles of dress
 Were laid aside ; but not before she offer'd
 Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess
 Of modesty declined the assistance proffer'd :
 Which pass'd well off—as she could do no less ;
 Though by this politesse she rather suffer'd,
 Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,
 Which surely were invented for our sins,—

LXII.

Making a woman like a porcupine,
 Not to be rashly touch'd. But still more dread,
 Oh, ye ! whose fate it is, as once 'twas mine,
 In early youth, to turn a lady's maid ;
 I did my very boyish best to shine
 In tricking her out for a masquerade :
 The pins were placed sufficiently, but not
 Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

LXIII.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,
 And I love wisdom more than she loves me ;
 My tendency is to philosophise
 On most things, from a tyrant to a tree ;
 But still the spouseless virgin Knowledge flies.
 What are we ? and whence came we ? what shall be
 Our ultimate existence ? what's our present ?
 Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.

LXIV.

There was deep silence in the chamber : dim
And distant from each other burn'd the lights,
And slumber hover'd o'er each lovely limb
Of the fair occupants : if there be sprites,
They should have walk'd there in their sprightliest trim,
By way of change from their sepulchral sites,
And shown themselves as ghosts of better taste
Than haunting some old ruin or wild waste.

LXV.

Many and beautiful lay those around,
Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and root,
In some exotic garden sometimes found,
With cost, and care, and warmth, induced to shoot.
One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath,
And lips apart, which show'd the pearls beneath.

LXVI.

One with her flush'd cheek laid on her white arm,
And raven ringlets gather'd in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm ;
And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud
The moon breaks, half unveil'd each further charm,
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night
All bashfully to struggle into light.

LXVII.

This is no bull, although it sounds so ; for
'Twas night, but there were lamps, as hath been said.
A third's all pallid aspect offer'd more
The traits of sleeping sorrow, and betray'd
Through the heaved breast the dream of some far shore
Beloved and deplored ; while slowly stray'd
(As night-dew, on a cypress glittering, tinges
The black bough), tear-drops through her eyes' dark fringes.

LXVIII.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,
 Lay in a breathless, hush'd, and stony sleep,
 White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
 Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,
 Or Lot's wife done in salt,—or what you will;—
 My similes are gather'd in a heap,
 So pick and choose—perhaps you'll be content
 With a carved lady on a monument.

LXIX.

And lo! a fifth appears;—and what is she?
 A lady of “a certain age,” which means
 Certainly aged—what her years might be
 I know not, never counting past their teens;
 But there she slept, not quite so fair to see,
 As ere that awful period intervenes
 Which lays both men and women on the shelf,
 To meditate upon their sins and self.

LXX.

But all this time how slept, or dream'd, Dudù?
 With strict inquiry I could ne'er discover,
 And scorn to add a syllable untrue;
 But ere the middle watch was hardly over,
 Just when the fading lamps waned dim and blue,
 And phantoms hover'd, or might seem to hover,
 To those who like their company, about
 The apartment, on a sudden she scream'd out:

LXXI.

And that so loudly, that upstart all
 The Oda, in a general commotion:
 Matron and maids, and those whom you may call
 Neither, came crowding like the waves of ocean,
 One on the other, throughout the whole hall,
 All trembling, wondering, without the least notion
 More than I have myself of what could make
 The calm Dudù so turbulently wake.

LXXII.

But wide awake she was, and round her bed,
With floating draperies and with flying hair,
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,
And bosoms, arms, and ankles glancing bare,
And bright as any meteor ever bred
By the North Pole,—they sought her cause of care,
For she seem'd agitated, flush'd, and frighten'd,
Her eye dilated, and her colour heighten'd.

LXXIII.

But what is strange—and a strong proof how great
A blessing is sound sleep—Juanna lay
As fast as ever husband by his mate
In holy matrimony snores away.
Not all the clamour broke her happy state
Of slumber, ere they shook her,—so they say
At least,—and then she, too, unclosed her eyes,
And yawn'd a good deal with discreet surprise.

LXXIV.

And now commenced a strict investigation,
Which, as all spoke at once, and more than once
Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narration,
Alike might puzzle either wit or dunce
To answer in a very clear oration.
Dudù had never pass'd for wanting sense,
But being “no orator as Brutus is,”
Could not at first expound what was amiss.

LXXV.

At length she said, that in a slumber sound
She dream'd a dream, of walking in a wood—
A “wood obscure,” like that where Dante found
Himself in at the age when all grow good;
Life's half-way house, where dames with virtue crown'd
Run much less risk of lovers turning rude;
And that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,
And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots;

LXXVI.

And in the midst a golden apple grew,—
 A most prodigious pippin—but it hung
 Rather too high and distant; that she threw
 Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung
 Stones and whatever she could pick up, to
 Bring down the fruit, which still perversely clung
 To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,
 But always at a most provoking height;—

LXXVII.

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,
 It fell down of its own accord before
 Her feet; that her first movement was to stoop
 And pick it up, and bite it to the core;
 That just as her young lip began to ope
 Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,
 A bee flew out, and stung her to the heart,
 And so—she woke with a great scream and start.

LXXVIII.

All this she told with some confusion and
 Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams
 Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand
 To expound their vain and visionary gleams.
 I've known some odd ones which seem'd really plann'd
 Prophetically, or that which one deems
 A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
 By which such things are settled now-a-days."

LXXIX.

The damsels, who had thoughts of some great harm,
 Began, as is the consequence of fear,
 To scold a little at the sleeping ear.
 That broke for nothing on the sleeping ear.
 The matron, too, was wrath to leave her warm
 Bed for the dream she had been obliged to hear,
 And chafed at poor Dudù, who only sigh'd,
 And said, that she was sorry she had cried.

LXXX.

“ I’ve heard of stories of a cock and bull ;
But visions of an apple and a bee,
To take us from our natural rest, and pull
The whole Oda from their beds at half-past three,
Would make us think the moon is at its full.
You surely are unwell, child ! we must see,
To-morrow, what his Highness’s physician
Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

LXXXI.

“ And poor Juanna, too, the child’s first night
Within these walls, to be broke in upon
With such a clamour—I had thought it right
That the young stranger should not lie alone,
And, as the quietest of all, she might
With you, Dudù, a good night’s rest have known :
But now I must transfer her to the charge
Of Lolah—though her couch is not so large.”

LXXXII.

Lolah’s eyes sparkled at the proposition ;
But poor Dudù, with large drops in her own.
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,
Implored that present pardon might be shown
For this first fault, and that on no condition
(She added in a soft and piteous tone)
Juanna should be taken from her, and
Her future dreams should be all kept in hand.

LXXXIII.

She promised never more to have a dream,
At least to dream so loudly as just now;
She wonder’d at herself how she could scream—
’Twas foolish, nervous, as she must allow,
A fond hallucination, and a theme
For laughter—but she felt her spirits low,
And begg’d they would excuse her ; she’d get over
This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

LXXXIV.

And here Juanna kindly interposed,
And said she felt herself extremely well
Where she then was, as her sound sleep disclosed,
When all around rang like a tocsin bell;
She did not find herself the least disposed
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell
Apart from one who had no sin to show,
Save that of dreaming once "mal-à-propos."

LXXXV.

As thus Juanna spoke, Dudù turn'd round
And hid her face within Juanna's breast:
Her neck alone was seen, but that was found
The colour of a budding rose's crest.
I can't tell why she blush'd, nor can expound
The mystery of this rupture of their rest;
All that I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as truth has ever been of late.

LXXXVI.

And so good night to them—or, if you will,
Good morrow—for the cock had crown, and light
Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,
And the mosque crescent struggled into sight
Of the long caravan, which in the chill
Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each height
That stretches to the stony belt, which girds
Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds.

LXXXVII.

With the first ray, or rather grey of morn,
Gulbeyaz rose from restlessness; and pale
As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,
Array'd herself with mantle, gem, and veil.
The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,
Which fable places in her breast of wail,
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those
Whose headlong passions form their proper woes.

LXXXVIII.

And that's the moral of this composition,
If people would but see its real drift;—
But *that* they will not do without suspicion,
Because all gentle readers have the gift
Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of vision;
While gentle writers also love to lift
Their voices 'gainst each other, which is natural,
The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

LXXXIX.

Rose the sultana from a bed of splendour,
Softer than the soft Sybarite's, who cried
Aloud because his feelings were too tender
To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side,—
So beautiful that art could little mend her,
Though pale with conflicts between love and pride;—
So agitated was she with her error,
She did not even look into the mirror.

XC.

Also arose about the self-same time,
Perhaps a little later, her great lord,
Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,
And of a wife by whom he was abhorr'd;
A thing of much less import in that clime—
At least to those of incomes which afford
The filling up their whole connubial cargo—
Than where two wives are under an embargo.

XCI.

He did not think much on the matter, nor
Indeed on any other: as a man
He liked to have a handsome paramour
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,
And therefore of Circassians had good store,
As an amusement after the Divan;
Though an unusual fit of love, or duty,
Had made him lately bask in his bride's beauty.

XCII.

And now he rose; and after due ablutions
 Exacted by the customs of the East,
 And prayers and other pious evolutions,
 He drank six cups of coffee at the least,
 And then withdrew to hear about the Russians,
 Whose victories had recently increased
 In Catherine's reign, whom glory still adores,
 As greatest of all sovereigns and w——s.

XCIII.

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander!
 Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend
 Thine ear, if it should reach—and now rhymes wander
 Almost as far as Petersburg, and lend
 A dreadful impulse to each loud meander
 Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which blend
 Their roar even with the Baltic's—so you be
 Your father's son, 'tis quite enough for me.

XCIV.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim
 Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,
 That hater of mankind, would be a shame,
 A libel, or whate'er you please to rhyme on:
 But people's ancestors are history's game;
 And if one lady's slip could leave a crime on
 All generations, I should like to know
 What pedigree the best would have to show?

XCV.

Had Catherine and the sultan understood
 Their own true interests, which kings rarely know,
 Until 'tis taught by lessons rather rude,
 There was a way to end their strife, although
 Perhaps precarious, had they but thought good,
 Without the aid of prince or plenipo:
 She to dismiss her guards and he his harem,
 And for their other matters, meet and share 'em.

xcvi.

But as it was, his Highness had to hold
His daily council upon ways and means
How to encounter with this martial scold,
This modern Amazon and queen of queans;
And the perplexity could not be told
Of all the pillars of the state, which leans
Sometimes a little heavy on the backs
Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

xcvii.

Meantime Gulbeyaz, when her king was gone,
Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place
For love or breakfast; private, pleasing, lone,
And rich with all contrivances which grace
Those gay recesses:—many a precious stone
Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase
Of porcelain held in the fetter'd flowers,
Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

xcviii.

Mother of pearl, and porphyry, and marble,
Vied with each other on this costly spot;
And singing birds without were heard to warble;
And the stain'd glass which lighted this fair grot
Varied each ray;—but all descriptions garble
The true effect,²² and so we had better not
Be too minute; an outline is the best,—
A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

xcix.

And here she summon'd Baba, and required
Don Juan at his hands, and information
Of what had pass'd since all the slaves retired,
And whether he had occupied their station:
If matters had been managed as desired,
And his disguise with due consideration
Kept up; and above all, the where and how
He had pass'd the night, was what she wish'd to know.

c.

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied
 To this long catechism of questions, ask'd
 More easily than answer'd,—that he had tried
 His best to obey in what he had been task'd;
 But there seem'd something that he wish'd to hide,
 Which hesitation more betray'd than mask'd;
 He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource
 To which embarrass'd people have recourse.

ci.

Gulbeyaz was no model of true patience,
 Nor much disposed to wait in word or deed;
 She liked quick answers in all conversations;
 And when she saw him stumbling like a steed
 In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones;
 And as his speech grew still more broken-kneed,
 Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to sparkle,
 And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and darkle.

cii.

When Baba saw these symptoms, which he knew
 To bode him no great good, he deprecated
 Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him through—
 He could not help the thing which he related:
 Then out it came at length, that to Duddù
 Juan was given in charge, as hath been stated;
 But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on
 The holy camel's hump, besides the Koran.

ciii.

The chief dame of the Oda, upon whom
 The discipline of the whole harem bore,
 As soon as they re-enter'd their own room,
 For Baba's function stopt short at the door,
 Had settled all; nor could he then presume
 (The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,
 Without exciting such suspicion as
 Might make the matter still worse than it was

CIV.

He hoped, indeed he thought, he could be sure,
Juan had not betray'd himself; in fact
'Twas certain that his conduct had been pure,
Because a foolish or imprudent act
Would not alone have made him insecure,
But ended in his being found out and *sack'd*,
And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke
Of all save Dudù's dream, which was no joke.

CV.

This he discreetly kept in the back ground,
And talk'd away—and might have talk'd till now,
For any further answer that he found,
So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz' brow :
Her cheek turn'd ashes, ears rung, brain whirl'd round,
As if she had received a sudden blow,
And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and chilly
O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

CVI.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,
Baba thought she would faint, but there he err'd—
It was but a convulsion, which though short
Can never be described; we all have heard,
And some of us have felt thus "*all amort*,"²³
When things beyond the common have occur'd;—
Gulbeyaz proved in that brief agony
What she could ne'er express—then how should I?

CVII.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness
Stands on a tripod, agonised, and full
Of inspiration gather'd from distress,
When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull
The heart asunder;—then, as more or less
'Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,
She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,
And bow'd her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.

CVIII.

Her face declined and was unseen; her hair
 Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,
 Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,
 Or rather sofa, (for it was all pillow,
 A low, soft ottoman,) and black despair
 Stirr'd up and down her bosom like a billow,
 Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check
 Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

CIX.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping
 Conceal'd her features better than a veil;
 And one hand o'er the ottoman lay drooping,
 White, waxen, and as alabaster pale:
 Would that I were a painter! to be grouping
 All that a poet drags into detail!
 Oh that my words were colours! but their tints
 May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

CX.

Baba, who knew by experience when to talk
 And when to hold his tongue, now held it till
 This passion might blow o'er, nor dared to balk
 Gulbeyaz' taciturn or speaking will.
 At length she rose up, and began to walk
 Slowly along the room, but silent still,
 And her brow clear'd, but not her troubled eye;
 The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

CXI.

She stopp'd, and raised her head to speak—but paused.
 And then moved on again with rapid pace -
 Then slacken'd it, which is the march most caused
 By deep emotion :—you may sometimes trace
 A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed
 By Sallust in his Catiline, who, chased
 By all the demons of all passions, show'd
 Their work even by the way in which he trode.*

CXII.

Gulbeyaz stopp'd and beckon'd Baba :—" Slave !
 Bring the two slaves ! " she said in a low tone,
 But one which Baba did not like to brave,
 And yet he shudder'd, and seem'd rather prone
 To prove reluctant, and begg'd leave to crave
 (Though he well knew the meaning) to be shown
 What slaves her highness wish'd to indicate,
 For fear of any error, like the late.

CXIII.

" The Georgian and her paramour," replied
 The imperial bride—and added, " Let the boat
 Be ready by the secret portal's side :
 You know the rest." The words stuck in her throat,
 Despite her injured love and fiery pride ;
 And of this Baba willingly took note,
 And begg'd by every hair of Mahomet's beard,
 She would revoke the order he had heard.

CXIV.

" To hear is to obey," he said ; " but still,
 Sultana, think upon the consequence :
 It is not that I shall not all fulfil
 Your orders, even in their severest sense ;
 But such precipitation may end ill,
 Even at your own imperative expense :
 I do not mean destruction and exposure,
 In case of any premature disclosure ;

CXV.

" But your own feelings. Even should all the rest
 Be hidden by the rolling waves, which hide
 Already many a once love-beaten breast
 Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide—
 You love this boyish, new, seraglio guest,
 And if this violent remedy be tried—
 Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,
 That killing him is not the way to cure you."

CXVI.

“What dost thou know of love or feeling?—Wretch!
 Begone!” she cried, with kindling eyes—“and do
 My bidding!” Baba vanish’d, for to stretch
 His own remonstrance further he well knew
 Might end in acting as his own “Jack Ketch;”
 And though he wish’d extremely to get through
 This awkward business without harm to others,
 He still preferr’d his own neck to another’s.

CXVII.

Away he went then upon his commission,
 Growling and grumbling in good Turkish phrase
 Against all women of whate’er condition,
 Especially sultanas and their ways;
 Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,
 Their never knowing their own mind two days,
 The trouble that they gave, their immorality,
 Which made him daily bless his own neutrality.

CXVIII.

And then he call’d his brethren to his aid,
 And sent one on a summons to the pair,
 That they must instantly be well array’d,
 And above all be comb’d even to a hair,
 And brought before the empress, who had made
 Inquiries after them with kindest care:
 At which Dudù look’d strange, and Juan silly;
 But go they must at once, and will I—nill I.

CXIX.

And here I leave them at their preparation
 For the imperial presence, wherein whether
 Gulbeyaz show’d them both commiseration,
 Or got rid of the parties altogether,
 Like other angry ladies of her nation,—
 Are things the turning of a hair or feather
 May settle; but far be’t from me to anticipate
 In what way feminine caprice may dissipate.

CXX.

I leave them for the present with good wishes,
Though doubts of their well doing, to arrange
Another part of history; for the dishes
Of this our banquet we must sometimes change;
And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,
Although his situation now seems strange,
And scarce secure, as such digressions *are* fair,
The muse will take a little touch at warfare.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE SEVENTH

INTRODUCTION TO CANTOS VII. AND VIII.

THE seventh and eighth cantos of "Don Juan" are devoted to a description of the Siege of Ismail. "It is in the style," says Lord Byron, "graphical and technical, of the shipwreck in Canto the Second, which took, as they say in the Row." The Siege took also, but not in an equal degree. The exalted poetry which contributed largely to the fame of the shipwreck is hardly introduced into the companion piece. It has certainly been said by M. Villemain, that the assault is the sublimest picture ever painted of war, but the criticism would only lead us to conclude that the French translator had failed to catch the style of the original, and had turned Lord Byron's familiar idioms into bombastic verse. The description is, what the poet terms it, "graphic," but it is the horrors, and not the pomp, of war that he wished to depict, and he purposely sunk the sublimity to create an impression of disgust. "There is," wrote Lord Byron, "much of sarcasm on those butchers in large business, your mercenary soldiers. I know it is against fearful odds, but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself." His design was therefore satirical,—an attempt to display the bloody hand of the warrior, and to strip him of his plume. The portrait of Suwarrow, is one of the most vivid ever drawn, but the details of the commander's deportment at drill, though true enough in the general outline, are probably overcharged. Nothing can surpass in familiar force of language the striking description of the superiority of mind over brute strength, when the whole of the discomfited Russian host are raised in a moment from despondency to exultation.

"And why? because a little—odd—old man,
Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van."

The General who wrought these wonderful effects used to say that the whole of his tactics consisted in the two magic words—"Advance and strike!" The real magic was in the previous confidence he had infused into his soldiers, who advanced with the courage and struck with the energy of men secure of conquest! Thus he was never defeated, and his brilliant victories over the armies of revolutionary France prove his resources to have been equal to the greatest occasions. The evening previous to the assault at Ismail, he said to his soldiers:—"To-morrow, an hour before daylight, I shall rise, say my prayers, and crow like a cock, and you will storm according to my orders." The prayers sound a strange preparation for that day of massacre, when he had already issued orders to turn a deaf ear to every prayer for quarter. But such is the inconsistency of man that Suwarrow was always punctilious in the observance of religious services, enforced them upon his army, and even read them religious books upon Sundays and holidays; nor did he ever omit, when he gave the signal for battle, to make the sign of the cross and kiss the image of St. Nicholas. The piety, which seems to self-deception to sanctify cruelty, renders it really more hateful, and the prayers of Suwarrow for a blessing on the slaughters of Ismail impart the finishing horror to the Siege.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

I.

O Love! O Glory! what are ye who fly
Around us ever, rarely to alight?
There's not a meteor in the Polar sky
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight.
Chill, and chain'd to cold earth, we lift on high
Our eyes in search of either lovely light;
A thousand and a thousand colours they
Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.

II.

And such as they are, such my present tale is,
A non-descript and ever-varying rhyme,
A versified Aurora Borealis,
Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.
When we know what all are, we must bewail us,
But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime
To laugh at *all* things—for I wish to know
What, after *all*, are *all* things—but a *show*?

III.

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of
The present poem—of—I know not what—
A tendency to under-rate and scoff
At human power and virtue, and all that;
And this they say in language rather rough.
Good God! I wonder what they would be at!
I say no more than hath been said in Dante's
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;

IV.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,
 By Fénelon, by Luther, and by Plato ;
 By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau,
 Who knew this life was not worth a potato.
 'Tis not their fault, nor mine, if this be so—
 For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,
 Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,
 But which is best, you know no more than I.

V.

Socrates said, our only knowledge was
 “To know that nothing could be known ;” a pleasant
 Science enough, which levels to an ass
 Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present.
 Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas !
 Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
 That he himself felt only “like a youth
 Picking up shells by the great ocean—Truth.”

VI.

Ecclesiastes said, “that all is vanity”—
 Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
 By their examples of true Christianity :
 In short, all know, or very soon may know it ;
 And in this scene of all-confess'd inanity,
 By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,
 Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,
 From holding up the nothingness of life ?

VII.

Dogs or men !—for I flatter you in saying
 That ye are dogs—your betters far—ye may
 Read, or read not, what I am now essaying
 To show ye what ye are in every way.
 As little as the moon stops for the baying
 Of wolves, will the bright Muse withdraw one ray
 From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath !
 While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

VIII.

“Fierce loves and faithless wars”—I am not sure
If this be the right reading—’tis no matter;
The fact’s about the same, I am secure;
I sing them both, and am about to batter
A town which did a famous siege endure,
And was beleaguer’d both by land and water²
By Souvaroff, or Anglicè Suwarrow,
Who loved blood as an alderman loves marrow.

IX.

The fortress is call’d Ismail, and is placed
Upon the Danube’s left branch and left bank,³
With buildings in the Oriental taste,
But still a fortress of the foremost rank,
Or was at least, unless ’tis since defaced,
Which with your conquerors is a common prank:
It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,
And measures round of toises thousands three.⁴

X.

Within the extent of this fortification
A borough is comprised along the height
Upon the left, which from its loftier station
Commands the city, and upon its site
A Greek had raised around this elevation
A quantity of palisades *upright*,
So placed as to *impede* the fire of those
Who held the place, and to *assist* the foe’s.⁵

XI.

This circumstance may serve to give a notion
Of the high talents of this new Vauban:
But the town ditch below was deep as ocean,
The rampart higher than you’d wish to hang:
But then there was a great want of precaution
(Prithee, excuse this engineering slang),
Nor work advanced, nor cover’d way was there,⁶
To hint at least “Here is no thoroughfare.”

XII.

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,
 And walls as thick as most skulls born as yet;
 Two batteries, cap-à-pie, as our St. George,
 Case-mated ' one, and t'other "à barbette,"⁸
 Of Danube's bank took formidable charge;
 While two-and-twenty cannon duly set
 Rose over the town's right side, in bristling tier,
 Forty feet high upon a cavalier.⁹

XIII.

But from the river the town's open quite,
 Because the Turks could never be persuaded
 A Russian vessel e'er would heave in sight;¹⁰
 And such their creed was till they were invaded,
 When it grew rather late to set things right:
 But as the Danube could not well be waded,
 They look'd upon the Muscovite flotilla,
 And only shouted, "Allah!" and "Bis Millah!"

XIV.

The Russians now were ready to attack;
 But oh, ye goddesses of war and glory!
 How shall I spell the name of each Cossaque
 Who were immortal, could one tell their story?
 Alas! what to their memory can lack?
 Achilles' self was not more grim and gory
 Than thousands of this new and polish'd nation,
 Whose names want nothing but—pronunciation.

XV.

Still I'll record a few, if but to increase
 Our euphony: there was Strongenoff, and Strokonoff,
 Meknop, Serge Low, Arsniew of modern Greece,
 And Tschitsshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,
 And others of twelve consonants apiece;
 And more might be found out, if I could poke enough
 Into gazettes; but Fame (capricious strumpet),
 It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet,

XVI.

And cannot tune those discords of narration,
Which may be names at Moscow, into rhyme ;
Yet there were several worth commemoration,
As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime ;
Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration
Of Londonderry drawling against time,
Ending in "ischskin," "ousckin," "iffskchy," "ouski,"
Of whom we can insert but Rousamouski,"

XVII.

Scherematoff and Chrematoff, Koklophti,
Koclobski, Kourakin, and Mouskin Pouskin,
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scoff'd high
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin :
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufti,
Unless to make their kettle-drums a new skin
Out of their hides, if parchment had grown dear,
And no more handy substitute been near.

XVIII.

Then there were foreigners of much renown,
Of various nations, and all volunteers ;
Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day brigadiers ;
Also to have the sacking of a town ;
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen named Smith.

XIX.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson ;—all the rest
Had been call'd "*Jemmy*," after the great bard ;
I don't know, whether they had arms or crest,
But such a godfather's as good a card.
Three of the Smiths were Peters ; but the best
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or ward
Was *he*, since so renown'd "in country quarters
At Halifax ;" ¹² but now he served the Tartars.

XX.

The rest were Jacks and Gills and Wills and Bills,
 But when I've added that the elder Jack Smith
 Was born in Cumberland among the hills,
 And that his father was an honest blacksmith,
 I've said all *I* know of a name that fills
 Three lines of the despatch in taking "Schmack-smith,"
 A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein
 He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

XXI.

I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a god I
 Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*
 May make up for a *bullet* in his body?
 I hope this little question is no sin,
 Because, though I am but a simple noddy,
 I think one Shakspeare puts the same thought in
 The mouth of some one in his plays so doting,
 Which many people pass for wits by quoting.

XXII.

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young, and gay;
 But I'm too great a patriot to record
 Their Gallic names upon a glorious day;
 I'd tather tell ten lies than say a word
 Of truth;—such truths are treason; they betray
 Their country; and as traitors are abhorr'd,
 Who name the French in English, save to show
 How Peace should make John Bull the Frenchman's foe.

XXIII.

The Russians, having built two batteries on
 An isle near Ismail, had two ends in view;
 The first was to bombard it, and knock down
 The public buildings and the private too,
 No matter what poor souls might be undone.
 The city's shape suggested this, 'tis true;
 Form'd like an amphitheatre, each dwelling
 Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.¹³

XXIV.

The second object was to profit by
The moment of the general consternation,
To attack the Turk's flotilla, which lay nigh
Extremely tranquil, anchor'd at its station :
But a third motive was as probably
To frighten them into capitulation ; "
A phantasy which sometimes seizes warriors,
Unless they are game as bull-dogs and fox-terriers.

XXV.

A habit rather blameable, which is
That of despising those we combat with,
Common in many cases, was in this
The cause¹⁸ of killing Tchitchitzkoff and Smith ;
One of the valorous " Smiths " whom we shall miss
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to " pith ; "
But 'tis a name so spread o'er " Sir " and " Madam,"
That one would think the first who bore it " Adam."

XXVI.

The Russian batteries were incomplete,
Because they were constructed in a hurry ; "
Thus the same cause which makes a verse want feet,
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and John Murray,
When the sale of new books is not so fleet
As they who print them think it necessary,
May likewise put off for a time what story
Sometimes calls " murder," and at others " glory."

XXVII.

Whether it was their engineer's stupidity,
Their haste, or waste, I neither know nor care,
Or some contractor's personal cupidity,
Saving his soul by cheating in the ware
Of homicide, but there was no solidity
In the new batteries erected there ;
They either miss'd, or they were never miss'd,
And added greatly to the missing list.

XXVIII.

A sad miscalculation about distance
Made all their naval matters incorrect ;
Three fireships lost their amiable existence
Before they reach'd a spot to take effect ;
The match was lit too soon, and no assistance
Could remedy this lubberly defect ;
They blew up in the middle of the river,
While, though 'twas dawn, the Turks slept fast as ever.'

XXIX.

At seven they rose, however, and survey'd
The Russ flotilla getting under way ;
'Twas nine, when still advancing undismay'd,
Within a cable's length their vessels lay
Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade,
Which was return'd with interest, I may say,
And by a fire of musketry and grape,
And shells and shot of every size and shape."

XXX.

For six hours bore they without intermission
The Turkish fire, and, aided by their own
Land batteries, work'd their guns with great precision ;
At length they found mere cannonade alone
By no means would produce the town's submission,
And made a signal to retreat at one.
One bark blew up, a second near the works
Running aground, was taken by the Turks."

XXXI.

The Moslem, too, had lost both ships and men ;
But when they saw the enemy retire,
Their Delhis²⁰ mann'd some boats, and sail'd again,
And gall'd the Russians with a heavy fire,
And tried to make a landing on the main ;
But here the effect fell short of their desire :
Count Damas drove them back into the water
Pell-mell, and with a whole gazette of slaughter."

XXXII.

"If," (says the historian here) "I could report
All that the Russians did upon this day,
I think that several volumes would fall short,
And I should still have many things to say;"
And so he says no more—but pays his court
To some distinguished strangers in that fray;
The Prince de Ligne, and Langeron, and Damas,
Names great as any that the roll of Fame has."

XXXIII.

This being the case, may show us what Fame is:
For out of these three "*preux Chevaliers*," how
Many of common readers give a guess
That such existed? (and they may live now
For aught we know.) Renown's all hit or miss;
There's fortune even in fame, we must allow.
'Tis true, the Memoirs* of the Prince de Ligne
Have half withdrawn from *him* oblivion's screen.

XXXIV.

But here are men who fought in gallant actions
As gallantly as ever heroes fought,
But buried in the heap of such transactions
Their names are rarely found, nor often sought.
Thus even good fame may suffer sad contractions,
And is extinguish'd sooner than she ought:
Of all our modern battles, I will bet
You can't repeat nine names from each Gazette.

XXXV.

In short, this last attack, though rich in glory,
Show'd that *somewhere, somehow*, there was a fault,
And Admiral Ribas (known in Russian story)
Most strongly recommended an assault;
In which he was opposed by young and hoary,
Which made a long debate; but I must halt,
For if I wrote down every warrior's speech,
I doubt few readers e'er would mount the breach.

XXXVI.

There was a man, if that he was a man,
Not that his manhood could be call'd in question,
For had he not been Hercules, his span
Had been as short in youth as indigestion
Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on
The soil of the green province he had wasted,
As e'er was locust on the land it blasted.

XXXVII.

This was Potemkin⁷—a great thing in days
When homicide and harlotry made great;
If stars and titles could entail long praise,
His glory might half equal his estate.
This fellow, being six foot high, could raise
A kind of phantasy proportionate
In the then sovereign of the Russian people,
Who measured men as you would do a steeple.

XXXVIII.

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent
A courier to the prince, and he succeeded
In ordering matters after his own bent;
I cannot tell the way in which he pleaded,
But shortly he had cause to be content.
In the mean time the batteries proceeded,
And fourscore cannon on the Danube's border
Were briskly fired and answer'd in due order.⁸

XXXIX.

But on the thirteenth, when already part
Of the troops were embark'd, the siege to raise,
A courier on the spur inspired new heart
Into all panthers for newspaper praise,
As well as dilettanti in war's art,
By his despatches couch'd in pithy phrase;
Announcing the appointment of that lover of
Battles to the command, Field-Marshal-Souvaroff.⁹

XL.

The letter of the prince to the same marshal
 Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause
 Been one to which a good heart could be partial—
 Defence of freedom, country, or of laws;
 But as it was mere lust of power to o'er-arch all
 With its proud brow, it merits slight applause,
 Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,
 "You will take Ismail at whatever price." "

XLI.

"Let there be light!" said God, "and there was light!"
 "Let there be blood!" says man, and there's a sea!
 The fiat of this spoil'd child of the Night
 (For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree
 More evil in an hour, than thirty bright
 Summers could renovate, though they should be
 Lovely as those which ripen'd Eden's fruit;
 For war cuts up not only branch, but root.

XLII.

Our friends, the Turks, who with loud "Allahs" now
 Began to signalise the Russ retreat,³¹
 Were damnably mistaken; few are slow
 In thinking that their enemy is beat,
 (Or beaten, if you insist on grammar, though
 I never think about it in a heat,)
 But here I say the Turks were much mistaken,
 Who hating hogs, yet wish'd to save their bacon.

XLIII.

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew
 In sight two horsemen, who were deem'd Cossacques
 For some time, till they came in nearer view.
 They had but little baggage at their backs,
 For there were but three shirts between the two;
 But on they rode upon two Ukraine hacks,
 Till, in approaching, were at length descried
 In this plain pair, Suwarrow and his guide."

XLIV.

"Great joy to London now!" says some great fool,³³
When London had a grand illumination,
Which to that bottle-conjuror, John Bull,
Is of all dreams the first hallucination;
So that the streets of colour'd lamps are full,
That sage (*said* John) surrenders at discretion
His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his nonsense,
To gratify, like a huge moth, this *one* sense.

XLV.

'Tis strange that he should farther "Damn his eyes,"
For they are damn'd; that once all-famous oath
Is to the devil now no farther prize,
Since John has lately lost the use of both.
Debt he calls wealth, and taxes Paradise;
And Famine, with her gaunt and bony growth,
Which stare him in the face, he won't examine,
Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Famine.

XLVI.

But to the tale;—great joy unto the camp!
To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cossacque,
O'er whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,
Presaging a most luminous attack;
Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,
Which leads beholders on a boggy walk,
He flitted to and fro a dancing light,
Which all who saw it follow'd, wrong or right.

XLVII.

But certes matters took a different face;
There was enthusiasm and much applause,
The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,
And all presaged good fortune to their cause.
Within a cannon-shot length of the place
They drew, constructed ladders, repair'd flaws
In former works, made new, prepared fascines,³⁴
And all kinds of benevolent machines.

XLVIII.

'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection ;
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,
Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual ;
Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

XLIX.

The whole camp rung with joy ; you would have thought
That they were going to a marriage feast
(This metaphor, I think, holds good as aught,
Since there is discord after both at least) :
There was not now a luggage boy but sought
Danger and spoil with ardour much increased ;
And why ? because a little—odd—old man,
Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

L.

But so it was ; and every preparation
Was made with all alacrity : the first
Detachment of three columns took its station
And waited but the signal's voice to burst
Upon the foe : the second's ordination
Was also in three columns, with a thirst
For glory gaping o'er a sea of slaughter :
The third, in columns two, attack'd by water.

LI.

New batteries were erected, and was held
A general council, in which unanimity,
That stranger to most councils, here prevail'd,
As sometimes happens in a great extremity ;
And every difficulty being dispell'd,
Glory began to dawn with due sublimity,
While Souvaroff, determined to obtain it,
Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.*

LII.

It is an actual fact, that he, commander
In chief, in proper person deign'd to drill
The awkward squad, and could afford to squander
His time, a corporal's duty to fulfil;
Just as you'd break a sucking salamander
To swallow flame, and never take it ill:
He show'd them how to mount a ladder (which
Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch.

LIII.

Also he dress'd up, for the nonce, fascines
Like men with turbans, scimitars, and dirks,
And made them charge with bayonets these machines,
By way of lesson against actual Turks;
And when well practised in these mimic scenes,
He judged them proper to assail the works;
At which your wise men sneer'd in phrases witty:
He made no answer; but he took the city.

LIV.

Most things were in this posture on the eve
Of the assault, and all the camp was in
A stern repose; which you would scarce conceive;
Yet men resolved to dash through thick and thin
Are very silent when they once believe
That all is settled:—there was little din,
For some were thinking of their home and friends,
And others of themselves and latter ends.

LV.

Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,
Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting, pondering,
For the man was, we safely may assert,
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering;
Hero, buffoon, half-demon, and half-dirt,
Praying, instructing, desolating, plundering;
Now Mars, now Momus; and when bent to storm
A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

LVI.

The day before the assault, while upon drill—
For this great conqueror play'd the corporal—
Some Cossacques, hovering like hawks round a hill,
Had met a party towards the twilight's fall,
One of whom spoke their tongue—or well or ill,
'Twas much that he was understood at all;
But whether from his voice, or speech, or manner,
They found that he had fought beneath their banner.

LVII.

Whereon immediately at his request
They brought him and his comrades to head-quarters;
Their dress was Moslem, but you might have guess'd
That these were merely masquerading Tartars,
And that beneath each Turkish-fashion'd vest
Lurk'd Christianity; which sometimes barter
Her inward grace for outward show, and makes
It difficult to shun some strange mistakes.

LVIII.

Suwarrow, who was standing in his shirt
Before a company of Calmucks, drilling,
Exclaiming, fooling, swearing at the inert,
And lecturing on the noble art of killing,—
For deeming human clay but common dirt,
This great philosopher was thus instilling
His maxims, which to martial comprehension
Proved death in battle equal to a pension;—

LIX.

Suwarrow, when he saw this company
Of Cossacques and their prey, turn'd round and cast
Upon them his slow brow and piercing eye:—
“Whence come ye?”—“From Constantinople last,
Captives just now escaped,” was the reply.
“What are ye?”—“What you see us.” Briefly pass'd
This dialogue; for he who answer'd knew
To whom he spoke, and made his words but few.

LX.

“Your names?”—“Mine’s Johnson, and my comrade’s Juan;
 The other two are women, and the third
 Is neither man nor woman.” The chief threw on
 The party a slight glance, then said, “I have heard
Your name before, the second is a new one:
 To bring the other three here was absurd:
 But let that pass:—I think I have heard your name
 In the Nikolaiew regiment?”—“The same.”

LXI.

“You served at Widdin?”—“Yes.”—“You led the attack?”
 “I did.”—“What next?”—“I really hardly know.”
 “You were the first i’ the breach?”—“I was not slack
 At least to follow those who might be so.”
 “What followed?”—“A shot laid me on my back,
 And I became a prisoner to the foe.”
 “You shall have vengeance, for the town surrounded
 Is twice as strong as that where you were wounded.

LXII.

“Where will you serve?”—“Where’er you please.”—“I know
 You like to be the hope of the forlorn,
 And doubtless would be foremost on the foe
 After the hardships you’ve already borne.
 And this young fellow—say what can he do?
 He with the beardless chin and garments torn?”
 “Why, general, if he hath no greater fault
 In war than love, he had better lead the assault.”

LXIII.

“He shall if that he dare.” Here Juan bow’d
 Low as the compliment deserved. Suwarrow
 Continued: “Your old regiment’s allow’d,
 By special providence, to lead to-morrow,
 Or it may be to-night, the assault: I have vow’d
 To several saints, that shortly plough or harrow,
 Shall pass o’er what was Ismail, and its tusk
 Be unimpeded by the proudest mosque.

LXIV.

“So now, my lads, for glory!”—Here he turn’d
 And drill’d away in the most classic Russian,
 Until each high, heroic bosom burn’d
 For cash and conquest, as if from a cushion,
 A preacher had held forth (who nobly spurn’d
 All earthly goods save tithes) and bade them push on
 To slay the Pagans who resisted, battering
 The armies of the Christian Empress Catherine.

LXV.

Johnson, who knew by this long colloquy
 Himself a favourite, ventured to address
 Suwarrow, though engaged with accents high
 In his resumed amusement. “I confess
 My debt in being thus allow’d to die
 Among the foremost; but if you’d express
 Explicitly our several posts, my friend
 And self would know what duty to attend.”

LXVI.

“Right! I was busy, and forgot. Why, you
 Will join your former regiment, which should be
 Now under arms. Ho! Katskoff, take him to—
 (Here he call’d up a Polish orderly)
 His post, I mean the regiment Nikolaiew:
 The stranger stripling may remain with me;
 He’s a fine boy. The women may be sent
 To the other baggage, or to the sick tent.”

LXVII.

But here a sort of scene began to ensue:
 The ladies,—who by no means had been bred
 To be disposed of in a way so new,
 Although their harem education led
 Doubtless to that of doctrines the most true.
 Passive obedience,—now raised up the head,
 With flashing eyes and starting tears, and flung
 Their arms, as hens their wings about their young,

LXVIII.

O'er the promoted couple of brave men
 Who were thus honour'd by the greatest chief
 That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,
 Or plunged a province or a realm in grief.
 Oh, foolish mortals! Always taught in vain!
 Oh, glorious laurel! since for one sole leaf
 Of thine imaginary deathless tree,
 Of blood and tears must flow the unebbing sea.

LXIX.

Suwarrow, who had small regard for tears,
 And not much sympathy for blood, survey'd
 The women with their hair about their ears
 And natural agonies, with a slight shade
 Of feeling: for however habit sears
 Men's hearts against whole millions, when their trade
 Is butchery, sometimes a single sorrow
 Will touch even heroes—and such was Suwarrow.

LXX.

He said,—and in the kindest Calmuck tone,—
 “Why, Johnson, what the devil do you mean
 By bringing women here? They shall be shown
 All the attention possible, and seen
 In safety to the waggons, where alone
 In fact they can be safe. You should have been
 Aware this kind of baggage never thrives:
 Save wed a year, I hate recruits with wives.”

LXXI.

“May it please your excellency,” thus replied
 Our British friend, “these are the wives of others,
 And not our own. I am too qualified
 By service with my military brothers
 To break the rules by bringing one's own bride
 Into a camp: I know that nought so bothers
 The hearts of the heroic on a charge,
 As leaving a small family at large.

LXXII.

“But these are but two Turkish ladies, who
With their attendant aided our escape,
And afterwards accompanied us through
A thousand perils in this dubious shape.
To me this kind of life is not so new;
To them, poor things, it is an awkward scrape,
I therefore, if you wish me to fight freely,
Request that they may both be used genteelly.”

LXXIII.

Meantime these two poor girls, with swimming eyes,
Look'd on as if in doubt if they could trust
Their own protectors; nor was their surprise
Less than their grief (and truly not less just)
To see an old man, rather wild than wise
In aspect, plainly clad, besmear'd with dust,
Stript to his waistcoat, and that not too clean,
More fear'd than all the sultans ever seen.

LXXIV.

For everything seem'd resting on his nod,
As they could read in all eyes. Now to them,
Who were accustom'd, as a sort of god,
To see the sultan, rich in many a gem,
Like an imperial peacock stalk abroad
(That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem,)
With all the pomp of power, it was a doubt,
How power could condescend to do without.

LXXV.

John Johnson, seeing their extreme dismay,
Though little versed in feelings oriental,
Suggested some slight comfort in his way:
Don Juan, who was much more sentimental,
Swore they should see him by the dawn of day,
Or that the Russian army should repent all:
And, strange to say, they found some consolation
In this—for females like exaggeration.

LXXVI.

And then with tears, and sighs, and some slight kisses,
 They parted for the present—these to await,
 According to the artillery's hits or misses,
 What sages call Chance, Providence, or Fate—
 (Uncertainty is one of many blisses,
 A mortgage on Humanity's estate)—
 While their beloved friends began to arm,
 To burn a town which never did them harm.

LXXVII.

Suwarrow,—who but saw things in the gross,
 Being much too gross to see them in detail,
 Who calculated life as so much dross,
 And as the wind a widow'd nation's wail,
 And cared as little for his army's loss
 (So that their efforts should at length prevail)
 As wife and friends did for the boils of Job,—
 What was't to him to hear two women sob?

LXXVIII.

Nothing.—The work of glory still went on
 In preparations for a cannonade
 As terrible as that of Ilion,
 If Homer had found mortars ready made;
 But now, instead of slaying Priam's son,
 We only can but talk of escalade,
 Bombs, drums, guns, bastions, batteries, bayonets, bullets;
 Hard words, which stick in the soft Muse's gullets.

LXXIX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! who couldst charm
 All ears, though long; all ages, though so short,
 By merely wielding with poetic arm
 Arms to which men will never more resort,
 Unless gunpowder should be found to harm
 Much less than is the hope of every court,
 Which now is leagued young Freedom to annoy;
 But they will not find Liberty a Troy:—

LXXX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer ! I have now
To paint a siege, wherein more men were slain,
With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,
Than in thy Greek gazette of that campaign ;
And yet, like all men else, I must allow,
To vie with thee would be about as vain
As for a brook to cope with ocean's flood ;
But still we moderns equal you in blood ;

LXXXI.

If not in poetry, at least in fact ;
And fact is truth, the grand desideratum !
Of which, howe'er the Muse describes each act,
There should be ne'ertheless a slight substratum.
But now the town is going to be attack'd ;
Great deeds are doing—how shall I relate 'em ?
Souls of immortal generals ! Phœbus watches
To colour up his rays from your despatches.

LXXXII.

Oh, ye great bulletins of Bonaparte !
Oh, ye less grand long lists of kill'd and wounded !
Shade of Leonidas, who fought so hearty,
When my poor Greece was once, as now, surrounded !
Oh, Cæsar's Commentaries ! now impart, ye
Shadows of glory ! (lest I be confounded)
A portion of your fading twilight hues,
So beautiful, so fleeting, to the Muse.

LXXXIII.

When I call "fading" martial immortality
I mean, that every age and every year,
And almost every day, in sad reality,
Some sucking hero is compell'd to rear,
Who, when we come to sum up the totality
Of deeds to human happiness most dear,
Turns out to be a butcher in great business,
Afflicting young folks with a sort of dizziness.

LXXXIV.

Medals, rank, ribands, lace, embroidery, scarlet,
 Are things immortal to immortal man,
 As purple to the Babylonian harlot :
 An uniform to boys is like a fan
 To women ; there is scarce a crimson varlet
 But deems himself the first in Glory's van.
 But Glory's glory ; and if you would find
 What that is—ask the pig who sees the wind !

LXXXV.

At least *he feels it*, and some say he *sees*,
 Because he runs before it like a pig ;
 Or, if that simple sentence should displease,
 Say, that he scuds before it like a brig,
 A schooner, or—but it is time to ease
 This Canto, ere my Muse perceives fatigue.
 The next shall ring a peal to shake all people,
 Like a bob-major from a village steeple.

LXXXVI.

Hark ! through the silence of the cold, dull night,
 The hum of armies gathering rank on rank !
 Lo ! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
 Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling bank
 Of the arm'd river, while with straggling light
 The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,
 Which curl in curious wreaths :—how soon the smoke
 Of hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak !

LXXXVII.

Here pause we for the present—as even then
 That awful pause, dividing life from death,
 Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,
 Thousands of whom were drawing their last breath
 A moment—and all will be life again !
 The march ! the charge ! the shouts of either faith,
 Hurrah ! and Allah ! and—one moment more—
 The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE EIGHTH.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

I.

Oh, blood and thunder! and oh, blood and wounds!
These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,
Too gentle reader! and most shocking sounds:
And so they are; yet thus is Glory's dream
Unriddled, and as my true Muse expounds
At present such things, since they are her theme,
So be they her inspirers! Call them Mars,
Bellona, what you will—they mean but wars,

II.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array.
The army, like a lion from his den,
March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay,—
A human Hydra, issuing from its fen
To breathe destruction on its winding way,
Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain,
Immediately in others grew again.

III.

History can only take things in the gross;
But could we know them in detail, perchance
In balancing the profit and the loss,
War's merit it by no means might enhance,
To waste so much gold for a little dross,
As hath been done, mere conquest to advance.
The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

IV.

And why?—because it brings self-approbation ;
Whereas the other, after all its glare,
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation,
Which (it may be) has not much left to spare,
A higher title, or a loftier station,
Though they may make Corruption gape or stare,
Yet, in the end, except in Freedom's battles,
Are nothing but a child of Murder's rattles.

V.

And such they are—and such they will be found :
Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone.
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound !
While the mere victor's may appal or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchword till the future shall be free.

VI.

The night was dark, and the thick mist allow'd
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,
Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud,
And in the Danube's waters shone the same¹—
A mirror'd hell ! the volleying roar, and loud
Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame
The ear far more than thunder ; for Heaven's flashes
Spare, or smite rarely—man's make millions ashes !

VII.

The column order'd on the assault scarce pass'd
Beyond the Russian batteries a few toises,
When up the bristling Moslem rose at last,
Answering the Christian thunders with like voices :
Then one vast fire, air, earth, and stream embraced,
Which rock'd as 'twere beneath the mighty noises ;
While the whole rampart blazed like Etna, when
The restless Titan hiccups in his den :²

VIII.

And one enormous shout of "Allah!" rose
In the same moment, loud as even the roar
Of war's most mortal engines, to their foes
Hurling defiance: city, stream, and shore
Resounded "Allah!" and the clouds which close
With thick'ning canopy the conflict o'er,
Vibrate to the Eternal name. Hark! through
All sounds it pierceth "Allah! Allah! Hu!"

IX.

The columns were in movement one and all,
But of the portion which attack'd by water,
Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall,
Though led by Arseniew, that great son of slaughter,
As brave as ever faced both bomb and ball.
"Carnage (so Wordsworth tells you) is God's daughter:"
If *he* speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and
Just now behaved as in the Holy Land.

X.

The Prince de Ligne was wounded in the knee;
Count Chapeau-Bras, too, had a ball between
His cap and head, which proves the head to be
Aristocratic as was ever seen,
Because it then received no injury
More than the cap; in fact, the ball could mean
No harm unto a right legitimate head;
"Ashes to ashes"—why not lead to lead?

XI.

Also the General Markow, Brigadier,
Insisting on removal of the *prince*
Amidst some groaning thousands dying near,—
All common fellows, who might writhe and wince,
And shriek for water into a deaf ear,—
The General Markow, who could thus evince
His sympathy for rank, by the same token,
To teach him greater, had his own leg broken."

XII.

Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,
And thirty thousand muskets flung their pills
Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic.⁹

Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills:
Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians, yet tick,
Like the death-watch, within our ears the ills
Past, present, and to come;—but all may yield
To the true portrait of one battle-field;

XIII.

There the still varying pangs, which multiply
Until their very number makes men hard
By the infinities of agony,
Which meet the gaze, whate'er it may regard—
The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye
Turn'd back within its socket,—these reward
Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest
May win perhaps a riband at the breast!

XIV.

Yet I love glory;—glory's a great thing:—
Think what it is to be in your old age
Maintain'd at the expense of your good king:
A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,
And heroes are but made for bards to sing,
Which is still better; thus in verse to wage
Your wars eternally, besides enjoying
Half-pay for life, make mankind worth destroying.

XV.

The troops, already disembark'd, push'd on
To take a battery on the right: the others,
Who landed lower down, their landing done,
Had set to work as briskly as their brothers:
Being grenadiers, they mounted one by one,
Cheerful as children climb the breasts of mothers,
O'er the intrenchment and the palisade,¹⁰
Quite orderly, as if upon parade.

XVI.

And this was admirable ; for so hot
The fire was, that were red Vesuvius loaded,
Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot
And shells or hells, it could not more have goaded.
Of officers a third fell on the spot,
A thing which victory by no means boded
To gentlemen engaged in the assault :
Hounds, when the huntsman tumbles, are at fault.

XVII.

But here I leave the general concern,
To track our hero on his path of fame :
He must his laurels separately earn ;
For fifty thousand heroes, name by name,
Though all deserving equally to turn
A couplet, or an elegy to claim,
Would form a lengthy lexicon of glory,
And what is worse still, a much longer story :

XVIII.

And therefore we must give the greater number
To the Gazette—which doubtless fairly dealt
By the deceased, who lie in famous slumber
In ditches, fields, or wheresoe'er they felt
Their clay for the last time their souls encumber ;—
Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch : I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose."

XIX.

Juan and Johnson join'd a certain corps,
And fought away with might and main, not knowing
The way which they had never trod before,
And still less guessing where they might be going ;
But on they march'd, dead bodies trampling o'er,
Firing, and thrusting, slashing, sweating, glowing,
But fighting thoughtlessly enough to win,
To their *two* selves, *one* whole bright bulletin.

xx.

Thus on they wallow'd in the bloody mire
 Of dead and dying thousands,—sometimes gaining
 A yard or two of ground, which brought them nigher
 To some odd angle for which all were straining;
 At other times, repulsed by the close fire,
 Which really pour'd as if all hell were raining
 Instead of heaven, they stumbled backwards o'er
 A wounded comrade, sprawling in his gore.

xxi.

Though 'twas Don Juan's first of fields, and though
 The nightly muster and the silent march
 In the chill dark, when courage does not glow
 So much as under a triumphal arch,
 Perhaps might make him shiver, yawn, or throw
 A glance on the dull clouds (as thick as starch,
 Which stiffen'd heaven) as if he wish'd for day;—
 Yet for all this he did not run away.

xxii.

Indeed he could not. But what if he had?
 There *have been* and *are* heroes who begun
 With something not much better, or as bad:
 Frederick the Great from Molwitz deign'd to run
 For the first and last time; for, like a pad,
 Or hawk, or bride, most mortals after one
 Warm bout are broken in to their new tricks,
 And fight like fiends for pay or politics.

xxiii.

He was what Erin calls, in her sublime
 Old Erse or Irish, or it may be *Punic*;—
 (The antiquarians¹² who can settle time,
 Which settles all things, Roman, Greek, or Runic,
 Swear that Pat's language sprung from the same clime
 With Hannibal, and wears the Tyrian tunic
 Of Dido's alphabet; and this is rational
 As any other notion, and not national);—

XXIV.

But Juan was quite "a broth of a boy,"
 A thing of impulse and a child of song ;
 Now swimming in the sentiment of joy,
 Or the *sensation* (if that phrase seem wrong),
 And afterward, if he must needs destroy,
 In such good company as always throng
 To battles, sieges, and that kind of pleasure,
 No less delighted to employ his leisure ;

XXV.

But always without malice : if he warr'd
 Or loved, it was with what we call "the best
 Intentions," which form all mankind's *trump card*,
 To be produced when brought up to the test.
 The statesman, hero, harlot, lawyer—ward
 Off each attack, when people are in quest
 Of their designs, by saying they *meant well* ;
 'Tis pity "that such meaning should pave hell."

XXVI.

I almost lately have begun to doubt
 Whether hell's pavement—if it be so *paved*—
 Must not have latterly been quite worn out,
 Not by the numbers good intent hath saved,
 But by the mass who go below without
 Those ancient good intentions, which once shaved
 And smooth'd the brimstone of that street of hell
 Which bears the greatest likeness to Pall Mall.

XXVII.

Juan, by some strange chance, which oft divides
 Warrior from warrior in their grim career,
 Like chastest wives from constant husbands' sides
 Just at the close of the first bridal year,
 By one of those old turns of fortune's tides,
 Was on a sudden rather puzzled here,
 When, after a good deal of heavy firing,
 He found himself alone, and friends retiring.

XXVIII.

I don't know how the thing occur'd—it might
 Be that the greater part were kill'd or wounded,
 And that the rest had faced unto the right
 About; a circumstance which has confounded
 Cæsar himself, who, in the very sight
 Of his whole army, which so much abounded
 In courage, was obliged to snatch a shield,
 And rally back his Romans to the field."

XXIX.

Juan, who had no shield to snatch, and was
 No Cæsar, but a fine young lad, who fought
 He knew not why, arriving at this pass,
 Stopp'd for a minute, as perhaps he ought
 For a much longer time; then, like an ass—
 (Start not, kind reader, since great Homer thought
 This simile enough for Ajax, Juan
 Perhaps may find it better than a new one);—

XXX.

Then, like an ass, he went upon his way,
 And, what was stranger, never look'd behind;
 But seeing, flashing forward, like the day
 Over the hills, a fire enough to blind
 Those who dislike to look upon a fray,
 He stumbled on, to try if he could find
 A path, to add his own slight arm and forces
 To corps, the greater part of which were corses.

XXXI.

Perceiving then no more the commandant
 Of his own corps, nor even the corps, which had
 Quite disappear'd—the gods know how! (I can't
 Account for everything which may look bad
 In history; but we at least may grant
 It was not marvellous that a mere lad,
 In search of glory, should look on before,
 Nor care a pinch of snuff about his corps:—)

XXXII.

Perceiving nor commander nor commanded,¹⁵
And left at large, like a young heir, to make
His way to—where he knew not—single-handed ;
As travellers follow over bog and brake
An “ignis fatuus ;” or as sailors stranded
Unto the nearest hut themselves betake ;
So Juan, following honour and his nose,
Rush’d where the thickest fire announced most foes.

XXXIII.

He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared,
For he was dizzy, busy, and his veins
Fill’d as with lightning—for his spirit shared
The hour, as is the case with lively brains ;
And where the hottest fire was seen and heard,
And the loud cannon peal’d his hoarsest strains,
He rush’d, while earth and air were sadly shaken
By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon !¹⁶

XXXIV.

And as he rush’d along, it came to pass he
Fell in with what was late the second column,
Under the orders of the General Lascy,
But now reduced, as is a bulky volume
Into an elegant extract (much less massy)
Of heroism, and took his place with solemn
Air ’midst the rest, who kept their valiant faces
And levell’d weapons still against the glaxis.

XXXV.

Just at this crisis up came Johnson too,
Who had “retreated,” as the phrase is when
Men run away much rather than go through
Destruction’s jaws into the devil’s den ;
But Johnson was a clever fellow, who
Knew when and how “to cut and come again,”
And never ran away, except when running
Was nothing but a valorous kind of cunning.

XXXVI.

And so, when all his corps were dead or dying,
 Except Don Juan, a mere novice, whose
 More virgin valour never dreamt of flying,
 From ignorance of danger, which induces
 Its votaries, like innocence relying
 On its own strength, with careless nerves and thews,—
 Johnson retired a little, just to rally
 Those who catch cold in “shadows of death’s valley.”

XXXVII.

And there, a little shelter’d from the shot,
 Which rain’d from bastion, battery, parapet,
 Rampart, wall, casement, house—for there was not
 In this extensive city, sore beset
 By Christian soldiery, a single spot
 Which did not combat like the devil, as yet,—
 He found a number of Chasseurs, all scatter’d
 By the resistance of the chase they batter’d.

XXXVIII.

And these he call’d on; and, what’s strange, they came
 Unto his call, unlike “the spirits from
 The vasty deep,” to whom you may exclaim,
 Says Hotspur, long ere they will leave their home.”
 Their reasons were uncertainty, or shame
 At shrinking from a bullet or a bomb,
 And that odd impulse, which in wars or creeds
 Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads.

XXXIX.

By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,
 And though his name, than Ajax or Achilles,
 Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun soon
 We shall not see his likeness: he could kill his
 Man quite as quietly as blows the monsoon
 Her steady breath (which some months the same *still* is):
 Seldom he varied feature, hue, or muscle,
 And could be very bus’ without bustle;

XL.

And therefore, when he ran away, he did so
Upon reflection, knowing that behind
He would find others who would fain be rid so
Of idle apprehensions, which like wind
Trouble heroic stomachs. Though their lids so
Oft are soon closed, all heroes are not blind,
But when they light upon immediate death,
Retire a little, merely to take breath.

XLI.

But Johnson only ran off, to return
With many other warriors, as we said,
Unto that rather somewhat misty bourne,
Which Hamlet tells us is a pass of dread.¹⁸
To Jack, howe'er, this gave but slight concern:
His soul (like galvanism upon the dead)
Acted upon the living as on wire,
And led them back into the heaviest fire.

XLII.

Egad! they found the second time what they
The first time thought quite terrible enough
To fly from, malgré all which people say
Of glory, and all that immortal stuff
Which fills a regiment (besides their pay,
That daily shilling which makes warriors tough)—
They found on their return the self-same welcome,
Which made some *think*, and others *know*, a *hell* come.

XLIII.

They fell as thick as harvests beneath hail,
Grass before scythes, or corn below the sickle,
Proving that trite old truth, that life's as frail
As any other boon for which men stickle.
The Turkish batteries thrash'd them like a flail,
Or a good boxer, into a sad pickle
Putting the very bravest, who were knock'd
Upon the head, before their guns were cock'd.

XLIV.

The Turks behind the traverses and flanks
Of the next bastion, fired away like devils,
And swept, as gales sweep foam away, whole ranks;
However, Heaven knows how, the Fate who levels
Towns, nations, worlds, in her revolving pranks,
So order'd it, amid these sulphury revels,
That Johnson and some few who had not scamper'd,
Reach'd the interior talus¹⁹ of the rampart.²⁰

XLV.

First one or two, then five, six, and a dozen
Came mounting quickly up, for it was now
All neck or nothing, as, like pitch or rosin,
Flame was shower'd forth above, as well's below,
So that you scarce could say who best had chosen,
The gentlemen that were the first to show
Their martial faces on the parapet,
Or those who thought it brave to wait as yet.

XLVI.

But those who scaled, found out that their advance
Was favour'd by an accident or blunder:
The Greek and Turkish Cohorn's ignorance
Had palisado'd in a way you'd wonder
To see in forts of Netherlands or France—
(Though these to our Gibraltar must knock under)—
Right in the middle of the parapet
Just named, these palisades were primly set:²¹

XLVII.

So that on either side some nine or ten
Paces were left, whereon you could contrive
To march; a great convenience to our men,
At least to all those who were left alive,
Who thus could form a line and fight again;
And that which farther aided them to strive
Was, that they could kick down the palisades,
Which scarcely rose much higher than grass blades.²²

XLVIII.

Among the first—I will not say the *first*,
 For such precedence upon such occasions
 Will oftentimes make deadly quarrels burst
 Out between friends as well as allied nations :
 The Briton must be bold who really durst
 Put to such trial John Bull's partial patience,
 As say that Wellington at Waterloo
 Was beaten,—though the Prussians say so too ;—

XLIX.

And that if Blucher, Bulow, Gneisenau,
 And God knows who besides in “ au ” and “ ow,”
 Had not come up in time to cast an awe^{ss}
 Into the hearts of those who fought till now
 As tigers combat with an empty crow,
 The Duke of Wellington had ceased to show
 His orders, also to receive his pensions ;
 Which are the heaviest that our history mentions.

L.

But never mind ;—“ God save the king ! ” and kings
 For if *he* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer—
 I think I hear a little bird, who sings
 The people by and by will be the stronger :
 The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings
 So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
 Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob
 At last fall sick of imitating Job.

LI.

At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,
 Like David, flings smooth pebbles 'gainst a giant ;
 At last it takes to weapons such as men
 Snatch when despair makes human hearts less pliant.
 Then comes the “ tug of war ; ”—'twill come again,
 I rather doubt ; and I would fain say “ fie on't,”
 If I had not perceived that revolution
 Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution.

LII.

But to continue:—I say not *the* first,
But of the first, our little friend Don Juan,
Walk'd o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nursed
Amidst such scenes—though this was quite a new one
To him, and I should hope to *most*. The thirst
Of glory, which so pierces through and through one,
Pervaded him—although a generous creature,
As warm in heart as feminine in feature.

LIII.

And here he was—who upon woman's breast,
Even from a child, felt like a child; howe'er
The man in all the rest might be confest,
To him it was Elysium to be there;
And he could even withstand that awkward test
Which Rousseau points out to the dubious fair,
“Observe your lover when he *leaves* your arms;”
But Juan never left them, while they had charms,

LIV.

Unless compell'd by fate, or wave, or wind,
Or near relations, who are much the same.
But *here* he was!—where each tie that can bind
Humanity must yield to steel and flame:
And *he* whose very body was all mind,
Flung here by fate or circumstance, which tame
The loftiest, hurried by the time and place,
Dash'd on like a spurr'd blood-horse in a race.

LV.

So was his blood stirr'd while he found resistance,
As is the hunter's at the five-bar gate,
Or double post and rail, where the existence
Of Britain's youth depends upon their weight,
The lightest being the safest: at a distance
He hated cruelty, as all men hate
Blood, until heated—and even then his own
At times would curdle o'er some heavy groan.

LVI.

The General Lascy, who had been hard press'd,
Seeing arrive an aid so opportune
As were some hundred youngsters all abreast,
Who came as if just dropp'd down from the moon,
To Juan, who was nearest him, address'd
His thanks, and hopes to take the city soon,
Not reckoning him to be a "base Bezonian,"²⁴
(As Pistol calls it) but a young Livonian.²⁵

LVII.

Juan, to whom he spoke in German, knew
As much of German as of Sanscrit, and
In answer made an inclination to
The general who held him in command ;
For seeing one with ribands, black and blue,
Stars, medals, and a bloody sword in hand,
Addressing him in tones which seem'd to thank,
He recognized an officer of rank.

LVIII.

Short speeches pass between two men who speak
No common language ; and besides, in time
Of war and taking towns, when many a shriek
Rings o'er the dialogue, and many a crime
Is perpetrated ere a word can break
Upon the ear, and sounds of horror chime
In like church-bells, with sigh, howl, groan, yell, prayer,
There cannot be much conversation there.

LIX.

And therefore all we have related in
Two long octaves, pass'd in a little minute ;
But in the same small minute, every sin
Contrived to get itself comprised within it.
The very cannon, deafen'd by the din,
Grew dumb, for you might almost hear a linnet,
As soon as thunder, 'midst the general noise
Of human nature's agonising voice !

LX.

The town was enter'd. Oh eternity!—
 "God made the country, and man made the town,"
 So Cowper says—and I begin to be
 Of his opinion, when I see cast down
 Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh,
 All walls men know, and many never known;
 And pondering on the present and the past,
 To deem the woods shall be our home at last:—

LXI.

Of all men, saving Sylla,* the man-slayer,
 Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
 Of the great names which in our faces stare,
 The General Boon, back-woodsman of Kentucky,
 Was happiest amongst mortals any where;
 For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
 Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
 Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.*

LXII.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child
 Of solitude; Health shrank not from him—for
 Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,
 Where if men seek her not, and death be more
 Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled
 By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
 In cities caged. The present case in point I
 Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety;

LXIII.

And what's still stranger, left behind a name
 For which men vainly decimate the throng,
 Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,
 Without which glory's but a tavern song—
 Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
 Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong;
 An active hermit, even in age the child
 Of Nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

LXIV.

'Tis true he shrank from men even of his nation,
When they built up unto his darling trees,—
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease;
The inconvenience of civilisation
Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please;
But where he met the individual man,
He show'd himself as kind as mortal can.

LXV.

He was not all alone: around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young, unawaken'd world was ever new,
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
A frown on Nature's or on human face;—
The free-born forest found and kept them free,
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

LXVI.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain: the green woods were their portions;
No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,
No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

LXVII.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil;
Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil;
The lust which stings, the splendour which encumbers,
With the free foresters divide no spoil;
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

LXVIII.

So much for Nature:—by way of variety,
 Now back to thy great joys, Civilisation!
 And the sweet consequence of large society,
 War, pestilence, the despot's desolation,
 The kingly scourge, the lust of notoriety,
 The millions slain by soldiers for their ration,
 The scenes like Catherine's boudoir at threescore,
 With Ismail's storm to soften it the more.

LXIX.

The town was enter'd: first one column made
 Its sanguinary way good—then another;
 The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade
 Clash'd 'gainst the scimitar, and babe and mother
 With distant shrieks were heard Heaven to upbraid:—
 Still closer sulphury clouds began to smother
 The breath of morn and man, where foot by foot
 The madden'd Turks their city still dispute.

LXX.

Koutousow, he who afterwards beat back
 (With some assistance from the frost and snow)
 Napoleon on his bold and bloody track,
 It happen'd was himself beat back just now:
 He was a jolly fellow, and could crack
 His jest alike in face of friend or foe,
 Though life, and death, and victory were at stake;
 But here it seem'd his jokes had ceased to take:

LXXI.

For having thrown himself into a ditch,
 Follow'd in haste by various grenadiers,
 Whose blood the puddle greatly did enrich,
 He climb'd to where the parapet appears;
 But there his project reach'd its utmost pitch
 ('Mongst other deaths the General Ribaupierre's
 Was much regretted), for the Moslem men
 Threw them all down into the ditch again.²⁰

LXXII.

And had it not been for some stray troops landing
They knew not where, being carried by the stream
To some spot, where they lost their understanding,
And wander'd up and down as in a dream,
Until they reach'd, as daybreak was expanding,
That which a portal to their eyes did seem,—
The great and gay Koutousow might have lain
Where three parts of his column yet remain.³⁰

LXXIII.

And scrambling round the rampart, these same troops,
After the taking of the "Cavalier,"³¹
Just as Koutousow's most "forlorn" of "hopes"
Took, like chameleons, some slight tinge of fear,
Open'd the gate call'd "Kilia," to the groups³²
Of baffled heroes, who stood shyly near,
Sliding knee-deep in lately frozen mud,
Now thaw'd into a marsh of human blood.

LXXIV.

The Kozacks, or, if so you please, Cossacques—
(I don't much pique myself upon orthography,
So that I do not grossly err in facts,
Statistics, tactics, politics, and geography)—
Having been used to serve on horses' backs,
And no great dilettanti in topography
Of fortresses, but fighting where it pleases
Their chiefs to order,—were all cut to pieces.³³

LXXV.

Their column, though the Turkish batteries thunder'd
Upon them, ne'ertheless had reach'd the rampart,³⁴
And naturally thought they could have plunder'd
The city, without being farther hamper'd;
But as it happens to brave men, they blunder'd—
The Turks at first pretended to have scamper'd,
Only to draw them 'twixt two bastion corners,³⁵
From whence they sallied on those Christian scorners.

LXXVI.

Then being taken by the tail—a taking
 Fatal to bishops as to soldiers—these
 Cossacques were all cut off as day was breaking,
 And found their lives were let at a short lease—
 But perish'd without shivering or shaking,
 Leaving as ladders their heap'd carcasses,
 O'er which Lieutenant-Colonel Yesouskoi
 March'd with the brave battalion of Polouzki:—*

LXXVII.

This valiant man kill'd all the Turks he met,
 But could not eat them, being in his turn
 Slain by some Mussulmans,³⁷ who would not yet,
 Without resistance, see their city burn.
 The walls were won, but 'twas an even bet
 Which of the armies would have cause to mourn :
 'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
 For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch.

LXXVIII.

Another column also suffer'd much :—
 And here we may remark with the historian,
 You should but give few cartridges to such
 Troops as are meant to march with greatest glory on :
 When matters must be carried by the touch
 Of the bright bayonet, and they all should hurry on,
 They sometimes, with a hankering for existence,
 Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.*

LXXIX.

A junction of the General Meknop's men
 (Without the General, who had fallen some time
 Before, being badly seconded just then)
 Was made at length with those who dared to climb
 The death-disgorging rampart once again ;
 And though the Turks' resistance was sublime,
 They took the bastion, which the Seraskier
 Defended, at a price extremely dear.*

LXXX.

Juan and Johnson, and some volunteers
Among the foremost, offer'd him good quarter—
A word which little suits with Seraskiers,
Or at least suited not this valiant Tartar.
He died, deserving well his country's tears,
A savage sort of military martyr.
An English naval officer, who wish'd
To make him prisoner, was also dish'd :

LXXXI.

For all the answer to his proposition
Was from a pistol-shot that laid him dead ;⁴⁰
On which the rest, without more intermission,
Began to lay about with steel and lead—
The pious metals most in requisition
On such occasions : not a single head
Was spared ;—three thousand Moslems perish'd here,
And sixteen bayonets pierced the Seraskier.⁴¹

LXXXII.

The city's taken—only part by part—
And death is drunk with gore : there's not a street
Where fights not to the last some desperate heart
For those for whom it soon shall cease to beat.⁴²
Here War forgot his own destructive art
In more destroying Nature ; and the heat
Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden slime,
Engender'd monstrous shapes of every crime.

LXXXIII.

A Russian officer, in martial tread
Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel
Seized fast, as if 'twere by the serpent's head
Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed to feel :
In vain he kick'd, and swore, and writhed, and bled,
And howl'd for help as wolves do for a meal—
The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,
As do the subtle snakes described of old.

LXXXIV.

A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot
 Of a foe o'er him, snatch'd at it, and bit
 The very tendon which is most acute—
 (That which some ancient Muse or modern wit
 Named after thee, Achilles) and quite through't
 He made the teeth meet, nor relinquish'd it
 Even with his life—for (but they lie) 'tis said
 To the live leg still clung the sever'd head.

LXXXV.

However this may be, 'tis pretty sure
 The Russian officer for life was lamed,
 For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a skewer,
 And left him 'midst the invalid and maim'd :
 The regimental surgeon could not cure
 His patient, and perhaps was to be blamed
 More than the head of the inveterate foe,
 Which was cut off, and scarce even then let go.

LXXXVI.

But then the fact's a fact—and 'tis the part
 Of a true poet to escape from fiction
 Whene'er he can ; for there is little art
 In leaving verse more free from the restriction
 Of truth than prose, unless to suit the mart
 For what is sometimes call'd poetic diction,
 And that outrageous appetite for lies
 Which Satan angles with for souls, like flies.

LXXXVII.

The city's taken, but not render'd !—No !
 There's not a Moslem that hath yielded sword :
 The blood may gush out, as the Danube's flow
 Rolls by the city wall ; but deed nor word
 Acknowledge aught of dread of death or foe :
 In vain the yell of victory is roar'd
 By the advancing Muscovite—the groan
 Of the last foe is echoed by his own.

LXXXVIII.

The bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves,
 And human lives are lavish'd everywhere,
 As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves
 When the stript forest bows to the bleak air,
 And groans ; and thus the peopled city grieves,
 Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left bare ;
 But still it falls in vast and awful splinters,
 As oaks blown down with all their thousand winters.

LXXXIX.

It is an awful topic—but 'tis not
 My cue for any time to be terrific :
 For checker'd as is seen our human lot
 With good, and bad, and worse, alike prolific
 Of melancholy merriment, to quote
 Too much of one sort would be soporific ;—
 Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
 I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

XC.

And one good action in the midst of crimes
 Is "quite refreshing," in the affected phrase
 Of these ambrosial, Pharisaic times,
 With all their pretty milk-and-water ways,
 And may serve therefore to bedew these rhymes,
 A little scorch'd at present with the blaze
 Of conquest and its consequences, which
 Make epic poesy so rare and rich.

XCI.

Upon a taken bastion, where there lay
 Thousands of slaughter'd men, a yet warm group
 Of murder'd women, who had found their way
 To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop
 And shudder ;—while, as beautiful as May,
 A female child of ten years tried to stoop
 And hide her little palpitating breast
 Amidst the bodies lull'd in bloody rest.⁴³

XCII.

Two villanous Cossacques pursued the child
 With flashing eyes and weapons : match'd with them,
 The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild,
 Has feelings pure and polish'd as a gem,—
 The bear is civilised, the wolf is mild :
 And whom for this at last must we condemn ?
 Their natures ? or their sovereigns, who employ
 All arts to teach their subjects to destroy ?

XCIII.

Their sabres glitter'd o'er her little head,
 Whence her fair hair rose twining with affright,
 Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead :
 When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad sight,
 I shall not say exactly what he *said*,
 Because it might not solace "ears polite ;" "
 But what he *did*, was to lay on their backs,
 The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques.

XCIV.

One's hip he slash'd, and split the other's shoulder,
 And drove them with their brutal yells to seek
 If there might be chirurgeons who could solder
 The wounds they richly merited,⁴⁵ and shriek
 Their baffled rage and pain ; while waxing colder
 As he turn'd o'er each pale and gory cheek,
 Don Juan raised his little captive from
 The heap a moment more had made her tomb.

XCV.

And she was chill as they, and on her face
 A slender streak of blood announced how near
 Her fate had been to that of all her race ;
 For the same blow which laid her mother here
 Had scarr'd her brow, and left its crimson trace,
 As the last link with all she had held dear ;⁴⁶
 But else unhurt, she open'd her large eyes,
 And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

XCVI.

Just at this instant, while their eyes were fix'd
Upon each other, with dilated glance,
In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear, mix'd
With joy to save, and dread of some mischance
Unto his protégée; while hers, transfix'd
With infant terrors, glared as from a trance,
A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
Like to a lighted alabaster vase;—

XCVII.

Up came John Johnson (I will not say "*Jack*,"
For that were vulgar, cold, and common-place
On great occasions, such as an attack
On cities, as hath been the present case):
Up Johnson came, with hundreds at his back,
Exclaiming—"Juan! Juan! On, boy! brace
Your arm, and I'll bet Moscow to a dollar,
That you and I will win St. George's collar."

XCVIII.

"The Seraskier is knock'd upon the head,
But the stone bastion still remains, wherein
The old Pacha sits among some hundreds dead,
Smoking his pipe quite calmly 'midst the din
Of our artillery and his own: 'tis said
Our kill'd, already piled up to the chin,
Lie round the battery; but still it batters,
And grape in volleys, like a vineyard, scatters.

XCIX.

"Then up with me!"—But Juan answer'd, "Look
Upon this child—I saved her—must not leave
Her life to chance; but point me out some nook
Of safety, where she less may shrink and grieve,
And I am with you."—Whereon Johnson took
A glance around—and shrugg'd—and twitch'd his sleeve
And black silk neckcloth—and replied, "You're right;
Poor thing! what's to be done? I'm puzzled quite."

c.

Said Juan—"Whatsoever is to be

Done, I'll not quit her till she seems secure
Of present life a good deal more than we."—

Quoth Johnson—"Neither will I quite ensure;
But at the least *you* may die gloriously."—

Juan replied—"At least I will endure
Whate'er is to be borne—but not resign
This child, who is parentless, and therefore mine."

or.

Johnson said—"Juan, we've no time to lose;

The child's a pretty child—a very pretty—
I never saw such eyes—but hark! now choose

Between your fame and feelings, pride and pity;—
Hark! how the roar increases!—no excuse

Will serve when there is plunder in a city;—
I should be loth to march without you, but,
By God! we'll be too late for the first cut."

cix.

But Juan was immoveable; until

Johnson, who really loved him in his way,
Pick'd out amongst his followers with some skill

Such as he thought the least given up to prey;
And swearing if the infant came to ill

That they should all be shot on the next day;
But if she were deliver'd safe and sound,
They should at least have fifty rubles round,

cix.

And all allowances besides of plunder

In fair proportion with their comrades;—then
Juan consented to march on through thunder,

Which thinn'd at every step their ranks of men:
And yet the rest rush'd eagerly—no wonder,

For they were heated by the hope of gain,
A thing which happens everywhere each day—
No hero trusteth wholly to half pay.

CIV.

And such is victory, and such is man !
 At least nine-tenths of what we call so ;—God
 May have another name for half we scan
 As human beings, or his ways are odd.
 But to our subject : a brave Tartar khan—
 Or “Sultan,” as the author (to whose nod
 In prose I bend my humble verse) doth call
 This chieftain—somehow would not yield at all :

CV.

But flank'd by *five* brave sons, (such is polygamy,
 That she spawns warriors by the score, where none
 Are prosecuted for that false crime bigamy),
 He never would believe the city won
 While courage clung but to a single twig.—Am I
 Describing Priam's, Peleus', or Jove's son ?
 Neither—but a good, plain, old, temperate man,
 Who fought with his five children in the van.⁴⁸

CVI.

To *take* him was the point. The truly brave,
 When they behold the brave oppress'd with odds,
 Are touch'd with a desire to shield and save ;—
 A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
 Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,
 Now moved with pity : even as sometimes nods
 The rugged tree unto the summer wind,
 Compassion breathes along the savage mind.

CVII.

But he would *not* be *taken*, and replied
 To all the propositions of surrender
 By mowing Christians down on every side,
 As obstinate as Swedish Charles at Bender.⁴⁹
 His five brave boys no less the foe defied ;
 Whereon the Russian pathos grew less tender,
 As being a virtue, like terrestrial patience,
 Apt to wear out on trifling provocations.

CVIII.

And spite of Johnson and of Juan, who
 Expended all their Eastern phraseology
 In begging him, for God's sake, just to show
 So much less fight as might form an apology
 For *them* in saving such a desperate foe—
 He hew'd away, like doctors of theology
 When they dispute with sceptics; and with curses
 Struck at his friends, as babies beat their nurses.

CIX.

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly, both
 Juan and Johnson; whereupon they fell,
 The first with sighs, the second with an oath,
 Upon his angry sultanship, pell-mell,
 And all around were grown exceeding wroth
 At such a pertinacious infidel,
 And pour'd upon him and his sons like rain,
 Which they resisted like a sandy plain

CX.

That drinks and still is dry. At last they perish'd—
 His second son was levell'd by a shot;
 His third was sabred; and the fourth, most cherish'd
 Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot;
 The fifth, who, by a Christian mother nourish'd,
 Had been neglected, ill-used, and what not,
 Because deform'd, yet died all game and bottom,
 To save a sire who blush'd that he begot him.

CXI.

The eldest was a true and tameless Tartar,
 As great a scorner of the Nazarene
 As ever Mahomet pick'd out for a martyr,
 Who only saw the black-eyed girls in green,
 Who make the beds of those who won't take quarter
 On earth, in Paradise; and when once seen,
 Those houris, like all other pretty creatures,
 Do just whate'er they please, by dint of features.

CXII.

And what they pleased to do with the young khan
In heaven I know not, nor pretend to guess ;
But doubtless they prefer a fine young man
To tough old heroes, and can do no less ;
And that's the cause no doubt why, if we scan
A field of battle's ghastly wilderness,
For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran body,
You'll find ten thousand handsome coxcombs bloody.

CXIII.

Your houris also have a natural pleasure
In lopping off your lately married men,
Before the bridal hours have danced their measure,
And the sad, second moon grows dim again,
Or dull repentance hath had dreary leisure
To wish him back a bachelor now and then :
And thus your houri (it may be) disputes
Of these brief blossoms the immediate fruits.

CXIV.

Thus the young khan, with houris in his sight,
Thought not upon the charms of four young brides,
But bravely rush'd on his first heavenly night.
In short, howe'er *our* better faith derides,
These black-eyed virgins make the Moslems fight,
As though there were one heaven and none besides—
Whereas, if all be true we hear of heaven
And hell, there must be at least six or seven.

CXV.

So fully flash'd the phantom on his eyes,
That when the very lance was in his heart,
He shouted "Allah !" and saw Paradise
With all its veil of mystery drawn apart,
And bright eternity without disguise
On his soul, like a ceaseless sunrise, dart :—
With prophets, houris, angels, saints, descried
In one voluptuous blaze,—and then he died :

CXVI.

But with a heavenly rapture on his face,
The good old khan, who long had ceased to see
Houris, or aught except his florid race
Who grew like cedars round him gloriously—
When he beheld his latest hero grace
The earth, which he became like a fell'd tree,
Paused for a moment from the fight, and cast
A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

CXVII.

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,
Stopp'd as if once more willing to concede
Quarter, in case he bade them not "aroynt!"
As he before had done. He did not heed
Their pause nor signs: his heart was out of joint,
And shook (till now unshaken) like a reed,
As he look'd down upon his children gone,
And felt—though done with life—he was alone.³⁰

CXVIII.

But 'twas a transient tremor:—with a spring
Upon the Russian steel his breast he flung,
As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing
Against the light wherein she dies: he clung
Closer, that all the deadlier they might wring,
Unto the bayonets which had pierced his young;
And throwing back a dim look on his sons,
In one wide wound pour'd forth his soul at once.

CXIX.

'Tis strange enough—the rough, tough soldiers, who
Spared neither sex nor age in their career
Of carnage, when this old man was pierced through,
And lay before them with his children near,
Touch'd by the heroism of him they slew,
Were melted for a moment; though no tear
Flow'd from their bloodshot eyes, all red with strife,
They honour'd such determined scorn of life.

CXX.

But the stone bastion still kept up its fire,
Where the chief pacha calmly held his post :
Some twenty times he made the Russ retire,
And baffled the assaults of all their host ;
At length he condescended to inquire,
If yet the city's rest were won or lost ;
And being told the latter, sent a bey
To answer Ribas' summons to give way.⁵¹

CXXI.

In the mean time, cross-legg'd, with great sang-froid,
Among the scorching ruins he sat smoking
Tobacco on a little carpet ;—Troy
Saw nothing like the scene around ;—yet looking
With martial stoicism, nought seem'd to annoy
His stern philosophy ; but gently stroking
His beard, he puff'd his pipe's ambrosial gales,
As if he had three lives, as well as tails.⁵²

CXXII.

The town was taken—whether he might yield
Himself or bastion, little matter'd now :
His stubborn valour was no future shield.
Ismail's no more ! The crescent's silver bow
Sunk, and the crimson cross glared o'er the field,
But red with no *redeeming* gore : the glow
Of burning streets, like moonlight on the water,
Was imaged back in blood, the sea of slaughter.

CXXIII.

All that the mind would shrink from of excesses ;
All that the body perpetrates of bad ;
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses ;
All that the devil would do if run stark mad ;
All that defies the worst which pen expresses ;
All by which hell is peopled, or as sad
As hell—mere mortals who their power abuse—
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.⁵³

CXXIV.

If here and there some transient trait of pity
 Was shown, and some more noble heart broke through
 Its bloody bond, and saved, perhaps, some pretty
 Child, or an aged, helpless man or two—
 What's this in one annihilated city,
 Where thousand loves, and ties, and duties grew?
 Cockneys of London! Muscadins of Paris!
 Just ponder what a pious pastime war is.

CXXV.

Think how the joys of reading a gazette
 Are purchased by all agonies and crimes:
 Or if these do not move you, don't forget
 Such doom may be your own in after-times.
 Meantime the taxes, Castlereagh, and debt,
 Are hints as good as sermons, or as rhymes.
 Read your own hearts and Ireland's present story,
 Then feed her famine fat with Wellesley's glory.

CXXVI.

But still there is unto a patriot nation,
 Which loves so well its country and its king,
 A subject of sublimest exultation—
 Bear it, ye Muses, on your brightest wing!
 Howe'er the mighty locust, desolation,
 Strip your green fields, and to your harvests cling,
 Gaunt famine never shall approach the throne—
 Though Ireland starve, great George weighs twenty stone.

CXXVII.

But let me put an end unto my theme:
 There was an end of Ismail—hapless town!
 Far flash'd her burning towers o'er Danube's stream,
 And redly ran his blushing waters down.
 The horrid war-whoop and the shriller scream
 Rose still; but fainter were the thunders grown:
 Of forty thousand who had mann'd the wall,
 Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent all!⁵⁴

CXXVIII.

In one thing ne'ertheless 'tis fit to praise
The Russian army upon this occasion,
A virtue much in fashion now-a-days,
And therefore worthy of commemoration :
The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase—
Perhaps the season's chill, and their long station
In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,
Had made them chaste;—they ravish'd very little.

CXXIX.

Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less
Might here and there occur some violation
In the other line;—but not to such excess
As when the French, that dissipated nation,
Take towns by storm : no causes can I guess,
Except cold weather and commiseration ;
But all the ladies, save some twenty score,
Were almost as much virgins as before.

CXXX.

Some odd mistakes, too, happen'd in the dark,
Which show'd a want of lanterns, or of taste—
Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could mark
Their friends from foes,—besides such things from haste
Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark
Of light to save the venerably chaste :
But six old damsels, each of seventy years,
Were all deflower'd by different grenadiers.

CXXXI.

But on the whole their continence was great ;
So that some disappointment there ensued
To those who had felt the inconvenient state
Of "single blessedness," and thought it good
(Since it was not their fault, but only fate,
To bear these crosses) for each waning prude
To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,
Without the expense and the suspense of bedding.

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To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,
Without the expense and the suspense of bedding.

CXXXII.

Some voices of the buxom middle-aged
 Were also heard to wonder in the din
 (Widows of forty were these birds long caged)
 “Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!”
 But while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,
 There was small leisure for superfluous sin;
 But whether they escaped or no, lies hid
 In darkness—I can only hope they did.

CXXXIII.

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match
 For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.
 While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like thatch
 Blazed, and the cannon’s roar was scarce allay’d,
 With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch;
 And here exactly follows what he said:—
 “Glory to *God* and to the Empress!” (*Powers*⁵⁵
Eternal! such names mingled!) “Ismail’s ours.”

CXXXIV.

Methinks these are the most tremendous words,
 Since “Mené, Mené, Tekel,” and “Upharsin,”
 Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.
 Heaven help me! I’m but little of a parson:
 What Daniel read was short-hand of the Lord’s,
 Severe, sublime; the prophet wrote no farce on
 The fate of nations;—but this Russ so witty
 Could rhyme, like Nero, o’er a burning city.⁵⁶

CXXXV.

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,
 Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
 Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it—
 For I will teach, if possible, the stones
 To rise against earth’s tyrants. Never let it
 Be said that we still truckle unto thrones;—
 But ye—our children’s children! think how we
 Show’d *what things were* before the world was free!

CXXXVI.

That hour is not for us, but 'tis for you :
And as, in the great joy of your millennium,
You hardly will believe such things were true
As now occur, I thought that I would pen you 'em,
But may their very memory perish too !—
Yet if perchance remember'd, still disdain you 'em
More than you scorn the savages of yore,
Who *painted* their *bare* limbs, but *not* with gore.

CXXXVII.

And when you hear historians talk of thrones,
And those that sate upon them, let it be
As we now gaze upon the mammoth's bones,
And wonder what old world such things could see,
Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,
The pleasant riddles of futurity—
Guessing at what shall happily be hid,
As the real purpose of a pyramid.

CXXXVIII.

Reader ! I have kept my word,—at least so far
As the first canto promised. You have now
Had sketches of love, tempest, travel, war,—
All very accurate, you must allow,
And *epic*, if plain truth should prove no bar ;
For I have drawn much less with a long bow
Than my forerunners. Carelessly I sing,
But Phœbus lends me now and then a string,

CXXXIX.

With which I still can harp, and carp, and fiddle.
What farther hath befallen or may befall
The hero of this grand poetic riddle,
I by and by may tell you, if at all :
But now I choose to break off in the middle,
Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn wall,
While Juan is sent off with the despatch,
For which all Petersburg is on the watch.

CXL.

This special honour was conferr'd, because
He had behaved with courage and humanity—
Which *last* men like, when they have time to pause
From their ferocities produced by vanity.
His little captive gain'd him some applause
For saving her amidst the wild insanity
Of carnage,—and I think he was more glad in her
Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

CXLI.

The Moslem orphan went with her protector,
For she was homeless, houseless, helpless; all
Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,
Had perish'd in the field or by the wall:
Her very place of birth was but a spectre
Of what it had been; there the Muezzin's call
To prayer was heard no more! and Juan wept,
And made a vow to shield her, which he kept.³⁷

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE NINTH.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTOS IX. X. AND XI.

THE satirical stanzas on the Duke of Wellington, with which the ninth canto opens, were originally written for the third. Lord Byron suppressed them at the time ; but now he had got to treating of military affairs, he could resist no longer the temptation to introduce them. "These lines," he wrote to Moore, "rate that hero at his true value." In conversation, he confessed that it was the exaggerated praise bestowed upon the Duke which provoked him to attack him with exaggerated censure. Popularity was so much the passion of the poet, that, unless when rivalry was overpowered by friendship, he grew jealous if any other name than his own filled the mouths of his countrymen. His invectives on the present occasion were in every way a failure, for they have neither justness of sentiment nor brilliancy of execution. The simplicity of the great commander's virtues left no opening for ridicule, and he could as little be vanquished by the pen as by the sword. In favourable contrast with his bitterness against the Duke is the generous tribute in the tenth canto to his former foe. In reviewing Lord Byron's Tragedies in February, 1822, Jeffrey wound up with a protest written in an earnest, but friendly tone, against the license of *Don Juan*. "I suppose," said Lord Byron, "the long and short of it is that he wishes to provoke me to reply, but I won't, for I owe him a good turn still for his kindness bygone : indeed, I presume, that the present opportunity of attacking me again was irresistible ; and I can't blame him, knowing what human nature is." He was mistaken in imagining that the editor of the "*Edinburgh Review*" was anxious for a contest, and especially wrong in supposing that it was all the world having turned against him which was the temptation to the assault. Jeffrey was too magnanimous to seize a mean advantage, even if his feelings had been as hostile to Lord Byron as they were really the reverse. The most that can be said is, that he placed his duty to the public above his bias towards the poet. Indeed, though Lord Byron misconstrued, for a moment, his critic's honest independence in meting out censure, he had previously applauded him for his fearless justice in bestowing praise. "None," he said, "but a great soul, dared have hazarded it after the article on 'Hours of Idleness ;' a little soul would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter." It is in the spirit of this sentiment that the lines in "*Don Juan*" are composed ; and besides their gracefulness and good feeling, the apostrophe of "*Auld Lang Syne*" exceeds, in poetical beauty, any other passage in these present cantos. The amours of the Empress Catherine, which occupy so large a part of the narrative, are a hateful subject, disagreeably treated. The genius of the author sleeps as well as his taste ; and there is little in the St. Petersburg adventures to amuse, and nothing to admire. Cantos ix. x. and xi. were written at Pisa, and published in London in August 1823, by Mr. John Hunt, the brother of Leigh. Lord Byron's association with them in the conduct of "*The Liberal*," was the source of the connexion.

CANTO THE NINTH.

I.

OH, Wellington! (or "Villainton"¹—for Fame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;
France could not even conquer your great name,
But punn'd it down to this facetious phrase—
Beating or beaten she will laugh the same,)
You have obtain'd great pensions and much praise:
Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,
Humanity would rise, and thunder "Nay!"²

II.

I don't think that you used Kinnaird quite well
In Marinèt's affair³—in fact 'twas shabby,
And like some other things won't do to tell
Upon your tomb in Westminster's old abbey.
Upon the rest 'tis not worth while to dwell,
Such tales being for the tea-hours of some tabby;
But though your years as *man* tend fast to zero,
In fact your grace is still but a *young hero*.

III.

Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much,
Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more:
You have repair'd Legitimacy's crutch,
A prop not quite so certain as before:
The Spanish, and the French, as well as Dutch,
Have seen, and felt, how strongly you *restore*;
And Waterloo has made the world your debtor
(I wish your bards would sing it rather better).

IV.

You are "the best of cut-throats : "—do not start ;
The phrase is Shakspeare's, and not misapplied :—
War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,
Unless her cause by right be sanctified.
If you have acted *once* a generous part,
The world, not the world's masters, will decide,
And I shall be delighted to learn who,
Save you and yours, have gain'd by Waterloo?

V.

I am no flatterer—you've supp'd full of flattery :
They say you like it too—'tis no great wonder.
He whose whole life has been assault and battery,
At last may get a little tired of thunder ;
And swallowing eulogy much more than satire, he
May like being praised for every lucky blunder,
Call'd "Saviour of the Nations"—not yet saved,
And "Europe's Liberator"—still enslaved."

VI.

I've done. Now go and dine from off the plate
Presented by the Prince of the Brazils,
And send the sentinel before your gate
A slice or two from your luxurious meals :
He fought, but has not fed so well of late.
Some hunger, too, they say the people feels :—
There is no doubt that you deserve your ration,
But pray give back a little to the nation.

VII.

I don't mean to reflect—a man so great as
You, my lord duke ! is far above reflection :
The high Roman fashion, too, of Cincinnatus,
With modern history has but small connection :
Though as an Irishman you love potatoes,
You need not take them under your direction ;
And half a million for your Sabine farm
Is rather dear !—I'm sure I mean no harm.

VIII.

Great men have always scorn'd great recompenses :

Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses :⁶

George Washington had thanks, and nought beside,
Except the all-cloudless glory (which few men's is)

To free his country : Pitt too had his pride,
And as a high-soul'd minister of state is
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis.⁷

IX.

Never had mortal man such opportunity,

Except Napoleon, or abused it more :
You might have freed fallen Europe from the unity
Of tyrants, and been blest from shore to shore :
And *now*—what is your fame ? Shall the Muse tune it ye ?
Now—that the rabble's first vain shouts are o'er ?
Go ! hear it in your famish'd country's cries !
Behold the world ! and curse your victories !

X.

As these new cantos touch on warlike feats,
To *you* the unflattering Muse deigns to inscribe
Truths, that you will not read in the Gazettes,
But which 'tis time to teach the hireling tribe
Who fatten on their country's gore, and debts,
Must be recited—and without a bribe.
You *did* great things ; but not being *great* in mind,
Have left *undone* the *greatest*—and mankind.

XI.

Death laughs—Go ponder o'er the skeleton
With which men image out the unknown thing
That hides the past world, like to a set sun
Which still elsewhere may rouse a brighter spring—
Death laughs at all you weep for :—look upon
This hourly dread of all ! whose *threaten'd sting*
Turns life to terror, even though in its sheath :
Mark ! how its lipless mouth grins without breath !

XII.

Mark ! how it laughs and scorns at all you are !
 And yet *was* what you are : from *ear* to *ear*
 It *laughs not*—there is now no fleshy bar
 So call'd ; the Antic long hath ceased to *hear*,
 But still he *smiles* ; and whether near or far
 He strips from man that mantle (far more dear
 Than even the Tailor's), his incarnate skin,
 White, black, or copper—the dead bones will grin.

XIII.

And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merriment,
 But still it *is* so ; and with such example
 Why should not Life be equally content
 With his superior, in a smile to trample
 Upon the nothings which are daily spent
 Like bubbles on an ocean much less ample
 Than the eternal deluge, which devours
 Suns as rays—worlds like atoms—years like hours ?

XIV.

“To be, or not to be ? that is the question,”
 Says Shakspeare, who just now is much in fashion.
 I am neither Alexander nor Hephæstion,
 Nor ever had for *abstract* fame much passion ;
 But would much rather have a sound digestion,
 Than Buonaparte's cancer :—could I dash on
 Through fifty victories to shame or fame,
 Without a stomach—what were a good name ?

XV.

“Oh dura ilia messorum !”—“Oh .
 Ye rigid guts of reapers !” I translate
 For the great benefit of those who know
 What indigestion is—that inward fate
 Which makes all Styx through one small liver flow.
 A peasant's sweat is worth his lord's estate :
 Let *this* one toil for bread—*that* rack for rent,
 He who sleeps best may be the most content.

XVI.

"To be, or not to be?"—Ere I decide,
I should be glad to know that which *is being* ;
'Tis true we speculate both far and wide,
And deem, because we *see*, we are *all-seeing* :
For my part, I'll enlist on neither side,
Until I see both sides for once agreeing.
For me, I sometimes think that life is death,
Rather than life a mere affair of breath.

XVII.

"Que sçais-je?" was the motto of Montaigne,
As also of the first academicians ;
That all is dubious which man may attain,
Was one of their most favourite positions.
There's no such thing as certainty, that's plain
As any of Mortality's conditions ;
So little do we know what we're about in
This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting.

XVIII.

It is a pleasant voyage perhaps to float,
Like Pyrrho,⁸ on a sea of speculation ;
But what if carrying sail capsize the boat ?
Your wise men don't know much of navigation ;
And swimming long in the abyss of thought
Is apt to tire : a calm and shallow station
Well nigh the shore, where one stoops down and gathers
Some pretty shell, is best for moderate bathers.

XIX.

"But heaven," as Cassio says, "is above all—"
No more of this, then, let us pray ! " We have
Souls to save, since Eve's slip and Adam's fall,
Which tumbled all mankind into the grave,
Besides fish, beasts, and birds. "The sparrow's fall
Is special providence,"¹⁰ though how it gave
Offence, we know not ; probably it perch'd
Upon the tree which Eve so fondly search'd.

XX.

Oh! ye immortal Gods! what is theogony?

Oh! thou, too, mortal man! what is philanthropy?

Oh! world, which was and is, what is cosmogony?

Some people have accused me of misanthropy;
And yet I know no more than the mahogany

That forms this desk, of what they mean; *lykanthropy* "
I comprehend, for without transformation
Men become wolves on any slight occasion.

XXI.

But I, the mildest, meekest of mankind,

Like Moses, or Melancthon, who have ne'er
Done anything exceedingly unkind,—

And (though I could not now and then forbear
Following the bent of body or of mind)

Have always had a tendency to spare,—
Why do they call me misanthrope? Because
They hate me, not I them:—and here we'll pause.

XXII.

'Tis time we should proceed with our good poem,—

For I maintain that it is really good,
Not only in the body but the proem,

However little both are understood
Just now,—but by and by the Truth will show 'em

Herself in her sublimest attitude:
And till she doth, I fain must be content
To share her beauty and her banishment.

XXIII.

Our hero (and, I trust, kind reader! yours—)

Was left upon his way to the chief city
Of the immortal Peter's polish'd boors,

Who still have shown themselves more brave than witty.
I know its mighty empire now allures

Much flattery—even Voltaire's, and that's a pity.
For me, I deem an absolute autocrat
Not a barbarian, but much worse than that.

XXIV.

And I will war, at least in words (and—should
 My chance so happen—deeds) with all who war
 With Thought ;—and of Thought's foes by far most rude,
 Tyrants and sycophants have been and are.
 I know not who may conquer : if I could
 Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
 To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
 Of every despotism in every nation.

XXV.

It is not that I adulate the people :
 Without *me*, there are demagogues enough,
 And infidels, to pull down every steeple,
 And set up in their stead some proper stuff.
 Whether they may sow scepticism to reap hell,
 As is the Christian dogma rather rough,
 I do not know ;—I wish men to be free
 As much from mobs as kings—from you as me.

XXVI.

The consequence is, being of no party,
 I shall offend all parties :—never mind !
 My words, at least, are more sincere and hearty
 Than if I sought to sail before the wind.
 He who has nought to gain can have small art : he
 Who neither wishes to be bound or bind,
 May still expatiate freely, as will I,
 Nor give my voice to slavery's jackall cry.

XXVII.

That's an appropriate simile, *that jackall* ;—
 I've heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl¹²
 By night, as do that mercenary pack all,
 Power's base purveyors, who for pickings prowl,
 And scent the prey their masters would attack all.
 However, the poor jackalls are less foul
 (As being the brave lions' keen providers)
 Than human insects, catering for spiders.

XXVIII.

Raise but an arm! 'twill brush their web away,
 And without *that*, their poison and their claws
 Are useless. Mind, good people! what I say—
 (Or rather peoples)—*go on* without pause!
 The web of these tarantulas each day
 Increases, till you shall make common cause:
 None, save the Spanish fly and Attic bee,
 As yet are strongly stinging to be free.

XXIX.

Don Juan, who had shone in the late slaughter,
 Was left upon his way with the despatch,
 Where blood was talk'd of as we would of water;
 And carcasses that lay as thick as thatch
 O'er silenced cities, merely served to flatter
 Fair Catherine's pastime—who look'd on the match
 Between these nations as a main of cocks,
 Wherein she liked her own to stand like rocks.

XXX.

And there in a *kibitka* he roll'd on,
 (A cursed sort of carriage without springs,
 Which on rough roads leaves scarcely a whole bone,)
 Pondering on glory, chivalry, and kings,
 And orders, and on all that he had done—
 And wishing that post-horses had the wings
 Of Pegasus, or at the least post-chaises
 Had feathers, when a traveller on deep ways is.

XXXI.

At every jolt—and they were many—still
 He turn'd his eyes upon his little charge,
 As if he wish'd that she should fare less ill
 Than he, in these sad highways left at large
 To ruts, and flints, and lovely Nature's skill,
 Who is no paviour, nor admits a barge
 On *her* canals, where God takes sea and land,
 Fishery and farm, both into his own hand.

XXXII.

At least he pays no rent, and has best right
To be the first of what we used to call
“Gentlemen farmers”—a race worn out quite,
Since lately there have been no rents at all,
And “gentlemen” are in a piteous plight,
And “farmers” can’t raise Ceres from her fall:
She fell with Buonaparte—What strange thoughts
Arise, when we see emperors fall with oats!

XXXIII.

But Juan turn’d his eyes on the sweet child
Whom he had saved from slaughter—what a trophy!
Oh! ye who build up monuments, defiled
With gore, like Nadir Shah, that costive sophy,
Who, after leaving Hindostan a wild,
And scarce to the Mogul a cup of coffee
To soothe his woes withal, was slain, the sinner!
Because he could no more digest his dinner;—¹³

XXXIV.

Oh ye! or we! or he! or she! reflect,
That *one* life saved, especially if young
Or pretty, is a thing to recollect
Far sweeter than the greenest laurels sprung
From the manure of human clay, though deck’d
With all the praises ever said or sung:
Though hymn’d by every harp, unless within
Your heart joins chorus, Fame is but a din.

XXXV.

Oh! ye great authors luminous, voluminous!
Ye twice ten hundred thousand daily scribes!
Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers, illumine us!
Whether you’re paid by government in bribes,
To prove the public debt is not consuming us—
Or, roughly treading on the “courtier’s kibes”
With clownish heel,” your popular circulation
Feeds you by printing half the realm’s starvation;—

XXXVI.

Oh, ye great authors !—"Apropos des bottes,"—
 I have forgotten what I meant to say,
 As sometimes have been greater sages' lots ;—
 'Twas something calculated to allay
 All wrath in barracks, palaces, or cots :
 Certes it would have been but thrown away,
 And that's one comfort for my lost advice,
 Although no doubt it was beyond all price.

XXXVII.

But let it go :—it will one day be found
 With other relics of "a former world,"
 When this world shall be *former*, underground,
 Thrown topsy-turvy, twisted, crisp'd and curl'd,
 Baked, fried, or burnt, turn'd inside-out, or drown'd,
 Like all the worlds before, which have been hurl'd
 First out of, and then back again to chaos,
 The superstratum which will overlay us.

XXXVIII.

So Cuvier says :—and then shall come again
 Unto the new creation, rising out
 From our old crash, some mystic, ancient strain
 Of things destroy'd and left in airy doubt
 Like to the notions we now entertain
 Of Titans, giants, fellows of about
 Some hundred feet in height, *not* to say *miles*,
 And mammoths, and your winged crocodiles.

XXXIX.

Think if then George the Fourth should be dug up,
 How the new worldlings of the then new East
 Will wonder where such animals could sup !
 (For they themselves will be but of the least :
 Even worlds miscarry, when too oft they pup,
 And every new creation hath decreased
 In size, from overworking the material—
 Men are but maggots of some huge Earth's burial.)

XL.

How will—to these young people, just thrust out
From some fresh Paradise, and set to plough,
And dig, and sweat, and turn themselves about,
And plant, and reap, and spin, and grind, and sow,
Till all the arts at length are brought about,
Especially of war and taxing,—how,
I say, will these great relics, when they see 'em,
Look like the monsters of a new museum?

XLI.

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical :
“The time is out of joint,”¹⁵—and so am I ;
I quite forget this poem's merely quizzical,
And deviate into matters rather dry.
I ne'er decide what I shall say, and this I call
Much too poetical : men should know why
They write, and for what end ; but, note or text,
I never know the word which will come next.

XLII.

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,
Now pondering :—it is time we should narrate.
I left Don Juan with his horses baiting—
Now we'll get o'er the ground at a great rate.
I shall not be particular in stating
His journey, we've so many tours of late :
Suppose him then at Petersburg ; suppose
That pleasant capital of painted snows ;

XLIII.

Suppose him in a handsome uniform ;
A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume,
Waving, like sails new shiver'd in a storm,
Over a cock'd hat in a crowded room,
And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn Gorme,¹⁶
Of yellow casimere we may presume,
White stockings drawn uncurdled as new milk
O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk ;

XLIV.

Suppose him sword by side, and hat in hand,
Made up by youth, fame, and an army tailor—
That great enchanter, at whose rod's command
Beauty springs forth, and Nature's self turns paler,
Seeing how Art can make her work more grand
(When she don't pin men's limbs in like a gaoler),—
Behold him placed as if upon a pillar! He
Seems Love turn'd a lieutenant of artillery!

XLV.

His bandage slipp'd down into a cravat;
His wings subdued to epaulettes; his quiver
Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at
His side as a small sword, but sharp as ever;
His bow converted into a cock'd hat;
But still so like, that Psyche were more clever
Than some wives (who make blunders no less stupid),
If she had not mistaken him for Cupid.

XLVI.

The courtiers stared, the ladies whisper'd, and
The empress smiled: the reigning favourite frown'd—
I quite forget which of them was in hand
Just then; as they are rather numerous found,
Who took by turns that difficult command
Since first her majesty was singly crown'd:
But they were mostly nervous six-foot fellows,
All fit to make a Patagonian jealous.

XLVII.

Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,
Blushing and beardless; and yet ne'ertheless
There was a something in his turn of limb,
And still more in his eye, which seem'd to express,
That though he look'd one of the seraphim,
There lurk'd a man beneath the spirit's dress.
Besides, the empress sometimes liked a boy,
And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoï.¹⁷

XLVIII.

No wonder then that Yermoloff, or Momonoff,
 Or Scherbatoff, or any other *off*
 Or *on*, might dread her majesty had not room enough
 Within her bosom (which was not too tough)
 For a new flame; a thought to cast of gloom enough
 Along the aspect, whether smooth or rough,
 Of him who, in the language of his station,
 Then held that "high official situation."

XLIX.

O, gentle ladies! should you seek to know
 The import of this diplomatic phrase,
 Bid Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess¹⁸ show
 His parts of speech; and in the strange displays
 Of that odd string of words, all in a row,
 Which none divine, and every one obeys,
 Perhaps you may pick out some queer *no* meaning,
 Of that weak wordy harvest the sole gleanings.

L.

I think I can explain myself without
 That sad inexplicable beast of prey—
 That Sphinx, whose words would ever be a doubt,
 Did not his deeds unriddle them each day—
 That monstrous hieroglyphic—that long spout
 Of blood and water, leaden Castlereagh!
 And here I must an anecdote relate,
 But luckily of no great length or weight.

LI.

An English lady ask'd of an Italian,
 What were the actual and official duties
 Of the strange thing, some women set a value on,
 Which hovers oft about some married beauties,
 Call'd "Cavalier servente?" a Pygmalion
 Whose statues warm (I fear, alas! too true 'tis)
 Beneath his art. The dame, press'd to disclose them,
 Said—"Lady, I beseech you to *suppose them*."

LII.

And thus I supplicate your supposition,
 And mildest, matron-like interpretation,
 Of the imperial favourite's condition.
 'Twas a high place, the highest in the nation
 In fact, if not in rank ; and the suspicion
 Of any one's attaining to his station,
 No doubt gave pain, where each new pair of shoulders,
 If rather broad, made stocks rise and their holders.

LIII.

Juan, I said, was a most beauteous boy,
 And had retain'd his boyish look beyond
 The usual hirsute seasons which destroy,
 With beards and whiskers, and the like, the fond
Parisian aspect, which upset old Troy
 And founded Doctors' Commons :—I have conn'd
 The history of divorces, which, though chequer'd,
 Calls Ilion's the first damages on record.

LIV.

And Catherine, who loved all things (save her lord,
 Who was gone to his place), and pass'd for much,
 Admiring those (by dainty dames abhorr'd)
 Gigantic gentlemen, yet had a touch
 Of sentiment : and he she most adored
 Was the lamented Lanskoï, who was such
 A lover as had cost her many a tear,
 And yet but made a middling grenadier.

LV.

Oh thou “tetrerrima causa” of all “belli”¹⁹—
 Thou gate of life and death—thou nondescript !
 Whence is our exit and our entrance,—well I
 May pause in pondering how all souls are dipt
 In thy perennial fountain :—how man *fell*, I
 Know not, since knowledge saw her branches stript
 Of her first fruit ; but how he falls and rises,
Since, thou hast settled beyond all surmises.

LVI.

Some call thee "the worst cause of war," but I
Maintain thou art the *best*: for after all
From thee we come, to thee we go, and why
To get at thee not batter down a wall,
Or waste a world? since no one can deny
Thou dost replenish worlds both great and small:
With, or without thee, all things at a stand
Are, or would be, thou sea of life's dry land!

LVII.

Catherine, who was the grand epitome
Of that great cause of war, or peace, or what
You please (it causes all the things which be,
So you may take your choice of this or that)—
Catherine, I say, was very glad to see
The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat
Victory; and, pausing as she saw him kneel
With his despatch, forgot to break the seal.²⁰

LVIII.

Then recollecting the whole empress, nor
Forgetting quite the woman (which composed
At least three parts of this great whole), she tore
The letter open with an air which posed
The court, that watch'd each look her visage wore,
Until a royal smile at length disclosed
Fair weather for the day. Though rather spacious,
Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gracious.²¹

LIX.

Great joy was hers, or rather joys: the first
Was a ta'en city, thirty thousand slain.
Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,
As an East Indian sunrise on the main.
These quench'd a moment her ambition's thirst—
So Arab deserts drink in summer's rain:
In vain!—As fall the dews on quenchless sands,
Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands!

LX.

Her next amusement was more fanciful ;
 She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes, who threw
 Into a Russian couplet rather dull
 The whole gazette of thousands whom he slew.
 Her third was feminine enough to annul
 The shudder which runs naturally through
 Our veins, when things call'd sovereigns think it best
 To kill, and generals turn it into jest.

LXI.

The two first feelings ran their course complete,
 And lighted first her eye, and then her mouth :
 The whole court look'd immediately most sweet,
 Like flowers well water'd after a long drouth :—
 But when on the lieutenant at her feet
 Her majesty, who liked to gaze on youth
 Almost as much as on a new despatch,
 Glanced mildly, all the world was on the watch.

LXII.

Though somewhat large, exuberant, and truculent,
 When *wroth*—while *pleased*, she was as fine a figure
 As those who like things rosy, ripe, and succulent,
 Would wish to look on, while they are in vigour.
 She could repay each amatory look you lent
 With interest, and in turn was wont with rigour
 To exact of Cupid's bills the full amount
 At sight, nor would permit you to discount.

LXIII.

With her the latter, though at times convenient,
 Was not so necessary ; for they tell
 That she was handsome, and though fierce *look'd* lenient,
 And always used her favourites too well.
 If once beyond her boudoir's precincts in ye went,
 Your "fortune" was in a fair way "to swell
 A man" (as Giles says)²² ; for though she would widow all
 Nations, she liked man as an individual.

LXIV.

What a strange thing is man ! and what a stranger
 Is woman ! What a whirlwind is her head,
 And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
 Is all the rest about her ! Whether wed,
 Or widow, maid, or mother, she can change her
 Mind like the wind : whatever she has said
 Or done, is light to what she'll say or do ;—
 The oldest thing on record, and yet new !

LXV.

Oh Catherine ! (for of all interjections,
 'To thee both *oh* ! and *ah* ! belong of right
 In love and war) how odd are the connections
 Of human thoughts, which jostle in their flight !
 Just now *yours* were cut out in different sections :
First Ismail's capture caught your fancy quite ;
Next of new knights, the fresh and glorious batch ;
 And *thirdly* he who brought you the despatch !

LXVI.

Shakspeare talks of " the herald Mercury
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ; " ²
 And some such visions cross'd her majesty,
 While her young herald knelt before her still.
 'Tis very true the hill seem'd rather high,
 For a lieutenant to climb up ; but skill
 Smooth'd even the Simplon's steep, and by God's blessing
 With youth and health all kisses are " heaven-kissing."

LXVII.

Her majesty look'd down, the youth look'd up—
 And so they fell in love ;—she with his face,
 His grace, his God knows what : for Cupid's cup
 With the first draught intoxicates apace,
 A quintessential laudanum or " black drop,"
 Which makes one drunk at once, without the base
 Expedient of full bumpers ; for the eye
 In love drinks all life's fountains (save tears) dry.

LXVIII.

He, on the other hand, if not in love,
 Fell into that no less imperious passion,
 Self-love—which, when some sort of thing above
 Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,
 Or duchess, princess, empress, “deigns to prove”²⁴
 (’Tis Pope’s phrase) a great longing, though a rash one,
 For one especial person out of many,
 Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

LXIX.

Besides, he was of that delighted age
 Which makes all female ages equal—when
 We don’t much care with whom we may engage,
 As bold as Daniel in the lion’s den,
 So that we can our native sun assuage
 In the next ocean, which may flow just then,
 To make a twilight in, just as Sol’s heat is
 Quench’d in the lap of the salt sea, or Thetis.

LXX.

And Catherine (we must say thus much for Catherine),
 Though bold and bloody, was the kind of thing
 Whose temporary passion was quite flattering,
 Because each lover look’d a sort of king,
 Made up upon an amatory pattern,
 A royal husband in all save the *ring*—
 Which, being the damn’ddest part of matrimony,
 Seem’d taking out the sting to leave the honey.

LXXI.

And when you add to this, her womanhood
 In its meridian, her blue eyes²⁵ or gray—
 (The last, if they have soul, are quite as good,
 Or better, as the best examples say :
 Napoleon’s, Mary’s (queen of Scotland), should
 Lend to that colour a transcendent ray ;
 And Pallas also sanctions the same hue,
 Too wise to look through optics black or blue)—

LXXII.

Her sweet smile, and her then majestic figure,
 Her plumpness, her imperial condescension,
 Her preference of a boy to men much bigger
 (Fellows whom Messalina's self would pension),
 Her prime of life, just now in juicy vigour,
 With other *extras*, which we need not mention,—
 All these, or any one of these, explain
 Enough to make a stripling very vain.

LXXIII.

And that's enough, for love is vanity,
 Selfish in its beginning as its end,
 Except where 'tis a mere insanity,
 A maddening spirit which would strive to blend
 Itself with beauty's frail inanity,
 On which the passion's self seems to depend :
 And hence some heathenish philosophers
 Make love the main-spring of the universe.

LXXIV.

Besides Platonic love, besides the love
 Of God, the love of sentiment, the loving
 Of faithful pairs—(I needs must rhyme with dove,
 That good old steam-boat which keeps verses moving
 'Gainst reason—Reason ne'er was hand-and-glove
 With rhyme, but always leant less to improving
 The sound than sense) besides all these pretences
 To love, there are those things which words name senses ;

LXXV.

Those movements, those improvements in our bodies
 Which make all bodies anxious to get out
 Of their own sand-pits, to mix with a goddess,
 For such all women are at first no doubt.
 How beautiful that moment ! and how odd is
 That fever which precedes the languid rout
 Of our sensations ! What a curious way
 The whole thing is of clothing souls in clay !

LXXVI.

The noblest kind of love is love Platonical,
 To end or to begin with; the next grand
 Is that which may be christen'd love canonical,
 Because the clergy take the thing in hand;
 The third sort to be noted in our chronicle
 As flourishing in every Christian land,
 Is, when chaste matrons to their other ties
 Add what may be call'd *marriage in disguise*.

LXXVII.

Well, we won't analyse—our story must
 Tell for itself: the sovereign was smitten,
 Juan much flatter'd by her love, or lust;—
 I cannot stop to alter words once written,
 And the two are so mix'd with human dust,
 That he who *names one*, both perchance may hit on:
 But in such matters Russia's mighty empress
 Behaved no better than a common sempstress.

LXXVIII.

The whole court melted into one wide whisper,
 And all lips were applied unto all ears!
 The elder ladies' wrinkles curl'd much crisper
 As they beheld; the younger cast some leers
 On one another, and each lovely lisper
 Smiled as she talk'd the matter o'er; but tears
 Of rivalship rose in each clouded eye
 Of all the standing army who stood by.

LXXIX.

All the ambassadors of all the powers
 Inquired, Who was this very new young man,
 Who promised to be great in some few hours?
 Which is full soon (though life is but a span).
 Already they beheld the silver showers
 Of rubles rain, as fast as specie can,
 Upon his cabinet, besides the presents
 Of several ribands, and some thousand peasants."

LXXX.

Catherine was generous,—all such ladies are :
Love, that great opener of the heart and all
The ways that lead there, be they near or far,
Above, below, by turnpikes great or small,—
Love—(though she had a cursed taste for war,
And was not the best wife,²⁷ unless we call
Such Clytemnestra, though perhaps 'tis better
That one should die, than two drag on the fetter)—

LXXXI.

Love had made Catherine make each lover's fortune,
Unlike our own half-chaste Elizabeth,
Whose avarice all disbursements did importune,
If history, the grand liar, ever saith
The truth ; and though grief her old age might shorten,
Because she put a favourite to death,
Her vile, ambiguous method of flirtation,
And stinginess, disgrace her sex and station.

LXXXII.

But when the levée rose, and all was bustle
In the dissolving circle, all the nations'
Ambassadors began as 'twere to hustle
Round the young man with their congratulations.
Also the softer silks were heard to rustle
Of gentle dames, among whose recreations
It is to speculate on handsome faces,
Especially when such lead to high places.

LXXXIII.

Juan, who found himself, he knew not how,
A general object of attention, made
His answers with a very graceful bow,
As if born for the ministerial trade.
Though modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written "gentleman." He said
Little, but to the purpose ; and his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.

LXXXIV.

An order from her majesty consign'd
Our young lieutenant to the genial care
Of those in office: all the world look'd kind,
(As it will look sometimes with the first stare,
Which youth would not act ill to keep in mind,)
As also did Miss Protasoff then there,
Named from her mystic office "l'Epreuveuse,"
A term inexplicable to the Muse.

LXXXV.

With *her* then, as in humble duty bound,
Juan retired,—and so will I, until
My Pegasus shall tire of touching ground.
We have just lit on a "heaven-kissing hill,"
So lofty that I feel my brain turn round,
And all my fancies whirling like a mill;
Which is a signal to my nerves and brain,
To take a quiet ride in some green lane.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE TENTH.

CANTO THE TENTH.

I.

WHEN Newton saw an apple fall, he found
In that slight startle from his contemplation—
'Tis *said* (for I'll not answer above ground
For any sage's creed or calculation)—
A mode of proving that the earth turn'd round
In a most natural whirl, called "gravitation ;"
And this is the sole mortal who could grapple,
Since Adam, with a fall, or with an apple.

II.

Man fell with apples, and with apples rose,
If this be true ; for we must deem the mode
In which Sir Isaac Newton could disclose
Through the then unpaved stars the turnpike road,
A thing to counterbalance human woes :
For ever since immortal man hath glow'd
With all kinds of mechanics, and full soon
Steam-engines will conduct him to the moon.

III.

And wherefore this exordium ?—Why, just now,
In taking up this paltry sheet of paper,
My bosom underwent a glorious glow,
And my internal spirit cut a caper :
And though so much inferior, as I know,
To those who, by the dint of glass and vapour,
Discover stars, and sail in the wind's eye,
I wish to do as much by poesy.

IV.

In the wind's eye I have sail'd, and sail; but for
 The stars, I own my telescope is dim;
 But at the least I have shunn'd the common shore,
 And leaving land far out of sight, would skim
 The ocean of eternity: the roar
 Of breakers has not daunted my slight, trim,
 But *still* sea-worthy skiff; and she may float
 Where ships have foundered'd, as doth many a boat.

V.

We left our hero, Juan, in the *bloom*
 Of favouritism, but not yet in the *blush*;—
 And far be it from my *Muses* to presume
 (For I have more than one Muse at a push)
 To follow him beyond the drawing-room:
 It is enough that Fortune found him flush
 Of youth, and vigour, beauty, and those things
 Which for an instant clip enjoyment's wings.

VI.

But soon they grow again and leave their nest.
 "Oh!" saith the Psalmist, "that I had a dove's
 Pinions to flee away, and be at rest!"
 And who that recollects young years and loves,—
 Though hoary now, and with a withering breast,
 And palsied fancy, which no longer roves
 Beyond its dimm'd eye's sphere,—but would much rather
 Sigh like his son, than cough like his grandfather?

VII.

But sighs subside, and tears (even widows') shrink,
 Like Arno in the summer, to a shallow,
 So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,
 Which threatens inundations deep and yellow!
 Such difference doth a few months make. You'd think
 Grief a rich field which never would lie fallow;
 No more it doth, its ploughs but change their boys,
 Who furrow some new soil to sow for joys.

VIII.

But coughs will come when sighs depart—and now
And then before sighs cease ; for oft the one
Will bring the other, ere the lake-like brow
Is ruffled by a wrinkle, or the sun
Of life reach'd ten o'clock : and while a glow,
Hectic and brief as summer's day nigh done,
O'erspreads the cheek which seems too pure for clay,
Thousands blaze, love, hope, die,—how happy they !—

IX.

But Juan was not meant to die so soon.
We left him in the focus of such glory
As may be won by favour of the moon
Or ladies' fancies—rather transitory
Perhaps ; but who would scorn the month of June,
Because December, with his breath so hoary,
Must come ? Much rather should he court the ray,
To hoard up warmth against a wintry day.

X.

Besides, he had some qualities which fix
Middle-aged ladies even more than young :
The former know what's what ; while new-fledged chicks
Know little more of love than what is sung
In rhymes, or dreamt (for fancy will play tricks)
In visions of those skies from whence Love sprung.
Some reckon women by their suns or years,
I rather think the moon should date the dears.

XI.

And why ? because she's changeable and chaste.
I know no other reason, whatsoe'er
Suspicious people, who find fault in haste,
May choose to tax me with ; which is not fair,
Nor flattering to "their temper or their taste,"
As my friend Jeffrey writes with such an air :
However, I forgive him, and I trust
He will forgive himself ;—if not, I must.

XII.

Old enemies who have become new friends
Should so continue—'tis a point of honour ;
And I know nothing which could make amends
For a return to hatred : I would shun her
Like garlic, howsoever she extends
Her hundred arms and legs, and fain outrun her.
Old flames, new wives, become our bitterest foes—
Converted foes should scorn to join with those.

XIII.

This were the worst desertion :—renegadoes,
Even shuffling Southey, that incarnate lie,
Would scarcely join again the "reformadoes,"
Whom he forsook to fill the laureate's sty :
And honest men from Iceland to Barbadoes,
Whether in Caledon or Italy,
Should not veer round with every breath, nor seize
To pain, the moment when you cease to please.

XIV.

The lawyer and the critic but behold
The baser sides of literature and life,
And nought remains unseen, but much untold,
By those who scour those double vales of strife.
While common men grow ignorantly old,
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's knife,
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,
And with it all the process of digestion.

XV.

A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,
And that's the reason he himself's so dirty ;
The endless soot² bestows a tint far deeper
Than can be hid by altering his shirt ; he
Retains the sable stains of the dark creeper,
At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty,
In all their habits ;—not so *you*, I own ;
As Cæsar wore his robe you wear your gown.

XVI.

And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
 Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe
 (As far as rhyme and criticism combine
 To make such puppets of us things below),
 Are over : Here's a health to "Auld Lang Syne !"
 I do not know you, and may never know
 Your face—but you have acted on the whole
 Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

XVII.

And when I use the phrase of "Auld Lang Syne !"
 'Tis not address'd to you—the more's the pity
 For me, for I would rather take my wine
 With you, than aught (save Scott) in your proud city.
 But somehow,—it may seem a schoolboy's whine,
 And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
 But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
 A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,—

XVIII.

As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one and all,
 Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams.
 The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's *black wall*,
 All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
 Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
 Like Banquo's offspring :—floating past me seems
 My childhood in this childishness of mine :
 I care not—'tis a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

XIX.

And though, as you remember, in a fit,
 Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
 I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
 Which must be own'd was sensitive and surly,
 Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,
 They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early :
 I "*scotch'd* not kill'd" the Scotchman in my blood,
 And love the land of "mountain and of flood."

XX.

Don Juan, who was real, or ideal,—

For both are much the same, since what men think
Exists when the once thinkers are less real

Than what they thought, for mind can never sink,
And 'gainst the body makes a strong appeal;

And yet 'tis very puzzling on the brink
Of what is call'd eternity, to stare,
And know no more of what is here, than there;—

XXI.

Don Juan grew a very polish'd Russian—

How we won't mention, *why* we need not say :
Few youthful minds can stand the strong concussion
Of any slight temptation in their way ;

But *his* just now were spread as is a cushion

Smooth'd for a monarch's seat of honour : gay
Damsels, and dances, revels, ready money,
Made ice seem paradise, and winter sunny.

XXII.

The favour of the empress was agreeable ;

And though the duty wax'd a little hard,
Young people at his time of life should be able
To come off handsomely in that regard.

He was now growing up like a green tree, able

For love, war, or ambition, which reward
Their luckier votaries, till old age's tedium
Make some prefer the circulating medium.

XXIII.

About this time, as might have been anticipated,

Seduced by youth and dangerous examples,
Don Juan grew, I fear, a little dissipated ;

Which is a sad thing, and not only tramples
On our fresh feelings, but—as being participated

With all kinds of incorrigible samples
Of frail humanity—must make us selfish,
And shut our souls up in us like a shell-fish.

XXIV.

This we pass over. We will also pass
 The usual progress of intrigues between
 Unequal matches, such as are, alas !
 A young lieutenant's with a *not old* queen,
 But one who is not so youthful as she was
 In all the royalty of sweet seventeen.
 Sovereigns may sway materials, but not matter,
 And wrinkles, the d——d democrats, won't flatter.

XXV.

And death, the sovereign's sovereign, though the great
 Gracchus of all mortality, who levels,
 With his *Agrarian* laws,⁶ the high estate
 Of him who feasts, and fights, and roars, and revels,
 To one small grass-grown patch (which must await
 Corruption for its crop) with the poor devils
 Who never had a foot of land till now,—
 Death's a reformer, all men must allow.

XXVI.

He lived (not Death, but Juan) in a hurry
 Of waste, and haste, and glare, and gloss, and glitter,
 In this gay clime of bear-skins black and furry—
 Which (though I hate to say a thing that's bitter)
 Peep out sometimes, when things are in a flurry,
 Through all the "purple and fine linen," fitter
 For Babylon's than Russia's royal harlot—
 And neutralise her outward show of scarlet.

XXVII.

And this same state we won't describe : we would
 Perhaps from hearsay, or from recollection ;
 But getting nigh grim Dante's "obscure wood,"
 That horrid equinox, that hateful section
 Of human years, that half-way house, that rude
 Hut, whence wise travellers drive with circumspection
 Life's sad post-horses o'er the dreary frontier
 Of age, and looking back to youth, give *one* tear ;—

XXVIII.

I won't describe,—that is, if I can help
 Description ; and I won't reflect,—that is,
 If I can stave off thought, which—as a whelp
 Clings to its teat—sticks to me through the abyss
 Of this odd labyrinth ; or as the kelp
 Holds by the rock ; or as a lover's kiss
 Drains its first draught of lips :—but, as I said,
 I *won't* philosophise, and *will* be read.

XXIX.

Juan, instead of courting courts, was courted,—
 A thing which happens rarely : this he owed
 Much to his youth, and much to his reported
 Valour ; much also to the blood he show'd,
 Like a race-horse ; much to each dress he sported,
 Which set the beauty off in which he glow'd,
 As purple clouds befringe the sun ; but most
 He owed to an old woman and his post.

XXX.

He wrote to Spain :—and all his near relations,
 Perceiving he was in a handsome way
 Of getting on himself, and finding stations
 For cousins also, answer'd the same day.
 Several prepared themselves for emigrations ;
 And eating ices, were o'erheard to say,
 That with the addition of a slight pelisse,
 Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a piece.

XXXI.

His mother, Donna Inez, finding, too,
 That in the lieu of drawing on his banker,
 Where his assets were waxing rather few,
 He had brought his spending to a handsome anchor,
 Replied, “that she was glad to see him through
 Those pleasures after which wild youth will hanker ;
 As the sole sign of man's being in his senses
 Is, learning to reduce his past expenses.

XXXII.

She also recommended him to God,
 And no less to God's Son, as well as Mother,
 Varn'd him against Greek worship, which looks odd
 In Catholic eyes ; but told him, too, to smother
outward dislike, which don't look well abroad ;
 Inform'd him that he had a little brother
 Born in a second wedlock ; and above
 All, praised the empress's *maternal* love.

XXXIII.

She could not too much give her approbation
 Unto an empress, who preferr'd young men
 Of those age, and what was better still, whose nation
 And climate, stopp'd all scandal (now and then) :—
 At home it might have given her some vexation ;
 But where thermometers sink down to ten,
 Or five, or one, or zero, she could never
 Believe that virtue thaw'd before the river."

XXXIV.

Oh for a *forty-parson power* to chant
 Thy praise, Hypocrisy ! Oh for a hymn
 As loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt,
 Not practise ! Oh for trump of cherubim !
 The ear-trumpet of my good old aunt,
 Who, though her spectacles at last grew dim,
 Gave quiet consolation through its hint,
 When she no more could read the pious print.

XXXV.

There was no hypocrite at least, poor soul,
 But went to heaven in as sincere a way
 As anybody on the elected roll,
 Which portions out upon the judgment day
 Even's freeholds, in a sort of doomsday scroll,
 Such as the conqueror William did repay
 To knights with, lotting others' properties
 To some sixty thousand new knights' fees.

XXXVI.

I can't complain, whose ancestors are there,
 Erneis, Radulphus—eight-and-forty manors
 (If that my memory doth not greatly err)
 Were their reward for following Billy's banners :
 And though I can't help thinking 'twas scarce fair
 To strip the Saxons of their *hydes*,⁹ like tanners ;
 Yet as they founded churches with the produce,
 You'll deem, no doubt, they put it to a good use.

XXXVII

The gentle Juan flourish'd, though at times
 He felt like other plants call'd sensitive,
 Which shrink from touch, as monarchs do from rhymes,
 Save such as Southey can afford to give.
 Perhaps he long'd in bitter frosts for climes
 In which the Neva's ice would cease to live
 Before May-day : perhaps, despite his duty,
 In royalty's vast arms he sigh'd for beauty :

XXXVIII.

Perhaps—but, sans perhaps, we need not seek
 For causes young or old : the canker-worm
 Will feed upon the fairest, freshest cheek,
 As well as further drain the wither'd form :
 Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week
 His bills in, and however we may storm,
 They must be paid : though six days smoothly run,
 The seventh will bring blue devils or a dun.

XXXIX.

I don't know how it was, but he grew sick :
 The empress was alarm'd, and her physician
 (The same who physick'd Peter) found the tick
 Of his fierce pulse betoken a condition
 Which augur'd of the dead, however *quick*
 Itself, and show'd a feverish disposition ;
 At which the whole court was extremely troubled,
 The sovereign shock'd, and all his medicines doubled.

XL.

Now were the whispers, manifold the rumours :
 Some said he had been poison'd by Potemkin ;
 Others talk'd learnedly of certain tumours,
 Exhaustion, or disorders of the same kin ;
 Some said 'twas a concoction of the humours,
 Which with the blood too readily will claim kin ;
 Others again were ready to maintain,
 'Twas only the fatigue of last campaign."

XLI.

But here is one prescription out of many :
 " Sodæ sulphat. ʒvj. ʒss. Mannæ optim.
 q. fervent. f. ʒ iʒs. ʒij. tinct. Sennæ
 Haustus." (and here the surgeon came and cupp'd him)
 R. Pulv. Com. gr. iij. Ipecacuanhæ"
 (With more beside if Juan had not stopp'd 'em).
 Bolus Potassæ Sulphuret. sumendus,
 t haustus ter in die capiendus."

XLII.

This is the way physicians mend or end us,
 Secundum artem : but although we sneer
 At health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
 Without the least propensity to jeer ;
 While that "hiatus maxime deflendus"
 To be fill'd up by spade or mattocks near,
 Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,
 We tease mild Baillie, or soft Abernethy."

XLIII.

He demurr'd at this first notice to
 Quit ; and though death had threaten'd an ejection,
 His youth and constitution bore him through,
 And sent the doctors in a new direction.
 But still his state was delicate : the hue
 Of health but flicker'd with a faint reflection
 Along his wasted cheek, and seem'd to gravel
 The faculty—who said that he must travel.

XLIV.

The climate was too cold, they said, for him,
Meridian-born, to bloom in. This opinion
Made the chaste Catherine look a little grim,
Who did not like at first to lose her minion :
But when she saw his dazzling eye wax dim,
And drooping like an eagle's with clipt pinion,
She then resolved to send him on a mission,
But in a style becoming his condition.

XLV.

There was just then a kind of a discussion,
A sort of treaty or negociation,
Between the British cabinet and Russian,
Maintain'd with all the due prevarication
With which great states such things are apt to push on
Something about the Baltic's navigation,
Hides, train-oil, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,
Which Britons deem their "*uti possidetis*."

XLVI.

So Catherine, who had a handsome way
Of fitting out her favourites, conferr'd
This secret charge on Juan, to display
At once her royal splendour, and reward
His services. He kiss'd hands the next day,
Received instructions how to play his card,
Was laden with all kinds of gifts and honours,
Which show'd what great discernment was the donor's.

XLVII.

But she was lucky, and luck's all. Your queens
Are generally prosperous in reigning ;
Which puzzles us to know what Fortune means :
But to continue : though her years were waning,
Her climacteric teased her like her teens ;
And though her dignity brook'd no complaining,
So much did Juan's setting off distress her,
She could not find at first a fit successor.

XLVIII.

But time, the comforter, will come at last ;
 And four-and-twenty hours, and twice that number
 Of candidates requesting to be placed,
 Made Catherine taste next night a quiet slumber.—
 Not that she meant to fix again in haste,
 Nor did she find the quantity encumber,
 But always choosing with deliberation,
 Kept the place open for their emulation.

XLIX.

While this high post of honour's in abeyance,
 For one or two days, reader, we request
 You'll mount with our young hero the conveyance
 Which wafted him from Petersburg: the best
 Arrouche, which had the glory to display once
 The fair czarina's autocratic crest,
 When a new Iphigene, she went to Tauris,
 Was given to her favourite," and now *bore his*.

L.

bull-dog, and a bull-finch, and an ermine,
 All private favourites of Don Juan ;—for
 Let deeper sages the true cause determine)
 He had a kind of inclination, or
 Weakness, for what most people deem mere vermin,
 Live animals : an old maid of threescore
 Or cats and birds more penchant ne'er display'd,
 Though he was not old, nor even a maid ;—

LI.

The animals aforesaid occupied
 Their station : there were valets, secretaries,
 Other vehicles ; but at his side
 Set little Leila, who survived the parries
 Made 'gainst Cossacque sabres, in the wide
 Slaughter of Ismail. Though my wild Muse varies
 Her note, she don't forget the infant girl
 Whom he preserved, a pure and living pearl.

LII.

Poor little thing ! She was as fair as docile,
And with that gentle, serious character,
As rare in living beings as a fossile
Man, 'midst thy mouldy mammoths, "grand Cuvier !"
Ill fitted was her ignorance to jostle
With this o'erwhelming world, where all must err :
But she was yet but ten years old, and therefore
Was tranquil, though she knew not why or wherefore.

LIII.

Don Juan loved her, and she loved him, as
Nor brother, father, sister, daughter love.
I cannot tell exactly what it was ;
He was not yet quite old enough to prove
Parental feelings, and the other class,
Call'd brotherly affection, could not move
His bosom,—for he never had a sister :
Ah ! if he had, how much he would have miss'd her !

LIV.

And still less was it sensual ; for besides
That he was not an ancient debauchee,
(Who like sour fruit, to stir their veins' salt tides,
As acids rouse a dormant alkali,)
Although (*'twill* happen as our planet guides)
His youth was not the chastest that might be,
There was the purest Platonism at bottom
Of all his feelings—only he forgot 'em.

LV.

Just now there was no peril of temptation ;
He loved the infant orphan he had saved,
As patriots now and then may love a nation ;
His pride, too, felt that she was not enslaved
Owing to him ;—as also her salvation
Through his means and the church's might be paved.
But one thing's odd, which here must be inserted,
The little Turk refused to be converted.

LVI.

'Twas strange enough she should retain the impression
Through such a scene of change, and dread, and slaughter;
But though three bishops told her the transgression,
She show'd a great dislike to holy water :
She also had no passion for confession ;
Perhaps she had nothing to confess :—no matter,
Whate'er the cause, the church made little of it—
She still held out that Mahomet was a prophet.

LVII.

In fact, the only Christian she could bear
Was Juan ; whom she seem'd to have selected
In place of what her home and friends once *were*.
He *naturally* loved what he protected :
And thus they form'd a rather curious pair,
A guardian green in years, a ward connected
In neither clime, time, blood, with her defender ;
And yet this want of ties made theirs more tender.

LVIII.

They journey'd on through Poland and through Warsaw,
Famous for mines of salt and yokes of iron :
Through Courland also, which that famous farce saw
Which gave her dukes the graceless name of " Biron."¹²
'Tis the same landscape which the modern Mars saw,
Who march'd to Moscow, led by Fame, the siren !
To lose by one month's frost some twenty years
Of conquest, and his guard of grenadiers.

LIX.

Let this not seem an anti-climax :—" Oh !
My guard ! my old guard !"¹³ exclaim'd that god of clay.
Think of the Thunderer's falling down below
Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh !
Alas ! that glory should be chill'd by snow !
But should we wish to warm us on our way
Through Poland, there is Kosciusko's name
Might scatter fire through ice, like Hecla's flame.

LX.

From Poland they came on through Prussia Proper,
And Königsberg, the capital, whose vaunt,
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.¹⁴
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper
About philosophy, pursued his jaunt
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions
Have princes who spur more than their postilions.

LXI.

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the like,
Until he reach'd the castellated Rhine :—
Ye glorious Gothic scenes ! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine ;
A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confines, half-seas-over.

LXII.

But Juan posted on through Manheim, Bonn,
Which Drachenfels¹⁵ frowns over like a spectre
Of the good feudal times for ever gone,
On which I have not time just now to lecture.
From thence he was drawn onwards to Cologne,
A city which presents to the inspector
Eleven thousand maidenheads of bone,
The greatest number flesh hath ever known.¹⁶

LXIII.

From thence to Holland's Hague and Helvoetsluys,
That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches,
Where juniper expresses its best juice,
The poor man's sparkling substitute for riches.
Senates and sages have condemn'd its use—
But to deny the mob a cordial, which is
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,
Good government has left them seems but cruel.

LXIV.

Here he embark'd, and with a flowing sail
Went bounding for the island of the free,
Towards which the impatient wind blew half a gale,
High dash'd the spray, the bows dipp'd in the sea,
And sea-sick passengers turn'd somewhat pale;
But Juan, season'd, as he well might be,
By former voyages, stood to watch the skiffs,
Which pass'd, or catch the first glimpse of the cliffs.

LXV.

At length they rose, like a white wall along
The blue sea's border; and Don Juan felt—
What even young strangers feel a little strong
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—
A kind of pride that he should be among
Those haughty shopkeepers, who sternly dealt
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,
And made the very billows pay them toll.

LXVI.

I've no great cause to love that spot of earth,
Which holds *what might have been* the noblest nation;
But though I owe it little but my birth,
I feel a mix'd regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth.
Seven years (the usual term of transportation)
Of absence lay one's old resentments level,
When a man's country's going to the devil.

LXVII.

Alas! could she but fully, truly, know
How her great name is now throughout abhorr'd;
How eager all the earth is for the blow
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword;
How all the nations deem her their worst foe,
That worse than *worst of foes*, the once adored
False friend, who held out freedom to mankind,
And now would chain them, to the very mind;—

LXVIII.

Would she be proud, or boast herself the free,
 Who is but first of slaves? The nations are
 In prison,—but the gaoler, what is he?
 No less a victim to the bolt and bar.
 Is the poor privilege to turn the key
 Upon the captive, freedom? He's as far
 From the enjoyment of the earth and air
 Who watches o'er the chain, as they who wear.

LXIX.

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest beauties,
 Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover! harbour, and hotel;
 Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties;
 Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;
 Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
 To those who upon land or water dwell;
 And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
 Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

LXX.

Juan, though careless, young, and magnifique,
 And rich in rubles, diamonds, cash, and credit,
 Who did not limit much his bills per week,
 Yet stared at this a little, though he paid it,—
 (His Maggior Duomo, a smart, subtle Greek,
 Before him summ'd the awful scroll and read it:)
 But, doubtless as the air, though seldom sunny,
 Is free, the respiration's worth the money.

LXXI.

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury!
 Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash, splash through puddle;
 Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!
 Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle
 Along the road, as if they went to bury
 Their fare; and also pause besides, to fuddle,
 With "schnapps" — sad dogs! whom "Hundsfot," or
 Affect no more than lightning a conductor. ["Verflucter,"

LXXII.

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,
 Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
 As going at full speed—no matter where its
 Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry,
 And merely for the sake of its own merits;
 For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
 The greater is the pleasure in arriving,
 At the great *end* of travel—which is driving.

LXXIII.

They saw at Canterbury the cathedral;
 Black Edward's helm,¹⁸ and Becket's bloody stone,¹⁹
 Were pointed out as usual by the bedral,
 In the same quaint, uninterested tone:—
 There's glory again for you, gentle reader! All
 Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone,
 Half-solved into these sodas or magnesias,
 Which form that bitter draught, the human species.

LXXIV.

The effect on Juan was of course sublime:
 He breathed a thousand Cressys, as he saw
 That casque, which never stoop'd except to Time.
 Even the bold Churchman's tomb excited awe,
 Who died in the then great attempt to climb
 O'er kings, who *now* at least *must talk* of law
 Before they butcher. Little Leila gazed,
 And ask'd why such a structure had been raised:

LXXV.

And being told it was "God's house," she said
 He was well lodged, but only wonder'd how
 He suffer'd Infidels in his homestead,
 The cruel Nazarenes, who had laid low
 His holy temples in the lands which bred
 The True Believers;—and her infant brow
 Was bent with grief that Mahomet should resign
 A mosque so noble, flung like pearls to swine.

LXXVI.

On! on! through meadows, managed like a garden,
A paradise of hops and high production;
For, after years of travel by a bard in
Countries of greater heat, but lesser suction,
A green field is a sight which makes him pardon
The absence of that more sublime construction
Which mixes up vines, olives, precipices,
Glaciers, volcanos, oranges, and ices.

LXXVII.

And when I think upon a pot of beer——
But I won't weep!—and so drive on, postilions!
As the smart boys spurr'd fast in their career,
Juan admired these highways of free millions;
A country in all senses the most dear
To foreigner or native, save some silly ones,
Who "kick against the pricks" just at this juncture,
And for their pains get only a fresh puncture.

LXXVIII.

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road!
So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving
The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad
Air can accomplish, with his wide wings waving.
Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the god
Had told his son to satisfy his craving
With the York mail;—but onward as we roll,
"Surgit amari aliquid"—the toll!

LXXIX.

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!
Take lives, take wives, take aught except men's purses.
As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,
Such is the shortest way to general curses.
They hate a murderer much less than a claimant
On that sweet ore which everybody nurses.—
Kill a man's family and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket:

LXXX.

So said the Florentine : ye monarchs, hearken
 To your instructor. Juan now was borne,
 Just as the day began to wane and darken,
 O'er the high hill, which looks with pride or scorn
 Toward the great city.—Ye who have a spark in
 Your veins of Cockney spirit, smile or mourn
 According as you take things well or ill :
 Bold Britons, we are now on Shooter's Hill !

LXXXI.

The sun went down, the smoke rose up, as from
 A half-unquench'd volcano, o'er a space
 Which well beseem'd the "Devil's drawing-room,"
 As some have qualified that wondrous place :
 But Juan felt, though not approaching *home*,
 As one who, though he were not of the race,
 Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother,
 Who butcher'd half the earth, and bullied t'other.²⁰

LXXXII.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
 Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy ;
 A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head—and there is London Town !

LXXXIII.

But Juan saw not this : each wreath of smoke
 Appear'd to him but as the magic vapour
 Of some alchymic furnace, from whence broke
 The wealth of worlds (a wealth of tax and paper) :
 The gloomy clouds, which o'er it as a yoke
 Are bow'd, and put the sun out like a taper,
 Were nothing but the natural atmosphere,
 Extremely wholesome, though but rarely clear.

LXXXIV.

He paused—and so will I ; as doth a crew
 Before they give their broadside. By and bye,
 My gentle countrymen, we will renew
 Our old acquaintance ; and at least I'll try
 To tell you truths *you* will not take as true,
 Because they are so ;—a male Mrs. Fry,²¹
 With a soft besom will I sweep your halls,
 And brush a web or two from off your walls.

LXXXV.

Oh Mrs. Fry ! Why go to Newgate ? Why
 Preach to poor rogues ? And wherefore not begin
 With Carlton, or with other houses ? Try
 Your hand at harden'd and imperial sin.
 To mend the people's an absurdity,
 A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,
 Unless you make their betters better :—Fy ;
 I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.

LXXXVI.

Teach them the decencies of good threescore ;
 Cure them of tours, hussar and highland dresses ;
 Tell them that youth once gone returns no more,
 That hired huzzas redeem no land's distresses ;
 Tell them Sir William Curtis²² is a bore,
 Too dull even for the dullest of excesses,
 The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal,
 A fool whose bells have ceased to ring at all.

LXXXVII.

Tell them, though it may be perhaps too late
 On life's worn confine, jaded, bloated, sated,
 To set up vain pretences of being great,
 'Tis not so to be good ; and be it stated,
 The worthiest kings have ever loved least state ;
 And tell them——But you won't, and I have prated
 Just now enough ; but by and bye I'll prattle
 Like Roland's horn²³ in Roncesvalles' battle.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE ELEVENTH

CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

I.

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said :
'They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,
Too subtle for the airiest human head ;
And yet who can believe it? I would shatter
Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,
Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,
And wear my head, denying that I wear it.

II.

What a sublime discovery 'twas to make the
Universe universal egotism,
That all's ideal—*all ourselves* ; I'll stake the
World (be it what you will) that *that's* no schism :
Oh Doubt!—if thou be'st Doubt, for which some take thee,
But which I doubt extremely—thou sole prism
Of the Truth's rays, spoil not my draught of spirit !
Heaven's brandy, though our brain can hardly bear it.

III.

For ever and anon comes Indigestion,
(Not the most "dainty Ariel" ') and perplexes
Our soarings with another sort of question :
And that which after all my spirit vexes,
Is, that I find no spot where man can rest eye on,
Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,
Of beings, stars, and this unriddled wonder,
The world, which at the worst's a glorious blunder—

IV.

If it be chance ; or if it be according
 To the old text, still better :—lest it should
 Turn out so, we'll say nothing 'gainst the wording,
 As several people think such hazards rude.
 They're right ; our days are too brief for affording
 Space to dispute what *no one* ever could
 Decide, and *everybody one day* will
 Know very clearly—or at least lie still.

V.

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical
 Discussion, which is neither here nor there :
 If I agree that what is, is ; then this I call
 Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair ;
 The truth is, I've grown lately rather phthisical :
 I don't know what the reason is—the air
 Perhaps ; but as I suffer from the shocks
 Of illness, I grow much more orthodox.

VI.

The first attack at once proved the Divinity
 (But *that* I never doubted, nor the Devil) ;
 The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity ;
 The third, the usual Origin of Evil ;
 The fourth at once establish'd the whole Trinity
 On so incontrovertible a level,
 That I devoutly wish'd the three were four
 On purpose to believe so much the more.

VII.

To our theme.—The man who has stood on the Acropolis
 And look'd down over Attica ; or he
 Who has sail'd where picturesque Constantinople is,
 Or seen Timbuctoo, or hath taken tea
 In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropolis,
 Or sat amidst the bricks of Nineveh,
 May not think much of London's first appearance—
 But ask him what he thinks of it a year hence ?

VIII.

Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill ;
Sunset the time, the place the same declivity
Which looks along that vale of good and ill
Where London streets ferment in full activity ;
While everything around was calm and still,
Except the creak of wheels, which on their pivot he
Heard,—and that bee-like, bubbling, busy hum
Of cities, that boil over with their scum :—

IX.

I say, Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,
Walk'd on behind his carriage, o'er the summit,
And lost in wonder of so great a nation,
Gave way to't, since he could not overcome it.
“And here,” he cried, “is Freedom's chosen station ;
Here peals the people's voice, nor can entomb it
Racks, prisons, inquisitions ; resurrection
Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

X.

“Here are chaste wives, pure lives ; here people pay
But what they please ; and if that things be dear,
'Tis only that they love to throw away
Their cash, to show how much they have a-year.
Here laws are all inviolate ; none lay
Traps for the traveller ; every highway's clear ;
Here”—he was interrupted by a knife,
With,—“Damn your eyes ! your money or your life !”—

XI.

These freeborn sounds proceeded from four pads
In ambush laid, who had perceived him loiter
Behind his carriage ; and, like handy lads,
Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre,
In which the heedless gentleman who gads
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,
May find himself within that isle of riches
Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

XII.

Juan, who did not understand a word
 Of English, save their shibboleth, "God damn!"
 And even that he had so rarely heard,
 He sometimes thought 'twas only their "Salām,"
 Or "God be with you!"—and 'tis not absurd
 To think so: for half English as I am
 (To my misfortune) never can I say
 I heard them wish "God with you," save that way;—

XIII.

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,
 And being somewhat choleric and sudden,
 Drew forth a pocket-pistol from his vesture,
 And fired it into one assailant's pudding—
 Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,
 And roar'd out, as he writhed his native mud in,
 Unto his nearest follower or henchman,
 "Oh Jack! I'm floor'd by that 'ere bloody Frenchman

XIV.

On which Jack and his train set off at speed,
 And Juan's suite, late scatter'd at a distance,
 Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,
 And offering, as usual, late assistance.
 Juan, who saw the moon's late minion² bleed
 As if his veins would pour out his existence,
 Stood calling out for bandages and lint,
 And wish'd he had been less hasty with his flint.

XV.

Perhaps," thought he, "it is the country's wont
 To welcome foreigners in this way: now
 I recollect some innkeepers who don't
 Differ, except in robbing with a bow,
 In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.
 But what is to be done? I can't allow
 The fellow to lie groaning on the road:
 So take him up; I'll help you with the load."

XVI.

But ere they could perform this pious duty,
 The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my gruel!
 Oh! for a glass of *max*!³ We've miss'd our booty;
 Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel
 Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty
 The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill
 His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied
 A kerchief, crying, "Give Sal that!"—and died.

XVII.

The cravat stain'd with bloody drops fell down
 Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell
 Exactly why it was before him thrown,
 Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell.
 Poor Tom was once a kiddy⁴ upon town,
 A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,⁵
 Full flash,⁶ all fancy, until fairly diddled,
 His pockets first and then his body riddled.

XVIII.

Don Juan, having done the best he could
 In all the circumstances of the case,
 As soon as "Crowner's quest"⁷ allow'd, pursued
 His travels to the capital apace;—
 Esteeming it a little hard he should
 In twelve hours' time, and very little space,
 Have been obliged to slay a free-born native
 In self-defence: this made him meditative.

XIX.

He from the world had cut off a great man,
 Who in his time had made heroic bustle.
 Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,
 Booze in the ken,⁸ or at the spellken⁹ hustle?
 Who queer a flat?¹⁰ Who (spite of Bow-street's ban)
 On the high toby-spice¹¹ so flash the muzzle?
 Who on a lark,¹² with black-eyed Sal (his blowing),¹³
 So prime, so swell,¹⁴ so nutty,¹⁵ and so knowing?¹⁶

XX.

But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.

Heroes must die; and by God's blessing 'tis
Not long before the most of them go home.

Hail! Themis, hail! Upon thy verge it is
That Juan's chariot, rolling like a drum

In thunder, holds the way it can't well miss,
Through Kennington and all the other "tons,"
Which make us wish ourselves in town at once;—

XXI.

Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees,
(Like *lucus* from *no* light); through prospects named
Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,
Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed
Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease,

With "To be let," upon their doors proclaim'd;
Through "Rows" most modestly call'd "Paradise,"
Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice;—

XXII.

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes, and a whirl
Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion;
Here taverns wooing to a pint of "purl,"¹⁷

There mails fast flying off like a delusion;
There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl

In windows; here the lamplighter's infusion
Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass
(For in those days we had not got to gas—);¹⁸

XXIII.

Through this, and much, and more, is the approach
Of travellers to mighty Babylon:

Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,

With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.
I could say more, but do not choose to encroach

Upon the Guide-book's privilege. The sun
Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

XXIV.

That's rather fine, the gentle sound of Thamis—
Who vindicates a moment, too, his stream—
Though hardly heard through multifarious "damme's."
The lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam,
The breadth of pavement, and yon shrine where fame is
A spectral resident—whose pallid beam
In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the pile—
Make this a sacred part of Albion's isle.

XXV.

The Druids' groves are gone—so much the better :
Stone-Henge is not—but what the devil is it?—
But Bedlam still exists with its sage fetter,
That madmen may not bite you on a visit ;
The Bench too seats or suits full many a debtor ;
The Mansion House, too (though some people quiz it),
To me appears a stiff yet grand erection ;
But then the Abbey's worth the whole collection.

XXVI.

The line of lights, too, up to Charing Cross,
Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation
Like gold as in comparison to dross,
Match'd with the Continent's illumination,
Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss.
The French were not yet a lamp-lighting nation,
And when they grew so—on their new-found lantern,
Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn.

XXVII.

A row of gentlemen along the streets
Suspended, may illuminate mankind,
As also bonfires made of country seats ;
But the old way is best for the purblind :
The other looks like phosphorus on sheets,
A sort of ignis fatuus to the mind,
Which, though 'tis certain to perplex and frighten,
Must burn more mildly ere it can enlighten.

XXVIII.

But London's so well lit, that if Diogenes
 Could recommence to hunt his *honest man*,
 And found him not amidst the various progenies
 Of this enormous city's spreading spawn,
 'Twere not for want of lamps to aid his dodging his
 Yet undiscover'd treasure. What *I* can,
 I've done to find the same throughout life's journey,
 But see the world is only one attorney.

XXIX.

Over the stones still rattling, up Pall Mall,
 Through crowds and carriages, but waxing thinner
 As thunder'd knockers broke the long seal'd spell
 Of doors 'gainst duns, and to an early dinner
 Admitted a small party as night fell,—
 Don Juan, our young diplomatic sinner,
 Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels,
 St. James's Palace and St. James's "Hells."¹⁹

XXX.

They reach'd the hotel: forth stream'd from the front door
 A tide of well-clad waiters, and around
 The mob stood, and as usual several score
 Of those pedestrian Paphians who abound
 In decent London when the daylight's o'er;
 Commodious but immoral, they are found
 Useful, like Malthus, in promoting marriage.—
 But Juan now is stepping from his carriage

XXXI.

Into one of the sweetest of hotels,
 Especially for foreigners—and mostly
 For those whom favour or whom fortune swells,
 And cannot find a bill's small items costly.
 There many an envoy either dwelt or dwells
 (The den of many a diplomatic lost lie),
 Until to some conspicuous square they pass,
 And blazon o'er the door their names in brass.

XXXII.

Juan, whose was a delicate commission,
Private, though publicly important, bore
No title to point out with due precision
The exact affair on which he was sent o'er.
'Twas merely known, that on a secret mission
A foreigner of rank had graced our shore,
Young, handsome, and accomplish'd, who was said
(In whispers) to have turn'd his sovereign's head.

XXXIII.

Some rumour also of some strange adventures
Had gone before him, and his wars and loves ;
And as romantic heads are pretty painters,
And, above all, an Englishwoman's roves
Into the excursive, breaking the indentures
Of sober reason, wheresoe'er it moves,
He found himself extremely in the fashion,
Which serves our thinking people for a passion.

XXXIV.

I don't mean that they are passionless, but quite
The contrary ; but then 'tis in the head ;
Yet as the consequences are as bright
As if they acted with the heart instead,
What after all can signify the site
Of ladies' lucubrations ? So they lead
In safety to the place for which you start,
What matters if the road be head or heart ?

XXXV.

Juan presented in the proper place,
To proper placemen, every Russ credential,
And was received with all the due grimace,
By those who govern in the mood potential,
Who, seeing a handsome stripling with smooth face,
Thought (what in state affairs is most essential)
That they as easily might *do* the youngster,
As hawks may pounce upon a woodland songster.

XXXVI.

They err'd, as aged men will do ; but by
And by we'll talk of that ; and if we don't,
'Twill be because our notion is not high
Of politicians and their double front,
Who live by lies, yet dare not boldly lie :—
Now what I love in women is, they won't
Or can't do otherwise than lie, but do it
So well, the very truth seems falsehood to it.

XXXVII.

And, after all, what is a lie ? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade ; and I defy
Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put
A fact without some leaven of a lie.
The very shadow of true Truth would shut
Up annals, revelations, poesy,
And prophecy—except it should be dated
Some years before the incidents related.

XXXVIII.

Praised be all liars and all lies ! Who now
Can tax my mild Muse with misanthropy ?
She rings the world's "Te Deum," and her brow
Blushes for those who will not :—but to sigh
Is idle ; let us like most others bow,
Kiss hands, feet, any part of majesty,
After the good example of "Green Erin,"
Whose shamrock now seems rather worse for wearing.

XXXIX.

Don Juan was presented, and his dress
And mien excited general admiration—
I don't know which was more admired or less :
One monstrous diamond drew much observation,
Which Catherine in a moment of "ivresse"
(In love or brandy's fervent fermentation)
Bestow'd upon him, as the public learn'd ;
And, to say truth, it had been fairly earn'd.

XL.

Besides the ministers and underlings,
 Who must be courteous to the accredited
 Diplomats of rather wavering kings,
 Until their royal riddle's fully read,
 The very clerks,—those somewhat dirty springs
 Of office, or the house of office, fed
 By foul corruption into streams,—even they
 Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay :

XLI.

And insolence no doubt is what they are
 Employ'd for, since it is their daily labour,
 In the dear offices of peace or war ;
 And should you doubt, pray ask of your next neighbour,
 When for a passport, or some other bar
 To freedom, he applied (a grief and ā bore),
 If he found not this spawn of taxborn riches,
 Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of b——s.

XLII.

But Juan was received with much “ empressement : ”—
 These phrases of refinement I must borrow
 From our next neighbour's land, where, like a chessman,
 There is a move set down for joy or sorrow,
 Not only in mere talking, but the press. Man
 In islands is, it seems, downright and thorough,
 More than on continents—as if the sea
 (See Billingsgate) made even the tongue more free.

XLIII.

And yet the British “ Damme ” 's rather Attic ;
 Your continental oaths are but incontinent,
 And turn on things which no aristocratic
 Spirit would name, and therefore even I won't anent²⁰
 This subject quote ; as it would be schismatic
 In politesse, and have a sound affronting in't :—
 But “ Damme ” 's quite ethereal, though too daring—
 Platonic blasphemy, the soul of swearing.

XLIV.

For downright rudeness, ye may stay at home ;
For true or false politeness (and scarce *that*
Now) you may cross the blue deep and white foam—
The first the emblem (rarely though) of what
You leave behind, the next of much you come.
To meet. However, 'tis no time to chat
On general topics : poems must confine
Themselves to unity, like this of mine.

XLV.

In the great world,—which, being interpreted,
Meaneth the west or worst end of the city,
And about twice two thousand people bred
By no means to be very wise or witty,
But to sit up while others lie in bed,
And look down on the universe with pity,—
Juan, as an inveterate patrician,
Was well received by persons of condition.

XLVI.

He was a bachelor, which is a matter
Of import both to virgin and to bride,
The former's hymeneal hopes to flatter ;
And (should she not hold fast by love or pride)
'Tis also of some moment to the latter :
A rib's a thorn in a wed gallant's side,
Requires decorum, and is apt to double
The horrid sin—and what's still worse, the trouble.

XLVII.

But Juan was a bachelor—of arts,
And parts, and hearts : he danced and sung, and had
An air as sentimental as Mozart's
Softest of melodies ; and could be sad
Or cheerful, without any "flaws or starts,"²¹
Just at the proper time : and though a lad,
Had seen the world—which is a curious sight,
And very much unlike what people write.

XLVIII.

Fair virgins blush'd upon him ; wedded dames
Bloom'd also in less transitory hues ;
For both commodities dwell by the Thames,
The painting and the painted ; youth, ceruse,
Against his heart preferr'd their usual claims,
Such as no gentleman can quite refuse ;
Daughters admired his dress, and pious mothers
Inquired his income, and if he had brothers.

XLIX.

The milliners who furnish " drapery Misses " *
Throughout the season, upon speculation
Of payment ere the honeymoon's last kisses
Have waned into a crescent's coruscation,
Thought such an opportunity as this is,
Of a rich foreigner's initiation,
Not to be overlook'd—and gave such credit,
That future bridegrooms swore, and sigh'd, and paid it.

L.

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,
And with the pages of the last Review
Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,
Advanced in all their azure's highest hue :
They talk'd bad French or Spanish, and upon its
Late authors ask'd him for a hint or two ;
And which was softest, Russian or Castilian ?
And whether in his travels he saw Ilion ?

LI.

Juan, who was a little superficial,
And not in literature a great Drawcansir,
Examined by this learned and especial
Jury of matrons, scarce knew what to answer :
His duties warlike, loving or official,
His steady application as a dancer,
Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,
Which now he found was blue instead of green.

LII.

However, he replied at hazard, with
 A modest confidence and calm assurance,
 Which lent his learned lucubrations pith,
 And pass'd for arguments of good endurance.
 That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith
 (Who at sixteen translated "Hercules Furens"
 Into as furious English), with her best look,
 Set down his sayings in her common-place book.

LIII.

Juan knew several languages—as well
 He might—and brought them up with skill, in time
 To save his fame with each accomplish'd belle,
 Who still regretted that he did not rhyme.
 There wanted but this requisite to swell
 His qualities (with them) into sublime :
 Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Mannish,
 Both long'd extremely to be sung in Spanish.

LIV.

However, he did pretty well, and was
 Admitted as an aspirant to all
 The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,
 At great assemblies or in parties small,
 He saw ten thousand living authors pass,
 That being about their average numeral ;
 Also the eighty "greatest living poets,"
 As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

LV.

In twice five years the "greatest living poet,"
 Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
 Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,
 Although 'tis an imaginary thing.
 Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
 Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king,—
 Was reckon'd, a considerable time,
 The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

LVI.

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
 My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean seems Cain.
 "La Belle Alliance" of dunces down at zero,
 Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise again :
 But I will fall at least as fell my hero ;
 Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign ;
 Or to some lonely isle of gaolers go,
 With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.

LVII.

Sir Walter reign'd before me ; Moore and Campbell
 Before and after ; but now grown more holy,
 The muses upon Sion's hill must ramble
 With poets almost clergymen, or wholly ;
 And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble
 Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley,
 Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,
 A modern Ancient Pistol—by the hilts !

LVIII.

Still he excels that artificial hard
 Labourer in the same vineyard, though the vine
 Yields him but vinegar for his reward,—
 That neutralised dull Dorus of the Nine ;
 That swarthy Sporus, neither man nor bard ;
 That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every line :—
 Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least
 The howling Hebrews of Cybele's priest.—

LIX.

Then there's my gentle Euphues ; who, they say,
 Sets up for being a sort of *moral me* ;²³
 He'll find it rather difficult some day
 To turn out both, or either, it may be.
 Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway ;
 And Wordsworth has supporters, two or three ;
 And that deep-mouth'd Bœotian "Savage Landor"²⁴
 Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander.

LX.

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,
 Just as he really promised something great,
 If not intelligible, without Greek
 Contrived to talk about the Gods of late,
 Much as they might have been supposed to speak.²⁵
 Poor fellow ! His was an untoward fate ;
 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,²⁶
 Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

LXI.

The list grows long of live and dead pretenders
 To that which none will gain—or none will know
 The conqueror at least ; who, ere Time renders
 His last award, will have the long grass grow
 Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless cinders.
 If I might augur, I should rate but low
 Their chances ;—they're too numerous, like the thirty
 Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd but dirty.

LXII.

This is the literary *lower* empire,
 Where the prætorian bands take up the matter ;—
 A “dreadful trade,” like his who “gathers samphire,”²⁷
 The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,
 With the same feelings as you'd coax a vampire.
 Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,
 I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,
 And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

LXIII.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn
 Their flanks ;—but it is hardly worth my while
 With such small gear to give myself concern :
 Indeed I've not the necessary bile ;
 My natural temper's really aught but stern,
 And even my Muse's worst reproof's a smile ;
 And then she drops a brief and modern curtsy,
 And glides away, assured she never hurts ye.

LXIV.

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril
Amongst live poets and blue ladies, past
With some small profit through that field so sterile,
Being tired in time, and neither least nor last,
Left it before he had been treated very ill ;
And henceforth found himself more gaily class'd
Amongst the higher spirits of the day,
The sun's true son, no vapour, but a ray.

LXV.

His morns he pass'd in business—which dissected,
Was like all business, a laborious nothing
That leads to lassitude, the most infected
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,²⁸
And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,
And talk in tender horrors of our loathing
All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
Which grows no better, though 'tis time it should.

LXVI.

His afternoons he pass'd in visits, luncheons,
Lounging, and boxing ; and the twilight hour
In riding round those vegetable puncheons
Call'd " Parks," where there is neither fruit nor flower
Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings ;
But after all it is the only " bower,"²⁹
(In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

LXVII.

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world !
Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then rear
Through street and square fast flashing chariots hurl'd
Like harness'd meteors ; then along the floor
Chalk mimics painting ; then festoons are twirl'd ;
Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,
Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of " Or Molu."

LXVIII.

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
With the three-thousandth curtsy ; there the waltz,
The only dance which teaches girls to think,
Makes one in love even with its very faults.
Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd to climb,
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

LXIX.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey
Of the good company, can win a corner,
A door that's *in* or boudoir *out* of the way,
Where he may fix himself like small "Jack Horner,"
And let the Babel run round as it may,
And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,
Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
Yawning a little as the night grows later.

LXX.

But this won't do, save by and by ; and he
Who, like Don Juan, takes an active share,
Must steer with care through all that glittering sea
Of gems and plumes and pearls and silks, to where
He deems it is his proper place to be ;
Dissolving in the waltz to some soft air,
Or prouder prancing with mercurial skill,
Where Science marshals forth her own quadrille.

LXXI.

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views
Upon an heiress or his neighbour's bride,
Let him take care that that which he pursues
Is not at once too palpably descried.
Full many an eager gentleman oft rues
His haste ; impatience is a blundering guide,
Amongst a people famous for reflection,
Who like to play the fool with circumspection.

LXXII.

But, if you can contrive, get next at supper ;
 Or if forestall'd, get opposite and ogle :—
 Oh, ye ambrosial moments ! always upper
 In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,³⁰
 Which sits for ever upon memory's crupper,
 The ghost of vanish'd pleasures once in vogue ! III
 Can tender souls relate the rise and fall
 Of hopes and fears which shake a single ball.

LXXIII.

But these precautionary hints can touch
 Only the common run, who must pursue,
 And watch, and ward ; whose plans a word too much
 Or little overturns ; and not the few
 Or many (for the number's sometimes such)
 Whom a good mien, especially if new,
 Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or nonsense,
 Permits whate'er they please, or *did* not long since.

LXXIV.

Our hero, as a hero, young and handsome,
 Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,
 Like other slaves of course must pay his ransom,
 Before he can escape from so much danger
 As will environ a conspicuous man. Some
 Talk about poetry, and "rack and manger,"
 And ugliness, disease, as toil and trouble ;—
 I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

LXXV.

They are young, but know not youth—it is anticipated ;
 Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou ;
 Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated ;
 Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to* a Jew ;
 Both senates see their nightly votes participated
 Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew ;
 And having voted, dined, drank, gamed, and whored,
 The family vault receives another lord.

LXXVI.

“Where is the world?” cries Young at *eighty*—³¹ “Where
 The world in which a man was born?” Alas
 Where is the world of *eight* years past? ‘*Tw*as there—
 I look for it—’tis gone, a globe of glass!
 Crack’d, shiver’d, vanish’d, scarcely gazed on, ere
 A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
 Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
 And dandies, all are gone on the wind’s wings.

LXXVII.

Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows:
 Where little Castlereagh? The devil can tell:
 Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all those
 Who bound the bar or senate in their spell?
 Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her woes?
 And where the Daughter, whom the Isles loved well?
 Where are those martyr’d saints the Five per Cents?
 And where—oh, where the devil are the Rents? ³²

LXXVIII.

[Diddled.

Where’s Brummel? Dish’d. Where’s Long Pole Wellesley?
 Where’s Whitbread? Romilly? Where’s George the Third?
 Where is his will? ³³ (That’s not so soon unriddled.)
 And where is “Fum” the Fourth, our “royal bird?” ³⁴
 Gone down, it seems, to Scotland to be fiddled
 Unto by Sawney’s violin, we have heard:
 “Caw me, caw thee”—for six months hath been hatching
 This scene of royal itch and loyal scratching.

LXXIX.

Where is Lord This? And where my Lady That?
 The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?
 Some laid aside like an old Opera hat,
 Married, unmarried, and remarried: (this is
 An evolution oft perform’d of late).
 Where are the Dublin shouts—and London hisses?
 Where are the Grenvilles? Turn’d as usual. Where
 My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.

LXXX.

Where are the Lady Carolines and Franceses ?
Divorced or doing thereanent. Ye annals
So brilliant, where the list of routs and dances is,—
Thou Morning Post, sole record of the panels
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies
Of fashion,—say what streams now fill those channels ?
Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,
Because the times have hardly left them *one* tenant.

LXXXI.

Some who once set their caps at cautious dukes,
Have taken up at length with younger brothers :
Some heiresses have bit at sharpeners' hooks :
Some maids have been made wives, some merely mothers ;
Others have lost their fresh and fairy looks :
In short, the list of alterations bothers.
There's little strange in this, but something strange is
The unusual quickness of these common changes.

LXXXII.

Talk not of seventy years as age ; in seven
I have seen more changes, down from monarchs to
The humblest individual under heaven,
Than might suffice a moderate century through.
I knew that nought was lasting, but now even
Change grows too changeable, without being new :
Nought's permanent among the human race,
Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

LXXXIII.

I have seen Napoleon, who seem'd quite a Jupiter,
Shrink to a Saturn. I have seen a Duke
(No matter which) turn politician stupider,
If that can well be, than his wooden look.
But it is time that I should hoist my "blue Peter,"
And sail for a new theme :—I have seen—and shook
To see it—the king hiss'd, and then carest ;
But don't pretend to settle which was best.

LXXXIV.

I have seen the Landholders without a rap—
 I have seen Joanna Southcote—I have seen
 The House of Commons turn'd to a tax-trap—
 I have seen that sad affair of the late Queen—
 I have seen crowns worn instead of a fool's cap—
 I have seen a Congress³⁵ doing all that's mean—
 I have seen some nations, like o'erloaded asses,
 Kick off their burthens—meaning the high classes.

LXXXV.

I have seen small poets, and great prozers, and
 Interminable—*not eternal*—speakers—
 I have seen the funds at war with house and land—
 I have seen the country gentlemen turn squeakers—
 I have seen the people ridden o'er like sand
 By slaves on horseback—I have seen malt liquors
 Exchanged for “thin potations”³⁶ by John Bull—
 I have seen John half detect himself a fool.—

LXXXVI.

But “carpe diem,” Juan, “carpe, carpe!”³⁷
 To-morrow sees another race as gay
 And transient, and devour'd by the same harpy.
 “Life's a poor player,”—then “play out the play,”³⁸
 Ye villains!” and above all keep a sharp eye
 Much less on what you do than what you say:
 Be hypocritical, be cautious, be
 Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

LXXXVII.

But how shall I relate in other cantos
 Of what befel our hero in the land,
 Which 'tis the common cry and lie to vaunt as
 A moral country? But I hold my hand—
 For I disdain to write an Atalantis;³⁹
 But 'tis as well at once to understand
 You are *not* a moral people, and you know it
 Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

LXXXVIII.

What Juan saw and underwent shall be
My topic, with of course the due restriction
Which is required by proper courtesy ;
And recollect the work is only fiction,
And that I sing of neither mine nor me,
Though every scribe, in some slight turn of diction,
Will hint allusions never *meant*. Ne'er doubt
This—when I speak, I *don't hint*, but *speak out*.

LXXXIX.

Whether he married with the third or fourth
Offspring of some sage husband-hunting countess,
Or whether with some virgin of more worth
(I mean in Fortune's matrimonial bounties)
He took to regularly peopling Earth,
Of which your lawful awful wedlock fount is,—
Or whether he was taken in for damages,
For being too excursive in his homages,—

XC.

Is yet within the unread events of time.
Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I will back
Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
For being as much the subject of attack
As ever yet was any work sublime,
By those who love to say that white is black.
So much the better !—I may stand alone,
But would not change my free thoughts for a throne.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE TWELFTH.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTOS XII. XIII. AND XIV.

LORD BYRON, in conversation with Lady Blessington, used the same arguments in favour of avarice with which he opens the twelfth canto of "Don Juan." A passion, he said, that enabled us to conquer the appetites, that triumphed over pride and ostentation, that compelled self-denial, temperance, and sobriety, ought not to be decried. He declared he would write a poem in its praise, and laughed as he pictured the censures it would excite among credulous moralisers. It is needless to refute sophistries which were never meant to be serious. No meaner vice can exist than that which dries up all the benevolent and generous feelings, and absorbs the noble faculties and energies of man in a senseless worship. The sacrifices of the good are undergone in favour of objects which raise them *above* nature; the sacrifices of the miser are for ends which degrade him *below* it. It is, nevertheless, the case, that Lord Byron had made an attempt, half genuine, half whimsical, to become a lover of money. He said that every passion had governed him in turn; that even pleasure itself had ceased to please; and he was the weary victim of lassitude and satiety. Anything, he considered, was better than stagnation, and he fancied that to hoard would give a new impulse to his flagging existence. But when the tumultuous passions had failed to stimulate him, it was not the cold and sullen passion of avarice that could rouse him from his lethargy, nor could he long do such violence to his better nature as to persevere in playing a borrowed part. He had hardly taken up what he called his "furious fit of accumulation and retrenchment," than he devoted his thousands to the Greek cause. His love of lucre was of all his loves the least earnest, and most transitory; and, indeed, he wrote to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird when it was at its height, that it was not for himself, but from the wish to leave his relatives something more than a name, and to have a greater power of assisting others. "If," he added, "nothing else will do, I must try bread and water, which, by the way, are very nourishing, and sufficient, if good, of their kind." Having brought his hero in these cantos to England, the poet exhibits some of the vices, follies, and vanities of fashionable life, both as shown in London, and at the country-seats of the great. He has placed the assembled party at Newstead Abbey; and the description of his old baronial residence is one of the most beautiful bursts of poetry in "Don Juan." In the humorous part of the narrative, there are several strokes of lively satire; yet though much of it is happy, there is a large intermixture of pointless stanzas, and unquestionably it would have been far more dashing and spirited, if it had been earlier composed. The flowers and fruits of his genius were not gone, but the yellow leaves were beginning to show themselves; for the ceaseless fiery wear of body, heart, and mind, had brought a premature autumn upon the entire man. Cantos xii. xiii. and xiv. were published in London in November, 1823.

CANTO THE TWELFTH.

I.

OF all the barbarous middle ages, that
Which is most barbarous is the middle age
Of man : it is—I really scarce know what ;
But when we hover between fool and sage,
And don't know justly what we would be at—
A period something like a printed page,
Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were ;—

II.

Too old for youth,—too young, at thirty-five,
To herd with boys, or hoard with good threescore,—
I wonder people should be left alive ;
But since they are, that epoch is a bore :
Love lingers still, although 'twere late to wive ;
And as for other love, the illusion's o'er ;
And money, that most pure imagination,
Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

III.

O Gold ! Why call we misers miserable ?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall ;
Theirs is the best bower anchor, the chain cable
Which holds fast other pleasures great and small.
Ye who but see the saving man at table,
And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
Know not what visions spring from each cheese-paring.

IV.

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much sicker;
 Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss;
 But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
 And adding still a little through each cross
 (Which *will* come over things), beats love or liquor,
 The gamester's counter, or the statesman's *dross*.
 O Gold! I still prefer thee unto paper,
 Which makes bank credit like a bark of vapour.

V.

Who hold the balance of the world? Who reign
 O'er congress, whether royalist or liberal?
 Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain?
 (That make old Europe's journals squeak and gibber all.)
 Who keep the world, both old and new, in pain
 Or pleasure? Who make politics run glibber all?
 The shade of Buonaparte's noble daring?—
 Jew Rothschild, and his fellow-Christian Baring.

VI.

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte,
 Are the true lords of Europe. Every loan
 Is not a merely speculative hit,
 But seats a nation or upsets a throne.
 Republics also get involved a bit;
 Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown
 On 'Change, and even thy silver soil, Peru,
 Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

VII.

Why call the miser miserable? as
 I said before: the frugal life is his,
 Which in a saint or cynic ever was
 The theme of praise: a hermit would not miss
 Canonization for the self-same cause,
 And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities?
 Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial;—
 Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

VIII.

He is your only poet ;—passion, pure
And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays,
Possess'd, the ore, of which *mere hopes* allure
Nations athwart the deep : the golden rays
Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure :
On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze
While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dies
Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

IX.

The lands on either side are his ; the ship
From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads
For him the fragrant produce of each trip ;
Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip ;
His very cellars might be kings' abodes ;
While he, despising every sensual call,
Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

X.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
To build a college, or to found a race,
A hospital, a church,—and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face :
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
Even with the very ore which makes them base ;
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
Or revel in the joys of calculation.

XI.

But whether all, or each, or none of these
May be the hoarder's principle of action,
The fool will call such mania a disease :—
What is his *own* ? Go—look at each transaction,
Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men more ease
Than the mere plodding through each “vulgar fraction ?”
Or do they benefit mankind ? Lean miser !
Let spendthrift's heirs inquire of yours—who's wiser ?

XII.

How beauteous are rouleaus ! how charming chests
 Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
 (Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
 Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,
 But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests
 Some likeness, which the glittering cirque confines,
 Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp :—
 Yes ! ready money is Aladdin's lamp.

XIII.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,—for love
 Is heaven, and heaven is love : " —so sings the bard ;
 Which it were rather difficult to prove
 (A thing with poetry in general hard).
 Perhaps there may be something in "the grove,"
 At least it rhymes to "love : " but I'm prepared
 To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
 If "courts" and "camps" be quite so sentimental.

XIV.

But if Love don't, *Cash* does, and Cash alone :
 Cash rules the grove, and fells it too beside ;
 Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were none ;
 Without cash, Malthus tells you—"take no brides." ^s
 So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own
 High ground, as virgin Cynthia sways the tides :
 And as for "Heaven being Love," why not say honey
 Is wax ? Heaven is not Love, 'tis Matrimony.

XV.

Is not all love prohibited whatever,
 Excepting marriage ? which is love, no doubt,
 After a sort ; but somehow people never
 With the same thought the two words have help'd out.
 Love may exist *with* marriage, and *should* ever,
 And marriage also may exist without ;
 But love *sans* bans is both a sin and shame,
 And ought to go by quite another name.

XVI.

Now if the "court," and "camp," and "grove," be not
Recruited all with constant married men,
Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,
I say *that* line's a lapsus of the pen;—
Strange too in my "buon camerado" Scott,
So celebrated for his morals, when
My Jeffrey held him up as an example⁶
To me;—of which these morals are a sample.

XVII.

Well, if I don't succeed, I *have* succeeded,
And that's enough; succeeded in my youth,
The only time when much success is needed:
And my success produced what I, in sooth,
Cared most about; it need not now be pleaded—
Whate'er it was, 'twas mine; I've paid, in truth,
Of late, the penalty of such success,
But have not learn'd to wish it any less.

XVIII.

That suit in Chancery,—which some persons plead
In an appeal to the unborn, whom they,
In the faith of their procreative creed,
Baptise posterity, or future clay,—
To me seems but a dubious kind of reed
To lean on for support in any way;
Since odds are that posterity will know
No more of them, than they of her, I trow.

XIX.

Why, I'm posterity—and so are you;
And whom do we remember? Not a hundred.
Were every member written down all true,
The tenth or twentieth name would be but blunder'd.
Even Plutarch's Lives have but pick'd out a few,
And 'gainst these few your annalists have thunder'd;
And Mitford⁷ in the nineteenth century
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie.

xx.

Good people all, of every degree,
 Ye gentle readers and ungentle writers,
 In this twelfth Canto 'tis my wish to be
 As serious as if I had for inditers
 Malthus and Wilberforce :—the last set free
 The Negroes, and is worth a million fighters ;
 While Wellington has but enslaved the Whites,
 And Malthus does the thing 'gainst which he writes.

xxi.

I'm serious—so are all men upon paper ;
 And why should I not form my speculation,
 And hold up to the sun my little taper ?
 Mankind just now seem wrapt in meditation
 On constitutions and steam-boats of vapour ;
 While sages write against all procreation,
 Unless a man can calculate his means
 Of feeding brats the moment his wife weans.

xxii.

That's noble ! That's romantic ! For my part,
 I think that "Philo-genitiveness" is—
 (Now here's a word quite after my own heart,
 Though there's a shorter a good deal than this,
 If that politeness set it not apart ;
 But I'm resolved to say nought that's amiss) —
 I say, methinks that "Philo-genitiveness"
 Might meet from men a little more forgiveness.

xxiii.

And now to business.—O my gentle Juan !
 Thou art in London—in that pleasant place,
 Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing,
 Which can await warm youth in its wild race.
 'Tis true, that thy career is not a new one ;
 Thou art no novice in the headlong chase
 Of early life ; but this is a new land,
 Which foreigners can never understand.

XXIV.

What with a small diversity of climate,
 Of hot or cold, mercurial or sedate,
 I could send forth my mandate like a primate
 Upon the rest of Europe's social state;
 But thou art the most difficult to rhyme at,
 Great Britain, which the Muse may penetrate.
 All countries have their "Lions," but in thee
 There is but one superb menagerie.

XXV.

But I am sick of politics. Begin,
 "Paulo Majora." Juan, undecided
 Amongst the paths of being "taken in,"
 Above the ice had like a skater glided:
 When tired of play, he flirted without sin
 With some of those fair creatures who have prided
 Themselves on innocent tantalisation,
 And hate all vice except its reputation.

XXVI.

But these are few, and in the end they make
 Some devilish escapade or stir, which shows
 That even the purest people may mistake
 Their way through virtue's primrose paths of snows;
 And then men stare, as if a new ass spake
 To Balaam, and from tongue to ear o'erflows
 Quicksilver small talk, ending (if you note it)
 With the kind world's amen—"Who would have thought it?"

XXVII.

The little Leila, with her orient eyes,
 And taciturn Asiatic disposition,
 (Which saw all western things with small surprise,
 To the surprise of people of condition,
 Who think that novelties are butterflies
 To be pursued as food for inanition,)
 Her charming figure and romantic story
 Became a kind of fashionable mystery.

XXVIII.

The women much divided—as is usual
Amongst the sex in little things or great.
Think not, fair creatures, that I mean to abuse you all—
I have always liked you better than I state :
Since I've grown moral, still I must accuse you all
Of being apt to talk at a great rate ;
And now there was a general sensation
Amongst you, about Leila's education.

XXIX.

In one point only were you settled—and
You had reason ; 'twas that a young child of grace,
As beautiful as her own native land,
And far away, the last bud of her race,
Howe'er our friend Don Juan might command
Himself for five, four, three, or two years' space,
Would be much better taught beneath the eye
Of peeresses whose follies had run dry.

XXX.

So first there was a generous emulation,
And then there was a general competition,
To undertake the orphan's education.
As Juan was a person of condition,
It had been an affront on this occasion
To talk of a subscription or petition ;
But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she sages,
Whose tale belongs to "Hallam's Middle Ages,"

XXXI.

And one or two sad, separate wives, without
A fruit to bloom upon their withering bough—
Begg'd to bring *up* the little girl, and "*out*,"—
For that's the phrase that settles all things now,
Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,
And all her points as thorough-bred to show :
And I assure you, that like virgin honey
Tastes their first season (mostly if they have money).

XXXII.

How all the needy honourable misters,
 Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,
 The watchful mothers, and the careful sisters,
 (Who, by the by, when clever, are more handy
 At making matches, where "'tis gold that glisters,"
 Than their *he* relatives,) like flies o'er candy
 Buzz round "*the* Fortune" with their busy batter
 To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery!

XXXIII.

Each aunt, each cousin, hath her speculation;
 Nay, married dames will now and then discover
 Such pure disinterestedness of passion,
 I've known them court an heiress for their lover.
 "Tantæne!" * Such the virtues of high station,
 Even in the hopeful Isle, whose outlet's "Dover!"
 While the poor rich wretch, object of these cares,
 Has cause to wish her sire had had male heirs.

XXXIV.

Some are soon bagg'd, and some reject three dozen.
 'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals
 And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin
 (Friends of the party), who begin accusals
 Such as—"Unless Miss (Blank) meant to have chosen
 Poor Frederick, why did she accord perusals
 To his billets? *Why* waltz with him? Why, I pray,
 Look *yes* last night, and yet say *no* to-day?

XXXV.

"Why?—Why?—Besides, Fred really was *attach'd*;
 'Twas not her fortune—he has enough without:
 The time will come she'll wish that she had snatch'd
 So good an opportunity, no doubt:—
 But the old Marchioness some plan had hatch'd,
 As I'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout:
 And after all poor Frederick may do better—
 Pray did you see her answer to his letter?"

xxxvi.

Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets
Are spurn'd in turn, until her turn arrives,
After male loss of time, and hearts, and bets
Upon the sweepstakes for substantial wives,
And when at last the pretty creature gets
Some gentleman, who fights, or writes, or drives,
It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected
To find how very badly she selected.

xxxvii.

For sometimes they accept some long pursuer,
Worn out with importunity; or fall
(But here perhaps the instances are fewer)
To the lot of him who scarce pursued at all.
A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure¹⁰
(If 'tis not vain examples to recall)
To draw a high prize: now, howe'er he got her, I
See nought more strange in this than t'other lottery.

xxxviii.

I, for my part—(one “modern instance” more,
“True, 'tis a pity—pity 'tis, 'tis true”)
Was chosen from out an amatory score,
Albeit my years were less discreet than few;
But though I also had reform'd before
Those became one who soon were to be two,
I'll not gainsay the generous public's voice,
That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

xxxix.

Oh, pardon my digression—or at least
Peruse! 'Tis always with a moral end
That I dissert, like grace before a feast:
For like an aged aunt, or tiresome friend,
A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,
My Muse by exhortation means to mend
All people, at all times, and in most places,
Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces.

XI.

But now I'm going to be immoral ; now
I mean to show things really as they are,
Not as they ought to be : for I avow,
That till we see what's what in fact, we're far
From much improvement with that virtuous plough
Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar
Upon the black loam long manured by vice,
Only to keep its corn at the old price.

XLI.

But first of little Leila we'll dispose ;
For like a day-dawn she was young and pure,
Or like the old comparison of snows,
Which are more pure than pleasant to be sure.
Like many people every body knows,
Don Juan was delighted to secure
A goodly guardian for his infant charge,
Who might not profit much by being at large.

XLII.

Besides, he had found out he was no tutor
(I wish that others would find out the same),
And rather wish'd in such things to stand neuter,
For silly wards will bring their guardians blame :
So when he saw each ancient dame a suitor
To make his little wild Asiatic tame,
Consulting "the Society for Vice
Suppression," Lady Pinchbeck was his choice.

XLIII.

Olden she was—but had been very young ;
Virtuous she was—and had been, I believe ;
Although the world has such an evil tongue
That—but my chaster ear will not receive
An echo of a syllable that's wrong ;
In fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve,
As that abominable tittle-tattle,
Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle.

XLIV.

Moreover I've remarked (and I was once
 A slight observer in a modest way),
 And so may every one except a dunce,
 That ladies in their youth a little gay,
 Besides their knowledge of the world, and sense
 Of the sad consequence of going astray,
 Are wiser in their warnings 'gainst the woe
 Which the mere passionless can never know.

XLV.

While the harsh prude indemnifies her virtue
 By railing at the unknown and envied passion,
 Seeking far less to save you than to hurt you,
 Or, what's still worse, to put you out of fashion,—
 The kinder veteran with calm words will court you,
 Entreating you to pause before you dash on;
 Expounding and illustrating the riddle
 Of Epic Love's beginning, end, and middle.

XLVI.

Now whether it be thus, or that they are stricter,
 As better knowing why they should be so,
 I think you'll find from many a family picture,
 That daughters of such mothers as may know
 The world by experience rather than by lecture,
 Turn out much better for the Smithfield Show
 Of vestals brought into the marriage mart,
 Than those bred up by prudes without a heart.

XLVII.

I said that Lady Pinchbeck had been talk'd about—
 As who has not, if female, young, and pretty?
 But now no more the ghost of Scandal stalk'd about;
 She merely was deem'd amiable and witty,
 And several of her best bon-mots were hawk'd about:
 Then she was given to charity and pity,
 And pass'd (at least the latter years of life)
 For being a most exemplary wife.

XLVIII.

High in high circles, gentle in her own,
She was the mild reprover of the young,
Whenever—which means every day—they'd shown
An awkward inclination to go wrong.
The quantity of good she did's unknown,
Or at the least would lengthen out my song:
In brief, the little orphan of the East
Had raised an interest in her, which increased.

XLIX.

Juan, too, was a sort of favourite with her,
Because she thought him a good heart at bottom,
A little spoil'd, but not so altogether;
Which was a wonder, if you think who got him,
And how he had been toss'd, he scarce knew whither:
Though this might ruin others, it did *not* him,
At least entirely—for he had seen too many
Changes in youth, to be surprised at any.

L.

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth;
For when they happen at a riper age,
People are apt to blame the Fates, forsooth,
And wonder Providence is not more sage.
Adversity is the first path to truth:
He who hath proved war, storm, or woman's rage,
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
Hath won the experience which is deem'd so weighty.

LI.

How far it profits is another matter.—
Our hero gladly saw his little charge
Safe with a lady, whose last grown-up daughter
Being long married, and thus set at large,
Had left all the accomplishments she taught her
To be transmitted, like the Lord Mayor's barge,
To the next comer; or—as it will tell
More Muse-like—like to Cythera's shell.

LII.

I call such things transmission ; for there is
 A floating balance of accomplishment,
 Which forms a pedigree from Miss to Miss,
 According as their minds or backs are bent.
 Some waltz ; some draw ; some fathom the abyss
 Of metaphysics ; others are content
 With music ; the most moderate shine as wits ;
 While others have a genius turn'd for fits.

LIII.

But whether fits, or wits, or harpsichords,
 Theology, fine arts, or finer stays,
 May be the baits for gentlemen or lords
 With regular descent, in these our days,
 The last year to the new transfers its hoards ;
 New vestals claim men's eyes with the same praise
 Of "elegant" *et-cetera*, in fresh batches—
 All matchless creatures, and yet bent on matches.

LIV.

But now I will begin my poem. 'Tis
 Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,
 That from the first of Cantos up to this
 I've not begun what we have to go through.
 These first twelve books are merely flourishes,
 Preludios, trying just a string or two
 Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure ;
 And when so, you shall have the overture.

LV.

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
 About what's call'd success, or not succeeding
 Such thoughts are quite below the strain they have chosen,
 'Tis a "great moral lesson" " they are reading.
 I thought, at setting off, about two dozen
 Cantos would do ; but at Apollo's pleading,
 If that my Pegasus should not be founder'd,
 I think to canter gently through a hundred.

LVI.

Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts,
Yclept the Great World; for it is the least,
Although the highest: but as swords have hilts
By which their power of mischief is increased,
When man in battle or in quarrel tilts,
Thus the low world, north, south, or west, or east,
Must still obey the high¹²—which is their handle,
Their moon, their sun, their gas, their farthing candle.

LVII.

He had many friends who had many wives, and was
Well look'd upon by both, to that extent
Of friendship which you may accept or pass,
It does nor good, nor harm: being merely meant
To keep the wheels going of the higher class,
And draw them nightly when a ticket's sent;
And what with masquerades, and fêtes, and balls,
For the first season such a life scarce palls.

LVIII.

A young unmarried man, with a good name
And fortune, has an awkward part to play;
For good society is but a game,
“The royal game of Goose,”¹³ as I may say,
Where everybody has some separate aim,
An end to answer, or a plan to lay—
The single ladies wishing to be double,
The married ones to save the virgins trouble.

LIX.

I don't mean this as general, but particular
Examples may be found of such pursuits:
Though several also keep their perpendicular
Like poplars, with good principles for roots;
Yet many have a method more *reticular*—
“Fishers for men,” like sirens with soft lutes:
For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

LX.

Perhaps you'll have a letter from the mother,
To say her daughter's feelings are trepann'd ;
Perhaps you'll have a visit from the brother,
All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to demand
What "your intentions are?"—One way or other
It seems the virgin's heart expects your hand :
And between pity for her case and yours,
You'll add to Matrimony's list of cures.

LXI.

I've known a dozen weddings made even *thus*,
And some of them high names : I have also known
Young men who—though they hated to discuss
Pretensions which they never dream'd to have shown—
Yet neither frightened by a female fuss,
Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone,
And lived, as did the broken-hearted fair,
In happier plight than if they form'd a pair.

LXII.

There's also nightly, to the uninitiated,
A peril—not indeed like love or marriage,
But not the less for this to be depreciated :
It is—I meant and mean not to disparage
The show of virtue even in the vitiated—
It adds an outward grace unto their carriage—
But to denounce the amphibious sort of harlot,
"Couleur de rose," who's neither white nor scarlet.

LXIII.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "No,"
And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on and off-ing
On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow—
Then sees your heart wreck'd with an inward scoffing.
This works a world of sentimental woe,
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin ;
But yet is merely innocent flirtation,
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

LXIV.

“Ye gods, I grow a talker!” Let us prate.
The next of perils, though I place it *sternest*,
Is when, without regard to “church or state.”
A wife makes or takes love in upright earnest.
Abroad, such things decide few women’s fate—
(Such, early traveller! is the truth thou learnest)—
But in old England, when a young bride errs,
Poor thing! Eve’s was a trifling case to hers.

LXV.

For ’tis a low, newspaper, humdrum, lawsuit
Country, where a young couple of the same ages
Can’t form a friendship, but the world o’erawes it.
Then there’s the vulgar trick of those d——d damages!
A verdict—grievous foe to those who cause it!—
Forms a sad climax to romantic homages;
Besides those soothing speeches of the pleaders,
And evidences which regale all readers.

LXVI.

But they who blunder thus are raw beginners;
A little genial sprinkling of hypocrisy
Has saved the fame of thousand splendid sinners,
The loveliest oligarchs of our gynocracy;
You may see such at all the balls and dinners,
Among the proudest of our aristocracy,
So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste—
And all by having *tact* as well as taste.

LXVII.

Juan, who did not stand in the predicament
Of a mere novice, had one safeguard more;
For he was sick—no, ’twas not the word *sick* I meant—
But he had seen so much good love before,
That he was not in heart so very weak;—I meant
But thus much, and no sneer against the shore
Of white cliffs, white necks, blue eyes, bluer stockings,
Tithes, taxes, duns, and doors with double knockings.

LXVIII.

But coming young from lands and scenes romantic,
 Where lives, not lawsuits, must be risk'd for Passion,
 And Passion's self must have a spice of frantic,
 Into a country where 'tis half a fashion,
 Seem'd to him half commercial, half pedantic,
 Howe'er he might esteem this moral nation :
 Besides (alas ! his taste—forgive and pity !)
 At first he did not think the women pretty.

LXIX.

I say at *first*—for he found out at *last*,
 But by degrees, that they were fairer far
 Than the more glowing dames whose lot is cast
 Beneath the influence of the eastern star.
 A further proof we should not judge in haste
 Yet inexperience could not be his bar
 To taste:—the truth is, if men would confess,
 That novelties *please* less than they *impress*.

LXX.

Though travell'd, I have never had the luck to
 Trace up those shuffling negroes, Nile or Niger,
 To that impracticable place Timbuctoo,
 Where Geography finds no one to oblige her
 With such a chart as may be safely stuck to—
 For Europe ploughs in Afric like “bos piger ;”
 But if I *had been* at Timbuctoo, there
 No doubt I should be told that black is fair.”

LXXI.

It is. I will not swear that black is white ;
 But I suspect in fact that white is black,
 And the whole matter rests upon eyesight.
 Ask a blind man, the best judge. You'll attack
 Perhaps this new position—but I'm right ;
 Or if I'm wrong, I'll not be ta'en aback :—
 He hath no morn nor night, but all is dark
 Within ; and what seest thou ? A dubious spark.

LXXII.

But I'm relapsing into metaphysics,
That labyrinth, whose clue is of the same
Construction as your cures for hectic phthisics,
'Those bright moths fluttering round a dying flame :
And this reflection brings me to plain physics,
And to the beauties of a foreign dame,
Compared with those of our pure pearls of price,
'Those polar summers, *all* sun, and some ice.

LXXIII.

Or say they are like virtuous mermaids, whose
Beginnings are fair faces, ends mere fishes ;—
Not that there's not a quantity of those
Who have a due respect for their own wishes.
Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows¹⁶
Are they, at bottom virtuous even when vicious ;
They warm into a scrape, but keep of course,
As a reserve, a plunge into remorse.

LXXIV.

But this has nought to do with their outsides.
I said that Juan did not think them pretty
At the first blush ; for a fair Briton hides
Half her attractions—probably from pity—
And rather calmly into the heart glides,
Than storms it as a foe would take a city ;
But once there (if you doubt this, prithee try)
She keeps it for you like a true ally.

LXXV.

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,
Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,
Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,
Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burning ;
Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warb-
le those bravuras (which I still am learning
To like, though I have been seven years in Italy,
And have, or had, an ear that served me prettily) ;—

LXXVI.

She cannot do these things, nor one or two
 Others, in that off-hand and dashing style
 Which takes so much—to give the devil his due :
 Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,
 Nor settles all things in one interview,
 (A thing approved as saving time and toil) ;—
 But though the soil may give you time and trouble,
 Well cultivated, it will render double.

LXXVII.

And if in fact she takes to a “grande passion,”
 It is a very serious thing indeed :
 Nine times in ten ’tis but caprice or fashion,
 Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,
 The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,
 Or wish to make a rival’s bosom bleed :
 But the tenth instance will be a tornado,
 For there’s no saying what they will or may do.

LXXVIII.

The reason’s obvious ; if there’s an éclat,
 They lose their caste at once, as do the Parias ;
 And when the delicacies of the law
 Have fill’d their papers with their comments various,
 Society, that china without flaw,
 (The hypocrite !) will banish them like Marius,
 To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt :
 For Fame’s a Carthage not so soon rebuilt.

LXXIX.

Perhaps this is as it should be ;—it is
 A comment on the Gospel’s “Sin no more,
 And be thy sins forgiven ;”—but upon this
 I leave the saints to settle their own score.
 Abroad, though doubtless they do much amiss,
 An erring woman finds an opener door
 For her return to Virtue—as they call
 That lady, who should be at home to all.

LXXX.

For me, I leave the matter where I find it,
Knowing that such uneasy virtue leads
People some ten times less in fact to mind it,
And care but for discoveries and not deeds.
And as for chastity, you'll never bind it
By all the laws the strictest lawyer pleads,
But aggravate the crime you have not prevented,
By rendering desperate those who had else repented.

LXXXI.

But Juan was no casuist, nor had ponder'd
Upon the moral lessons of mankind :
Besides, he had not seen of several hundred
A lady altogether to his mind.
A little "blasé"—'tis not to be wonder'd
At, that his heart had got a tougher rind :
And though not vainer from his past success,
No doubt his sensibilities were less.

LXXXII.

He also had been busy seeing sights—
The Parliament and all the other houses ;
Had sat beneath the gallery at nights,
To hear debates whose thunder *roused* (not *rouses*)
The world to gaze upon those northern lights
Which flash'd as far as where the musk-bull browses ;"
He had also stood at times behind the throne—
But Grey¹⁷ was not arrived, and Chatham gone."

LXXXIII.

He saw, however, at the closing session,
That noble sight, when *really* free the nation,
A king in constitutional possession
Of such a throne as is the proudest station,
Though despots know it not—till the progression
Of freedom shall complete their education.
"Tis not mere splendour makes the show august
To eye or heart—it is the people's trust.

LXXXIV.

There, too, he saw (whate'er he may be now)
 A Prince, the prince of princes at the time,
 With fascination in his very bow,
 And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
 Though royalty was written on his brow,
 He had *then* the grace, too, rare in every clime,
 Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
 A finished gentleman from top to toe.¹⁹

LXXXV.

And Juan was received, as hath been said,
 Into the best society; and there
 Occurr'd what often happens, I'm afraid,
 However disciplined and debonnaire:—
 The talent and good humour he display'd,
 Besides the mark'd distinction of his air,
 Exposed him, as was natural, to temptation,
 Even though himself avoided the occasion.

LXXXVI.

But what, and where, with whom, and when, and why,
 Is not to be put hastily together;
 And as my object is morality
 (Whatever people say), I don't know whether
 I'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,
 But harrow up his feelings till they wither,
 And hew out a huge monument of pathos,
 As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos.²⁰

LXXXVII.

Here the twelfth Canto of our introduction
 Ends. When the body of the book's begun,
 You'll find it of a different construction
 From what some people say 'twill be when done;
 The plan at present's simply in concoction.
 I can't oblige you, reader, to read on;
 That's your affair, not mine: a real spirit
 Should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it.

LXXXVIII.

And if my thunderbolt not always rattles,
Remember, reader ! you have had before
The worst of tempests and the best of battles,
That e'er were brew'd from elements or gore,
Besides the most sublime of—Heaven knows what else :
An usurer could scarce expect much more—
But my best canto, save one on astronomy,
Will turn upon “ political economy.”

LXXXIX.

That is your present theme for popularity :
Now that the public hedge hath scarce a stake,
It grows an act of patriotic charity,
To show the people the best way to break.
My plan (but I, if but for singularity,
Reserve it) will be very sure to take.
Meantime, read all the national-debt sinkers,
And tell me what you think of our great thinkers.

DON JUAN



CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

I now mean to be serious ;—it is time,
Since laughter now-a-days is deem'd too serious ;
A jest at Vice by Virtue's call'd a crime,
And critically held as deleterious :
Besides, the sad's a source of the sublime,
Although when long a little apt to weary us ;
And therefore shall my lay soar high and solemn,
As an old temple dwindled to a column.

II.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville
('Tis an old Norman name, and to be found
In pedigrees, by those who wander still
Along the last fields of that Gothic ground)
Was high-born, wealthy by her father's will,
And beauteous, even where beauties most abound,
In Britain—which of course true patriots find
The goodliest soil of body and of mind.

III.

I'll not gainsay them ; it is not my cue ;
I'll leave them to their taste, no doubt the best :
An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request,
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue—
The kindest may be taken as a test.
The fair sex should be always fair ; and no man,
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.

IV.

And after that serene and somewhat dull
 Epoch, that awkward corner turn'd for days
 More quiet, when our moon's no more at full,
 We may presume to criticise or praise ;
 Because indifference begins to lull
 Our passions, and we walk in wisdom's ways ;
 Also because the figure and the face
 Hint, that 'tis time to give the younger place.

V.

I know that some would fain postpone this era,
 Reluctant as all placemen to resign
 Their post ; but theirs is merely a chimera,
 For they have pass'd life's equinoctial line :
 But then they have their claret and Madeira
 To irrigate the dryness of decline ;
 And county meetings, and the parliament,
 And debt, and what not, for their solace sent.

VI.

And is there not religion, and reform,
 Peace, war, the taxes, and what's call'd the "Nation ?"
 The struggle to be pilots in a storm ?
 The landed and the monied speculation ?
 The joys of mutual hate to keep them warm,
 Instead of love, that mere hallucination ?
 Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure ;
 Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

VII.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, profess'd,
 Right honestly, "he liked an honest hater !" —
 The only truth that yet has been confest
 Within these latest thousand years or later.
 Perhaps the fine old fellow spoke in jest :—
 For my part, I am but a mere spectator,
 And gaze where'er the palace or the hovel is,
 Much in the mode of Goethe's Mephistopheles ;¹

VIII.

But neither love nor hate in much excess ;
Though 'twas not once so. If I sneer sometimes,
It is because I cannot well do less,
And now and then it also suits my rhymes.
I should be very willing to redress
Men's wrongs, and rather check than punish crimes,
Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale
Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

IX.

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile : his hero's right,
And still pursues the right ;—to curb the bad
His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight
His guerdon : 'tis his virtue makes him mad !
But his adventures form a sorry sight ;—
A sorrier still is the great moral taught
By that real epic unto all who have thought.

X.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,
To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff ;
Opposing singly the united strong,
From foreign yoke to free the helpless native :—
Alas ! must noblest views, like an old song,
Be for mere fancy's sport a theme creative,
A jest, a riddle, Fame through thick and thin sought !
And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote ?

XI.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away ;
A single laugh demolish'd the right arm
Of his own country ;—seldom since that day
Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm,
The world gave ground before her bright array ;
And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
That all their glory, as a composition,
Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.²

XII.

I'm "at my old lunes"³—digression, and forget
 The Lady Adeline Amundeville;
 The fair most fatal Juan ever met,
 Although she was not evil nor meant ill;
 But Destiny and Passion spread the net
 (Fate is a good excuse for our own will),
 And caught them;—what do they *not* catch, methinks?
 But I'm not Œdipus, and life's a Sphinx.

XIII.

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare
 To venture a solution: "Davus sum!"⁴
 And now I will proceed upon the pair.
 Sweet Adeline, amidst the gay world's hum,
 Was the Queen-Bee, the glass of all that's fair;
 Whose charms made all men speak, and women dumb.
 The last's a miracle, and such was reckon'd,
 And since that time there has not been a second.

XIV.

Chaste was she, to detraction's desperation,
 And wedded unto one she had loved well—
 A man known in the councils of the nation,
 Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,
 Though apt to act with fire upon occasion,
 Proud of himself and her: the world could tell
 Nought against either, and both seem'd secure—
 She in her virtue, he in his hauteur.

XV.

It chanced some diplomatical relations,
 Arising out of business, often brought
 Himself and Juan in their mutual stations
 Into close contact. Though reserved, nor caught
 By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and patience,
 And talent, on his haughty spirit wrought,
 And form'd a basis of esteem, which ends
 In making men what courtesy calls friends.

XVI.

And thus Lord Henry, who was cautious as
Reserve and pride could make him, and full slow
In judging men—when once his judgment was
Determined, right or wrong, on friend or foe,
Had all the pertinacity pride has,
Which knows no ebb to its imperious flow,
And loves or hates, disdaining to be guided,
Because its own good pleasure hath decided.

XVII.

His friendships, therefore, and no less aversions,
Though oft well founded, which confirm'd but more
His prepossessions, like the laws of Persians
And Medes, would ne'er revoke what went before.
His feelings had not those strange fits, like tertians,
Of common likings, which make some deplore
What they should laugh at—the mere ague still
Of men's regard, the fever or the chill.

XVIII.

“ 'Tis not in mortals to command success : ”
But *do you more*, Sempronius—*don't* deserve it,”
And take my word, you won't have any less.
Be wary, watch the time, and always serve it ;
Give gently way, when there's too great a press ;
And for your conscience, only learn to nerve it,
For, like a racer, or a boxer training,
'Twill make, if proved, vast efforts without paining.

XIX.

Lord Henry also liked to be superior,
As most men do, the little or the great ;
The very lowest find out an inferior,
At least they think so, to exert their state
Upon : for there are very few things wearier
Than solitary pride's oppressive weight,
Which mortals generously would divide,
By bidding others carry while they ride.

XX.

In birth, in rank, in fortune likewise equal,
O'er Juan he could no distinction claim ;
In years he had the advantage of time's sequel ;
And, as he thought, in country much the same—
Because bold Britons have a tongue and free quill,
At which all modern nations vainly aim ;
And the Lord Henry was a great debater,
So that few members kept the house up later.

XXI.

These were advantages : and then he thought—
It was his foible, but by no means sinister—
That few or none more than himself had caught
Court mysteries, having been himself a minister :
He liked to teach that which he had been taught,
And greatly shone whenever there had been a stir ;
And reconciled all qualities which grace man,
Always a patriot and sometimes a placeman.

XXII.

He liked the gentle Spaniard for his gravity ;
He almost honour'd him for his docility ;
Because, though young, he acquiesced with suavity,
Or contradicted but with proud humility.
He knew the world, and would not see depravity
In faults which sometimes show the soil's fertility,
If that the weeds o'erlive not the first crop—
For then they are very difficult to stop.

XXIII.

And then he talk'd with him about Madrid,
Constantinople, and such distant places ;
Where people always did as they were bid,
Or did what they should not with foreign graces.
Of coursers also spake they : Henry rid
Well, like most Englishmen, and loved the races ;
And Juan, like a true-born Andalusian,
Could back a horse, as despots ride a Russian.

XXIV.

And thus acquaintance grew, at noble routs,
And diplomatic dinners, or at other—
For Juan stood well both with Ins and Outs,
As in freemasonry a higher brother.
Upon his talent Henry had no doubts;
His manner show'd him sprung from a high mother;
And all men like to show their hospitality
To him whose breeding matches with his quality.

XXV.

At Blank-Blank Square;—for we will break no squares
By naming streets: since men are so censorious,
And apt to sow an author's wheat with tares,
Reaping allusions private and inglorious,
Where none were dreamt of, unto love's affairs,
Which were, or are, or are to be notorious,
That therefore do I previously declare,
Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-Blank Square.

XXVI.

Also there bin^d another pious reason
For making squares and streets anonymous;
Which is, that there is scarce a single season
Which doth not shake some very splendid house
With some slight heart-quake of domestic treason—
A topic scandal doth delight to rouse:
Such I might stumble over unawares,
Unless I knew the very chastest squares.

XXVII.

'Tis true, I might have chosen Piccadilly,
A place where peccadillos are unknown;
But I have motives, whether wise or silly,
For letting that pure sanctuary alone.
Therefore I name not square, street, place, until I
Find one where nothing naughty can be shown,
A vestal shrine of innocence of heart:
Such are—but I have lost the London Chart.

XXVIII.

At Henry's mansion then, in Blank-Blank Square,
 Was Juan a *recherché*, welcome guest,
 As many other noble scions were ;
 And some who had but talent for their crest ;
 Or wealth, which is a passport everywhere ;
 Or even mere fashion, which indeed's the best
 Recommendation ; and to be well drest
 Will very often supersede the rest.

XXIX.

And since "there's safety in a multitude
 Of counsellors," as Solomon has said,
 Or some one for him, in some sage, grave mood ;—
 Indeed we see the daily proof display'd
 In senates, at the bar, in wordy feud,
 Where'er collective wisdom can parade,
 Which is the only cause that we can guess
 Of Britain's present wealth and happiness ;—

XXX.

But as "there's safety" grafted in the number
 "Of counsellors" for men,—thus for the sex
 A large acquaintance lets not Virtue slumber ;
 Or should it shake, the choice will more perplex—
 Variety itself will more encumber.
 'Midst many rocks we guard more against wrecks ;
 And thus with women : howsoe'er it shocks some's
 Self-love, there's safety in a crowd of coxcombs.

XXXI.

But Adeline had not the least occasion
 For such a shield, which leaves but little merit
 To virtue proper, or good education.
 Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,
 Which judged mankind at their due estimation ;
 And for coquetry, she disdain'd to wear it :
 Secure of admiration, its impression
 Was faint as of an every-day possession.

XXXII.

To all she was polite without parade ;
 To some she show'd attention of that kind
 Which flatters, but is flattery convey'd
 In such a sort as cannot leave behind
 A trace unworthy either wife or maid ;—
 A gentle, genial courtesy of mind,
 To those who were, or pass'd for meritorious,
 Just to console sad glory for being glorious ;

XXXIII.

Which is in all respects, save now and then,
 A dull and desolate appendage. Gaze
 Upon the shades of those distinguish'd men,
 Who were or are the puppet-shows of praise,
 The praise of persecution. Gaze again
 On the most favour'd ; and amidst the blaze
 Of sunset halos o'er the laurel-brow'd,
 What can ye recognise ?—a gilded cloud.

XXXIV.

There also was of course in Adeline
 That calm patrician polish in the address,
 Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line
 Of anything which nature would express ;
 Just as a mandarin finds nothing fine,—
 At least his manner suffers not to guess,
 That any thing he views can greatly please.
 Perhaps we have borrow'd this from the Chinese—

XXXV.

Perhaps from Horace : his "*Nil admirari*"
 Was what he call'd the "Art of Happiness ;"
 An art on which the artists greatly vary,
 And have not yet attain'd to much success.
 However, 'tis expedient to be wary :
 Indifference certes don't produce distress ;
 And rash enthusiasm in good society
 Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

XXXVI.

But Adeline was not indifferent : for
 (Now for a common-place !) beneath the snow,
 As a volcano holds the lava more
 Within—*et cætera*.⁸ Shall I go on ?—No.
 I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor,
 So let the often-used volcano go.
 Poor thing ! How frequently, by me and others,
 It hath been stirr'd up till its smoke quite smothers !

XXXVII.

I'll have another figure in a trice :—
 What say you to a bottle of champagne ?
 Frozen into a very vinous ice,
 Which leaves few drops of that immortal rain,
 Yet in the very centre, past all price,
 About a liquid glassful will remain ;
 And this is stronger than the strongest grape
 Could e'er express in its expanded shape :

XXXVIII.

'Tis the whole spirit brought to a quintessence ;
 And thus the chilliest aspects may concentrate
 A hidden nectar under a cold presence.
 And such are many—though I only meant her
 From whom I now deduce these moral lessons,
 On which the Muse has always sought to enter.
 And your cold people are beyond all price,
 When once you've broken their confounded ice.

XXXIX.

But after all they are a North-West Passage
 Unto the glowing India of the soul ;
 And as the good ships sent upon that message
 Have not exactly ascertain'd the Pole
 (Though Parry's efforts look a lucky presage),
 Thus gentlemen may run upon a shoal ;
 For if the Pole's not open, but all frost
 (A chance still), 'tis a voyage or vessel lost.

XL.

And young beginners may as well commence
With quiet cruising o'er the ocean woman;
While those who are not beginners should have sense
Enough to make for port ere time shall summon
With his grey signal-flag; and the past tense,
The dreary "*Fuimus*" of all things human,
Must be declined, while life's thin thread's spun out
Between the gaping heir and gnawing gout.

XLI.

But heaven must be diverted; its diversion
Is sometimes truculent—but never mind:
The world upon the whole is worth the assertion
(If but for comfort) that all things are kind:
And that same devilish doctrine of the Persian,
Of the two principles,⁹ but leaves behind
As many doubts as any other doctrine
Has ever puzzled Faith withal, or yoked her in.

XLII.

The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August—now was done.
'Tis the postilion's paradise: wheels fly;
On roads, east, south, north, west, there is a run.
But for post-horses who finds sympathy?
Man's pity's for himself, or for his son,
Always premising that said son at college
Has not contracted much more debt than knowledge.

XLIII.

The London winter's ended in July—
Sometimes a little later. I don't err
In this: whatever other blunders lie
Upon my shoulders, here I must aver
My Muse a glass of weatherology;
For parliament is our barometer:
Let radicals its other acts attack,
Its sessions form our only almanack.

XLIV.

When its quicksilver's down at zero,—lo!
 Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage, equipage!
 Wheels whirl from Carlton palace to Soho,
 And happiest they who horses can engage;
 The turnpikes glow with dust; and Rotten Row
 Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age;
 And tradesmen, with long bills and longer faces,
 Sigh—as the postboys fasten on the traces.

XLV.

They and their bills, “Arcadians both,”¹⁰ are left
 To the Greek kalends of another session.
 Alas! to them of ready cash bereft,
 What hope remains? Of *hope* the full possession
 Or generous draft, conceded as a gift,
 At a long date—till they can get a fresh one—
 Hawk'd about at a discount, small or large;
 Also the solace of an overcharge.

XLVI.

But these are trifles. Downward flies my lord,
 Nodding beside my lady in his carriage.
 Away! away! “Fresh horses!” are the word,
 And changed as quickly as hearts after marriage;
 The obsequious landlord hath the change restored;
 The postboys have no reason to disparage
 Their fee; but ere the water'd wheels may hiss hence,
 The ostler pleads too for a reminiscence.

XLVII.

'Tis granted; and the valet mounts the dickey—
 That gentleman of lords and gentlemen;
 Also my lady's gentlewoman, tricky,
 Trick'd out, but modest more than poet's pen
 Can paint,—“*Così viaggino i Ricchi!*”¹¹
 (Excuse a foreign slipslop now and then,
 If but to show I've travell'd: and what's travel,
 Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?)

XLVIII.

The London winter and the country summer
 Were well nigh over. 'Tis perhaps a pity,
 When nature wears the gown that doth become her,
 To lose those best months in a sweaty city,
 And wait until the nightingale grows dumber,
 Listening debates not very wise or witty,
 Ere patriots their true *country* can remember;—
 But there's no shooting (save grouse) till September.

XLIX.

I've done with my tirade. The world was gone;
 The twice two thousand, for whom earth was made,
 Were vanish'd to be' what they call alone—
 That is, with thirty servants for parade,
 As many guests, or more; before whom groan
 As many covers, duly, daily laid.
 Let none accuse old England's hospitality—
 Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

L.

Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline
 Departed like the rest of their compeers,
 The peerage, to a mansion very fine;
 The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.
 None than themselves could boast a longer line,
 Where time through heroes and through beauties steers;
 And oaks as olden as their pedigree
 Told of their sires, a tomb in every tree.

LI.

A paragraph in every paper told
 Of their departure: such is modern fame:
 'Tis pity that it takes no farther hold
 Than an advertisement, or much the same;
 When, ere the ink be dry, the sound grows cold.
 The Morning Post was foremost to proclaim—
 "Departure, for his country seat, to-day,
 Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

LII.

“ We understand the splendid host intends
 To entertain, this autumn, a select
 And numerous party of his noble friends ;
 ’Midst whom we have heard, from sources quite correct,
 The Duke of D—— the shooting season spends,
 With many more by rank and fashion deck’d ;
 Also a foreigner of high condition,
 The envoy of the secret Russian mission.”

LIII.

And thus we see—who doubts the Morning Post ?
 (Whose articles are like the “ Thirty-nine,”
 Which those most swear to who believe them most)—
 Our gay Russ Spaniard was ordain’d to shine,
 Deck’d by the rays reflected from his host,
 With those who, Pope says, “ greatly daring dine.”—
 ’Tis odd, but true,—last war the News abounded
 More with these dinners than the kill’d or wounded ;—

LIV.

As thus : “ On Thursday there was a grand dinner ;
 Present, Lords A. B. C.”—Earls, dukes, by name
 Announced with no less pomp than victory’s winner :
 Then underneath, and in the very same
 Column : date, “ Falmouth. There has lately been here
 The Slap-dash regiment, so well known to fame ;
 Whose loss in the late action we regret :
 The vacancies are fill’d up—see Gazette.”

LV.

To Norman Abbey whirl’d the noble pair —
 An old, old monastery once, and now
 Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare
 Mix’d Gothic, such as artists all allow
 Few specimens yet left us can compare
 Withal : ¹² it lies perhaps a little low,
 Because the monks preferr’d a hill behind,
 To shelter their devotion from the wind. ¹³

LVI.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunderstroke,
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters; as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.¹⁴

LVII.

Before the mansion lay a lucid Lake,¹⁵
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wildfowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

LVIII.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

LIX.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

LX.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone ;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

LXI.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child,¹⁶
With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd ;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

LXII.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fret-work, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

LXIII.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
And harmonised by the old choral wall :

LXIV.

Others, that some original shape, or form
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue,¹⁷ warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower ;
The cause I know not, nor can solve : but such
The fact :—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.¹⁸

LXV.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,¹⁹
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

LXVI.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween :
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene ;²⁰
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

LXVII.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur ; but when combined,
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts :
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

LXVIII.

Steel barons, molten the next generation
 To silken rows of gay and garter'd earls,
 Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation :
 And Lady Marys blooming into girls,
 With fair long locks, had also kept their station :
 And countesses mature in robes and pearls :
 Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
 Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.

LXIX.

Judges in very formidable ermine
 Were there, with brows that did not much invite
 The accused to think their lordships would determine
 His cause by leaning much from might to right :
 Bishops, who had not left a single sermon ;
 Attorneys-general, awful to the sight,
 As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)
 Of the "Star Chamber" than of "Habeas Corpus."

LXX.

Generals, some all in armour, of the old
 And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead :
 Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
 Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed :
 Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold :
 Nimrods, whose canvass scarce contain'd the steed ;
 And here and there some stern high patriot stood,
 Who could not get the place for which he sued.

LXXI.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
 Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
 There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
 Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's :²¹
 Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone
 In Vernet's ocean lights ; and there the stories
 Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
 His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

LXXII.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;
 There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
 Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
 Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite:—
 But, lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
 Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:
 His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish,²
 Or Dutch with thirst—What, ho! a flask of Rhenish.

LXXIII.

O reader! if that thou canst read,—and know,
 'Tis not enough to spell, or even to read,
 To constitute a reader; there must go
 Virtues of which both you and I have need.
 Firstly, begin with the beginning—(though
 That clause is hard); and secondly, proceed:
 Thirdly, commence not with the end—or, sinning
 In this sort, end at last with the beginning.

LXXIV.

But, reader, thou hast patient been of late,
 While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,
 Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,
 Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer.
 That poets were so from their earliest date,
 By Homer's "Catalogue of ships" is clear;
 But a mere modern must be moderate—
 I spare you then the furniture and plate.

LXXV.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
 The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
 The corn is cut, the manor full of game;
 The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
 In russet jacket:—lynx-like is his aim;
 Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
 Ah, nutbrown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
 And ah, ye poachers!—'Tis no sport for peasants.

LXXVI.

An English autumn, though it hath no vines,
Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
The paths, o'er which the far festoon entwines
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines;
The claret light, and the Madeira strong;
If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her,
The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

LXXVII.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline
Which makes the southern autumn's day appear
As if 'twould to a second spring resign
The season, rather than to winter drear,—
Of in-door comforts still she hath a mine,—
The sea-coal fires, the "earliest of the year;"
Without doors, too, she may compete in mellow,
As what is lost in green is gain'd in yellow.

LXXVIII.

And for the effeminate *villeggiatura*—
Rife with more horns than hounds—she hath the chase,
So animated that it might allure a
Saint from his beads to join the jocund race;
Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura,²³
And wear the Melton jacket for a space:
If she hath no wild boars, she hath a tame
Preserve of bores, who ought to be made game.

LXXIX.

The noble guests assembled at the Abbey
Consisted of—we give the sex the *pas*—
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke; the Countess Crabby
The Ladies Scilly, Busey; Miss Eclat,
Miss Bombazeen, Miss Mackstay, Miss O'Tabby,
And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's squaw;
Also the honourable Mrs. Sleep,
Who look'd a white lamb, yet was a black sheep:

LXXX.

With other Countesses of Blank—but rank ;
 At once the “lie” and the “élite” of crowds ;
 Who pass like water filter’d in a tank,
 All purged and pious from their native clouds ;
 Or paper turn’d to money by the Bank :
 No matter how or why, the passport shrouds
 The “passée” and the past ; for good society
 Is no less famed for tolerance than piety,—

LXXXI.

That is, up to a certain point ; which point
 Forms the most difficult in punctuation.
 Appearances appear to form the joint
 On which it hinges in a higher station ;
 And so that no explosion cry “Aroint
 Thee, witch !”²⁴ or each Medea has her Jason ;
 Or (to the point with Horace and with Pulci)
 “*Omne tulit punctum, quæ miscuit utile dulci.*”

LXXXII.

I can’t exactly trace their rule of right,
 Which hath a little leaning to a lottery.
 I’ve seen a virtuous woman put down quite
 By the mere combination of a coterie ;
 Also a so-so matron boldly fight
 Her way back to the world by dint of plottery,
 And shine the very *Siria*²⁵ of the spheres,
 Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers.

LXXXIII.

I have seen more than I’ll say:—but we will see
 How our *villeggiatura* will get on.
 The party might consist of thirty-three
 Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the ton.
 I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
 But ta’en at hazard as the rhyme may run.
 By way of sprinkling, scatter’d amongst these
 There also were some Irish absentees.

LXXXIV.

There was Parolles, too, the legal bully,
Who limits all his battles to the bar
And senate : when invited elsewhere, truly,
He shows more appetite for words than war.
There was the young bard Rackrhyme, who had newly
Come out and glimmer'd as a six weeks' star.
There was Lord Pyrrho, too, the great freethinker ;
And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

LXXXV.

There was the Duke of Dash, who was a—duke,
“ Ay, every inch a ” duke ; there were twelve peers
Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in look
And intellect, that neither eyes nor ears
For commoners had ever them mistook.
There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty dears !
All song and sentiment ; whose hearts were set
Less on a convent than a coronet.

LXXXVI.

There were four Honourable Misters, whose
Honour was more before their names than after ;
There was the preux Chevalier de la Ruse,
Whom France and Fortune lately deign'd to waft here,
Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse ;
But the clubs found it rather serious laughter,
Because—such was his magic power to please—
The dice seem'd charm'd, too, with his repartees.

LXXXVII.

There was Dick Dubious, the metaphysician,
Who loved philosophy and a good dinner ;
Angle, the soi-disant mathematician ;
Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner.
There was the Reverend Rodomont Precisian,
Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner ,
And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,
Good at all things, but better at a bet.

LXXXVIII.

There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic guardsman ;
 And General Fireface, famous in the field,
 A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
 Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he kill'd.
 There was the waggish Welsh Judge, Jefferies Hardsman,²⁶
 In his grave office so completely skill'd,
 That when a culprit came for condemnation,
 He had his judge's joke for consolation.

LXXXIX.

Good company's a chess-board—there are kings,
 Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns ; the world's a game ;
 Save that the puppets pull at their own strings,
 Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.
 My Muse, the butterfly hath but her wings,
 Not stings, and flits through ether without aim,
 Alighting rarely :—were she but a hornet,
 Perhaps there might be vices which would mourn it.

XC.

I had forgotten—but must not forget—
 An orator, the latest of the session,
 Who had deliver'd well a very set
 Smooth speech, his first and maidenly transgression
 Upon debate : the papers echoed yet
 With his début, which made a strong impression,
 And rank'd with what is every day display'd—
 “The best first speech that ever yet was made.”

XCI.

Proud of his “Hear hims !” proud, too, of his vote
 And lost virginity of oratory,
 Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),
 He revell'd in his Ciceronian glory :
 With memory excellent to get by rote,
 With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
 Graced with some merit, and with more effrontery,
 “His country's pride,” he came down to the country.

XCII.

There also were two wits by acclamation,
 Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed,"
 Both lawyers and both men of education;
 But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed;
 Longbow was rich in an imagination
 As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
 But sometimes stumbling over a potato,—
 While Strongbow's best things might have come from Cato.

XCIII.

Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord;
 But Longbow wild as an Æolian harp,
 With which the winds of heaven can claim accord,
 And make a music, whether flat or sharp.
 Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a word:
 At Longbow's phrases you might sometimes carp:
 Both wits—one born so, and the other bred,
 This by his heart—his rival by his head.

XCIV.

If all these seem a heterogeneous mass
 To be assembled at a country seat,
 Yet think, a specimen of every class
 Is better than a humdrum tête-à-tête.
 The days of Comedy are gone, alas!
 When Congreve's fool could vie with Molière's *bête*:
 Society is smooth'd to that excess,
 That manners hardly differ more than dress.

XCV.

Our ridicules are kept in the back ground—
 Ridiculous enough, but also dull;
 Professions, too, are no more to be found
 Professional; and there is nought to cull
 Of folly's fruit; for though your fools abound,
 They're barren, and not worth the pains to pull.
 Society is now one polish'd horde,
 Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

XCVI.

But from being farmers, we turn gleaners, gleanings
 The scanty but right-well thresh'd ears of truth;
 And, gentle reader! when you gather meaning,
 You may be Boaz, and I—modest Ruth.
 Farther I'd quote, but Scripture intervening
 Forbids. A great impression in my youth
 Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries
 "That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies." 28

XCVII.

But what we can we glean in this vile age
 Of chaff, although our gleanings be not grist.
 I must not quite omit the talking sage,
 Kit-Cat, the famous Conversationist,
 Who, in his common-place book, had a page
 Prepared each morn for evenings. "List, oh list!"
 "Alas, poor ghost!"—What unexpected woes
 Await those who have studied their *bons-mots*!

XCVIII.

Firstly, they must allure the conversation
 By many windings to their clever clinch;
 And secondly, must let slip no occasion,
 Nor *bate* (abate) their hearers of an *inch*,
 But take an ell—and make a great sensation,
 If possible; and thirdly, never flinch
 When some smart talker puts them to the test,
 But seize the last word, which no doubt's the best.

XCIX.

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts;
 The party we have touch'd on were the guests.
 Their table was a board to tempt even ghosts
 To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts.
 I will not dwell upon ragoûts or roasts,
 Albeit all human history attests
 That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—
 Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.

c.

Witness the lands which "flow'd with milk and honey,"
 Held out unto the hungry Israelites :
 To this we have added since, the love of money,
 The only sort of pleasure which requites.
 Youth fades, and leaves our days no longer sunny ;
 We tire of mistresses and parasites ;
 But oh, ambrosial cash ! Ah ! who would lose thee ?
 When we no more can use, or even abuse thee !

ci.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
 Or hunt : the young, because they liked the sport—
 The first thing boys like after play and fruit ;
 The middle-aged, to make the day more short ;
 For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
 Though nameless in our language :—we retort
 The fact for words, and let the French translate
 That awful yawn which sleep can not abate.

cii.

The elderly walk'd through the library,
 And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,
 Or saunter'd through the gardens piteously,
 And made upon the hot-house several strictures,
 Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
 Or on the morning papers read their lectures,
 Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
 Longing at sixty for the hour of six.

ciii.

But none were "géné : " the great hour of union
 Was rung by dinner's knell ; till then all were
 Masters of their own time—or in communion,
 Or solitary, as they chose to bear
 The hours, which how to pass is but to few known.
 Each rose up at his own, and had to spare
 What time he chose for dress, and broke his fast
 When, where, and how he chose for that repast.

CIV.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
Met the morn as they might. If fine, they rode,
Or walk'd; if foul, they read, or told a tale,
Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad;
Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,
And settled bonnets by the newest code,
Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
To make each correspondent a new debtor.

CV.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends.
The earth has nothing like a she epistle,
And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,
When he allured poor Dolon:—you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

CVI.

Then there were billiards; cards, too, but *no* dice;—
Save in the clubs no man of honour plays;—
Boats when 'twas water, skating when 'twas ice,
And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days:
And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.²⁹

CVII.

With evening came the banquet and the wine;
The conversazione; the duet,
Attuned by voices more or less divine
(My heart or head aches with the memory yet).
The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine;
But the two youngest loved more to be set
Down to the harp—because to music's charms
They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

CVIII.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,
 For then the gentlemen were rather tired)
 Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze;
 Then there was small-talk ready when required;
 Flirtation—but decorous; the mere praise
 Of charms that should or should not be admired.
 The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,
 And then retreated soberly—at ten.

CIX.

The politicians, in a nook apart,
 Discuss'd the world, and settled all the spheres;
 The wits watch'd every loophole for their art,
 To introduce a bon-mot head and ears;
 Small is the rest of those who would be smart,
 A moment's good thing may have cost them years
 Before they find an hour to introduce it;
 And then, even *then*, some bore may make them lose it.

CX.

But all was gentle and aristocratic
 In this our party; polish'd, smooth, and cold,
 As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.
 There now are no Squire Westerns as of old;
 And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
 But fair as then, or fairer to behold.
 We have no accomplish'd blackguards, like Tom Jones,
 But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

CXI.

They separated at an early hour;
 That is, ere midnight—which is London's noon:
 But in the country ladies seek their bower
 A little earlier than the waning moon.
 Peace to the slumbers of each folded flower—
 May the rose call back its true colour soon!
 Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tinters,
 And lower the price of rouge—at least some winters.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.

I.

If from great nature's or our own abyss
Of thought we could but snatch a certainty,
Perhaps mankind might find the path they miss—
But then 'twould spoil much good philosophy.
One system eats another up, and this
Much as old Saturn ate his progeny;
For when his pious consort gave him stones
In lieu of sons, of these he made no bones.

II.

But System doth reverse the Titan's breakfast,
And eats her parents, albeit the digestion
Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,
After due search, your faith to any question?
Look back o'er ages, ere unto the stake fast
You bind yourself, and call some mode the best one.
Nothing more true than *not* to trust your senses;
And yet what are your other evidences?

III.

For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, contemn; and what know *you*,
Except perhaps that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.
An age may come, Font of Eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
 • Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet
 How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay
 The very Suicide that pays his debt
 At once without instalments (an old way
 Of paying debts, which creditors regret)
 Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,
 Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

V.

'Tis round him, near him, here, there, every where,
 And there's a courage which grows out of fear,
 Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
 The worst to *know* it:—when the mountains rear
 Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
 You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
 The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a minute,
 Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

'Tis true, you don't—but, pale and struck with terror,
 Retire: but look into your past impression!
 And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
 Of your own thoughts, in all their self-confession,
 The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
 To the *unknown*; a secret prepossession,
 To plunge with all your fears—but where? You know not,
 And that's the reason why you do—or do not.

VII.

But what's this to the purpose? you will say.
 Gent. reader, nothing; a mere speculation,
 For which my sole excuse is—'tis my way;
 Sometimes *with* and sometimes without occasion,
 I write what's uppermost, without delay,
 This narrative is not meant for narration,
 But a mere airy and fantastic basis,
 To build up common things with common places.

VIII.

You know, or don't know, that great Bacon saith,
 " Fling up a straw, 'twill show the way the wind blows ;"
And such a straw, borne on by human breath,
 Is poesy, according as the mind glows ;
A paper kite which flies 'twixt life and death,
 A shadow which the onward soul behind throws :
And mine's a bubble, not blown up for praise,
But just to play with, as an infant plays.

IX.

The world is all before me—or behind ;
 For I have seen a portion of that same,
And quite enough for me to keep in mind ;—
 Of passions, too, I have proved enough to blame,
To the great pleasure of our friends, mankind,
 Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame ;
For I was rather famous in my time,
Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and eke
 The other ; that's to say, the clergy—who
Upon my head have bid their thunders break
 In pious libels by no means a few.
And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
 Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull.

XI.

But " why then publish ? " — " There are no rewards
 Of fame or profit when the world grows weary.
I ask in turn,—Why do you play at cards ?
 Why drink ? Why read ? — To make some hour less dreary.
It occupies me to turn back regards
 On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery ;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.

XII.

I think that were I *certain* of success,
I hardly could compose another line:
So long I've battled either more or less,
That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.
This feeling 'tis not easy to express,
And yet 'tis not affected, I opine.
In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning, and the other losing.

XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction:
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly sings of human things and acts—
And that's one cause she meets with contradiction;
For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts;
And were her object only what's call'd glory,
With more ease too she'd tell a different story.

XIV.

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety:
Also a seasoning slight of lucubration;
A bird's eye view, too, of that wild, Society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
If you have nought else, here's at least satiety,
Both in performance and in preparation;
And though these lines should only line portmanteaus,
Trade will be all the better for these Cantos.

XV.

The portion of this world which I at present
Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
Is one of which there's no description recent:
The reason why, is easy to determine:
Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
A dull and family likeness through all ages,
Of no great promise for poetic pages.

XVI.

With much to excite, there's little to exalt ;
Nothing that speaks to all men and all times ;
A sort of varnish over every fault ;
A kind of common-place, even in their crimes ;
Factitious passions, wit without much salt,
A want of that true nature which sublimes
Whate'er it shows with truth ; a smooth monotony
Of character, in those at least who have got any.

XVII.

Sometimes, indeed, like soldiers off parade,
They break their ranks and gladly leave the drill ;
But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
And they must be or seem what they were : still
Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade ;
But when of the first sight you have had your fill,
It palls—at least it did so upon me,
This paradise of pleasure and ennui.

XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gamed our gaming,
Drest, voted, shone, and, may be, something more ;
With dandies dined ; heard senators declaiming ;
Seen beauties brought to market by the score,
Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming ;
There's little left but to be bored or bore.
Witness those "*ci devant jeunes hommes*" who stem
The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth them.

XIX.

'Tis said—indeed a general complaint—
That no one has succeeded in describing
The monde, exactly as they ought to paint :
Some say, that authors only snatch, by bribing
The porter, some slight scandals strange and quaint,
To furnish matter for their moral gibing ;
And that their books have but one style in common—
My lady's prattle, filter'd through her woman.

XX.

But this can't well be true, just now ; for writers
 Are grown of the beau monde a part potential :
 I've seen them balance even the scale with fighters,
 Especially when young, for that's essential.
 Why do their sketches fail them as inditers
 Of what they deem themselves most consequential,
 The *real* portrait of the highest tribe ?
 'Tis that, in fact, there's little to describe.

XXI.

"*Haud ignara loquor ;*" these are *Nugæ*, "*quarum
 Pars parva fuit,*" but still art and part.
 Now I could much more easily sketch a harem,
 A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,
 Than these things ; and besides, I wish to spare 'em,
 For reasons which I choose to keep apart.
 "*Vetabo Cereris sacrum qui vulgarit*" —²
 Which means, that vulgar people must not share it.

XXII.

And therefore what I throw off is ideal—
 Lower'd, leaven'd, like a history of freemasons ;
 Which bears the same relation to the real,
 As Captain Parry's voyage may do to Jason's.
 The grand Arcanum's not for men to see all ;
 My music has some mystic diapasons ;
 And there is much which could not be appreciated
 In any manner by the uninitiated.

XXIII.

Alas ! worlds fall—and woman, since she fell'd
 The world (as, since that history, less polite
 Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held)
 Has not yet given up the practice quite.
 Poor thing of usages ! coerced, compell'd,
 Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right,
 Condemn'd to child-bed, as men for their sins
 Have shaving too entail'd upon their chins,—

XXIV.

A daily plague, which in the aggregate
May average on the whole with parturition.
But as to women, who can penetrate
The real sufferings of their she condition?
Man's very sympathy with their estate
Has much of selfishness, and more suspicion.
Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,
But form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.

XXV.

All this were very well, and can't be better;
But even this is difficult, Heaven knows,
So many troubles from her birth beset her,
Such small distinction between friends and foes,
The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,
That—but ask any woman if she'd choose
(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been
Female or male? a schoolboy or a queen?

XXVI.

“Petticoat influence” is a great reproach,
Which even those who obey would fain be thought
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;
But since beneath it upon earth we are brought,
By various joltings of life's hackney coach,
I for one venerate a petticoat—
A garment of a mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.

XXVII.

Much I respect, and much I have adored,
In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil,
Which holds a treasure, like a miser's hoard,
And more attracts by all it doth conceal—
A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,
A loving letter with a mystic seal,
A cure for grief—for what can ever rankle
Before a petticoat and peeping ankle?

XXVIII.

And when upon a silent, sullen day,
 With a sirocco, for example, blowing,
 When even the sea looks dim with all its spray,
 And sulkily the river's ripple's flowing,
 And the sky shows that very ancient gray,
 The sober, sad antithesis to glowing,—
 'Tis pleasant, if *then* anything is pleasant,
 To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant.

XXIX.

We left our heroes and our heroines
 In that fair clime which don't depend on climate,
 Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,
 Though certainly more difficult to rhyme at,
 Because the sun, and stars, and aught that shines,
 Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at,
 Are there oft dull and dreary as a *dun*—
 Whether a sky's or tradesman's is all one.

XXX.

An in-door life is less poetical;
 And out of door hath showers, and mists, and sleet,
 With which I could not brew a pastoral.
 But be it as it may, a bard must meet
 All difficulties, whether great or small,
 To spoil his undertaking, or complete,
 And work away like spirit upon matter,
 Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and water.

XXXI.

Juan—in this respect, at least, like saints—
 Was all things unto people of all sorts,
 And lived contentedly, without complaints,
 In camps, in ships, in cottages, or courts—
 Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,
 And mingling modesty in toils or sports.
 He likewise could be most things to all women,
 Without the coxcombry of certain *she* men.

XXXII.

A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange ;
'Tis also subject to the double danger
Of tumbling first, and having in exchange
Some pleasant jesting at the awkward stranger ;
But Juan had been early taught to range
The wilds, as doth an Arab turn'd avenger,
So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
Knew that he had a rider on his back.

XXXIII.

And now in this new field, with some applause,
He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double post, and rail,
And never *craned*,³ and made but few "*faux pas*,"
And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.
He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail ;
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen.

XXXIV.

But on the whole, to general admiration
He acquitted both himself and horse : the squires
Marvell'd at merit of another nation ;
The boors cried "Dang it ! who'd have thought it ?"—Sires,
The Nestors of the sporting generation,
Swore praises, and recall'd their former fires ;
The huntsman's self relented to a grin,
And rated him almost a whipper-in.

XXXV.

Such were his trophies—not of spear and shield,
But leaps, and bursts, and sometimes foxes' brushes ;
Yet I must own,—although in this I yield
To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes,—
He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
Ask'd next day, "If men ever hunted *twice* ?"⁴

XXXVI.

He also had a quality uncommon
To early risers after a long chase,
Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon
December's drowsy day to his dull race,—
A quality agreeable to woman,
When her soft, liquid words run on apace,
Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner,—
He did not fall asleep just after dinner;

XXXVII.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
And shone in the best part of dialogue,
By humouring always what they might assert,
And listening to the topics most in vogue,—
Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;
And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!—
He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer;—
In short, there never was a better hearer.

XXXVIII.

And then he danced,—all foreigners excel
The serious Angles in the eloquence
Of pantomime,—he danced, I say, right well,
With emphasis, and also with good sense—
A thing in footing indispensable;
He danced without theatrical pretence,
Not like a ballet-master in the van
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

XXXIX.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound,
And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;
Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the ground,
And rather held in than put forth his vigour;
And then he had an ear for music's sound,
Which might defy a crotchet critic's rigour.
Such classic pas—sans flaws—set off our hero,
He glanced like a personified Bolero;⁶

XL.

Or, like a flying Hour before Aurora,
 In Guido's famous fresco,⁷ which alone
 Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a
 Remnant were there of the old world's sole throne.
 The "*tout ensemble*" of his movements wore a
 Grace of the soft ideal, seldom shown,
 And ne'er to be described; for to the dolour
 Of bards and prozers, words are void of colour.

XLI.

No marvel then he was a favourite;
 A full-grown Cupid, very much admired;
 A little spoilt, but by no means so quite;
 At least he kept his vanity retired.
 Such was his tact, he could alike delight
 The chaste, and those who are not so much inspired.
 The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved "*tracasserie*,"
 Began to treat him with some small "*agacerie*."

XLII.

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,
 Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated
 For several winters in the grand, *grand monde*.
 I'd rather not say what might be related
 Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground;
 Besides there might be falsehood in what's stated;
 Her late performance had been a dead set
 At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLIII.

This noble personage began to look :
 A little black upon this new flirtation;
 But such small licences must lovers brook,
 Mere freedoms of the female corporation.
 Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke !
 'Twill but precipitate a situation
 Extremely disagreeable, but common
 To calculators when they count on woman.

XLIV.

The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd ;
 The misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd ;
 Some hoped things might not turn out as they fear'd ;
 Some would not deem such women could be found ;
 Some ne'er believed one half of what they heard ;
 Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd profound ;
 And several pitied with sincere regret
 Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLV.

But what is odd, none ever named the duke,
 Who, one might think, was something in the affair :
 True, he was absent, and, 'twas rumour'd, took
 But small concern about the when, or where,
 Or what his consort did : if he could brook
 Her gaieties, none had a right to stare :
 Theirs was that best of unions, past all doubt,
 Which never meets, and therefore can't fall out.

XLVI.

But, oh ! that I should ever pen so sad a line !
 Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,
 My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,
 Began to think the duchess' conduct free ;
 Regretting much that she had chosen so bad a line,
 And waxing chiller in her courtesy,
 Look'd grave and pale to see her friend's fragility,
 For which most friends reserve their sensibility.

XLVII.

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy ;
 'Tis so becoming to the soul and face,
 Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
 And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.
 Without a friend, what were humanity,
 To hunt our errors up with a good grace ?
 Consoling us with—" Would you had thought twice !
 Ah ! if you had but follow'd my advice !"

XLVIII.

O Job! you had two friends: one's quite enough,
 Especially when we are ill at ease;
 They are but bad pilots when the weather's rough,
 Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.
 Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
 As they will do like leaves at the first breeze:
 When your affairs come round, one way or t'other,
 Go to the coffee-house, and take another.⁸

XLIX.

But this is not my maxim: had it been,
 Some heart-aches had been spared me: yet I care not—
 I would not be a tortoise in his screen
 Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not;
 'Tis better on the whole to have felt and seen
 That which humanity may bear, or bear not:
 'Twill teach discernment to the sensitive,
 And not to pour their ocean in a sieve.

L.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
 Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
 Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so,"
 Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
 Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
 Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
 And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "*bonos mores*,"
 With a long memorandum of old stories.

LI.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity
 Was not confined to feeling for her friend,
 Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,
 Unless her habits should begin to mend:
 But Juan also shared in her austerity,
 But mix'd with pity, pure as e'er was penn'd:
 His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,
 And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

LII.

These forty days' advantage of her years—
And hers were those which can face calculation,
Boldly referring to the list of peers
And noble births, nor dread the enumeration—
Gave her a right to have maternal fears
For a young gentleman's fit education,
Though she was far from that leap year, whose leap,
In female dates, strikes Time all of a heap.

LIII.

This may be fix'd at somewhere before thirty—
Say seven-and-twenty; for I never knew
The strictest in chronology and virtue
Advance beyond, while they could pass for new.
O Time! why dost not pause? Thy scythe, so dirty
With rust, should surely cease to hack and hew.
Reset it: shave more smoothly, also slower.
If but to keep thy credit as a mower.

LIV.

But Adeline was far from that ripe age,
Whose ripeness is but bitter at the best:
'Twas rather her experience made her sage,
For she had seen the world and stood its test,
As I have said in—I forget what page;
My Muse despises reference, as you have guess'd
By this time;—but strike six from seven-and-twenty,
And you will find her sum of years in plenty.

LV.

At sixteen she came out; presented, vaunted,
She put all coronets into commotion:
At seventeen, too, the world was still enchanted
With the new Venus of their brilliant ocean:
At eighteen, though below her feet still panted
A hecatomb of suitors with devotion,
She had consented to create again
That Adam, call'd "the happiest of men."

LVI.

Since then she had sparkled through three glowing winters,
 Admired, adored ; but also so correct,
 That she had puzzled all the acutest hinters,
 Without the apparel of being circumspect :
 They could not even glean the slightest splinters
 From off the marble, which had no defect.
 She had also snatch'd a moment since her marriage
 To bear a son and heir—and one miscarriage.

LVII.

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,
 Those little glitterers of the London night ;
 But none of these possess'd a sting to wound her—
 She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's flight.
 Perhaps she wish'd an aspirant profounder ;
 But whatsoe'er she wish'd, she acted right ;
 And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
 A woman, so she's good, what does it signify ?

LVIII.

I hate a motive, like a lingering bottle
 Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,
 Leaving all claretless the unmoisten'd throttle,
 Especially with politics on hand ;
 I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle,
 Who whirl the dust as simooms whirl the sand ;
 I hate it, as I hate an argument,
 A laureate's ode, or servile peer's "content."

LIX.

'Tis sad to hack into the roots of things,
 They are so much intertisted with the earth ;
 So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,
 I reckon not if an acorn gave it birth.
 To trace all actions to their secret springs
 Would make indeed some melancholy mirth ;
 But this is not at present my concern,
 And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.'

LX.

With the kind view of saving an éclat,
 Both to the duchess and diplomatist,
 The Lady Adeline, as soon's she saw
 That Juan was unlikely to resist—
 (For foreigners don't know that a *faux pas*
 In England ranks quite on a different list
 From those of other lands unblest with juries,
 Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure is ;—)

LXI.

The Lady Adeline resolved to take
 Such measures as she thought might best impede
 The farther progress of this sad mistake.
 She thought with some simplicity indeed ;
 But innocence is bold even at the stake,
 And simple in the world, and doth not need
 Nor use those palisades by dames erected,
 Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

LXII.

It was not that she fear'd the very worst :
 His Grace was an enduring, married man,
 And was not likely all at once to burst
 Into a scene, and swell the clients' clan
 Of Doctors' Commons : but she dreaded first
 The magic of her Grace's talisman,
 And next a quarrel (as he seem'd to fret)
 With Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

LXIII.

Her Grace, too, pass'd for being an intriguante,
 And somewhat *méchante* in her amorous sphere :
 One of those pretty, precious plagues, which haunt
 A lover with caprices soft and dear,
 That like to *make* a quarrel, when they can't
 Find one, each day of the delightful year ;
 Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or glow,
 And—-what is worst of all—won't let you go ;

LXIV.

The sort of thing to turn a young man's head,
 Or make a Werter of him in the end.
 No wonder then a purer soul should dread
 This sort of chaste *liaison* for a friend;
 It were much better to be wed or dead,
 Than wear a heart a woman loves to rend.
 'Tis best to pause, and think, ere you rush on,
 If that a "*bonne fortune*" be really "*bonne*."

LXV.

And first, in the o'erflowing of her heart,
 Which really knew or thought it knew no guile,
 She call'd her husband now and then apart,
 And bade him counsel Juan. With a smile
 Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art
 To wean Don Juan from the syren's wile;
 And answer'd, like a statesman or a prophet,
 In such guise that she could make nothing of it.

LXVI.

Firstly, he said, "he never interfered
 In any body's business but the king's:"
 Next, that "he never judged from what appear'd,
 Without strong reason, of those sort of things:"
 Thirdly, that "Juan had more brain than beard,
 And was not to be held in leading-strings;"
 And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,
 "That good but rarely came from good advice."

LXVII.

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the truth
 Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse
 To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth—
 At least as far as *bienséance* allows:
 That time would temper Juan's faults of youth;
 That young men rarely made monastic vows;
 That opposition only more attaches——
 But here a messenger brought in despatches:

LXVIII.

And being of the council call'd "the Privy,"
 Lord Henry walk'd into his cabinet,
 To furnish matter for some future Livy
 To tell how he reduced the nation's debt ;
 And if their full contents I do not give ye,
 It is because I do not know them yet ;
 But I shall add them in a brief appendix,
 To come between mine epic and its index.

LXIX.

But ere he went, he added a slight hint,
 Another gentle common-place or two,
 Such as are coin'd in conversation's mint,
 And pass, for want of better, though not new :
 Then broke his packet, to see what was in't,
 And having casually glanced it through,
 Retired : and, as he went out, calmly kiss'd her,
 Less like a young wife than an aged sister.

LXX.

He was a cold, good, honourable man,
 Proud of his birth, and proud of everything ;
 A goodly spirit for a state divan,
 A figure fit to walk before a king ;
 Tall, stately, form'd to lead the courtly van
 On birthdays, glorious with a star and string ;
 The very model of a chamberlain—
 And such I mean to make him when I reign.

LXXI.

But there was something wanting on the whole—
 I don't know what, and therefore cannot tell—
 Which pretty women—the sweet souls !—call *soul*.
Certes it was not body ; he was well
 Proportion'd, as a poplar or a pole,
 A handsome man, that human miracle ;
 And in each circumstance of love or war,
 Had still preserved his perpendicular.

LXXII.

Still there was something wanting, as I've said—
 That undefinable "*Je ne sçais quoi*,"
 Which, for what I know, may of yore have led
 To Homer's Iliad, since it drew to Troy
 The Greek Eve, Helen, from the Spartan's bed;
 Though on the whole, no doubt, the Dardan boy
 Was much inferior to King Menelaüs :—
 But thus it is some women will betray us.

LXXIII.

There is an awkward thing which much perplexes,
 Unless like wise Tiresias we had proved
 By turns the difference of the several sexes;
 Neither can show quite *how* they would be loved.
 The sensual for a short time but connects us—
 The sentimental boasts to be unmoved;
 But both together form a kind of centaur,
 Upon whose back 'tis better not to venture.

LXXIV.

A something all-sufficient for the *heart*
 Is that for which the sex are always seeking :
 But how to fill up that same vacant part ?
 There lies the rub—and this they are but weak in.
 Frail mariners afloat without a chart,
 They run before the wind through high seas breaking ;
 And when they have made the shore through every shock
 'Tis odd, or odds, it may turn out a rock.

LXXV.

There is a flower call'd "Love in Idleness,"
 For which see Shakspeare's ever blooming garden ;—
 I will not make his great description less,
 And beg his British godship's humble pardon,
 If, in my extremity of rhyme's distress,
 I touch a single leaf where he is warden ;—
 But though the flower is different, with the French
 Or Swiss Rousseau, cry "*Voilà la Pervenche !*"^{22 10}

LXXVI.

Eureka ! I have found it ! What I mean
 To say is, not that love is idleness,
 But that in love such idleness has been
 An accessory, as I have cause to guess.
 Hard labour's an indifferent go-between ;
 Your men of business are not apt to express
 Much passion, since the merchant-ship, the Argo,
 Convey'd Medea as her supercargo.

LXXVII.

"*Beatus ille procul !*" from "*negotiis,*"¹¹
 Saith Horace : the great little poet's wrong ;
 His other maxim, "*Noscitur à sociis,*"
 Is much more to the purpose of his song ;
 Though even that were sometimes too ferocious,
 Unless good company be kept too long ;
 But, in his teeth, whate'er their state or station,
 Thrice happy they who *have* an occupation !

LXXVIII.

Adam exchanged his Paradise for ploughing,
 Eve made up millinery with fig leaves—
 The earliest knowledge from the tree so knowing,
 As far as I know, that the church receives :
 And since that time it need not cost much showing,
 That many of the ills o'er which man grieves,
 And still more women, spring from not employing
 Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying.

LXXIX.

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,
 A rack of pleasures, where we must invent
 A something wherewithal to be annoy'd.
 Bards may sing what they please about *Content* ;
Contented, when translated, means but cloy'd ;
 And hence arise the woes of sentiment.
 Blue-devils, and blue-stockings, and romances
 Reduced to practice, and perform'd like dances.

LXXX.

I do declare, upon an affidavit,
 Romances I ne'er read like those I have seen;
 Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
 Would some believe that such a tale had been:
 But such intent I never had, nor have it;
 Some truths are better kept behind a screen,
 Especially when they would look like lies;
 I therefore deal in generalities.

LXXXI.

"An oyster may be cross'd in love,"¹²—and why?
 Because he mopeth idly in his shell,
 And heaves a lonely subterraqueous sigh,
 Much as a monk may do within his cell:
 And *à-propos* of monks, their piety
 With sloth hath found it difficult to dwell;
 Those vegetables of the Catholic creed
 Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

LXXXII.

O Wilberforce! thou man of black renown,
 Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
 Thou hast struck one immense Colossus down,
 Thou moral Washington of Africa!
 But there's another little thing, I own,
 Which you should perpetrate some summer's day
 And set the other half of earth to rights;
 You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut up the whites.

LXXXIII.

Shut up the bald-coot¹³ bully Alexander!
 Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal;
 Teach them that "sauce for goose is sauce for gander,"¹⁴
 And ask them how *they* like to be in thrall?
 Shut up each high heroic salamander,
 Who eats fire gratis (since the pay's but small);
 Shut up—no, *not* the King, but the Pavilion,¹⁴
 Or else 'twill cost us all another million.

LXXXIV.

Shut up the world at large, let Bedlam out ;
 And you will be perhaps surprised to find
 All things pursue exactly the same route,
 As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.
 This I could prove beyond a single doubt,
 Were there a jot of sense among mankind ;
 But till that *point d'appui* is found, alas !
 Like Archimedes, I leave earth as 'twas.

LXXXV.

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—
 Her heart was vacant, though a splendid mansion ;
 Her conduct had been perfectly correct,
 As she had seen nought claiming its expansion.
 A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd,
 Because 'tis frailer, doubtless, than a stanch one ;
 But when the latter works its own undoing,
 Its inner crash is like an earthquake's ruin.

LXXXVI.

She loved her lord, or thought so ; but *that* love
 Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,
 The stone of Sysiphus, if once we move
 Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the soil.
 She had nothing to complain of, or reprove,
 No bickerings, no connubial turmoil :
 Their union was a model to behold,
 Serene and noble,—conjugal, but cold.

LXXXVII.

There was no great disparity of years,
 Though much in temper ; but they never clash'd :
 They moved like stars united in their spheres,
 Or like the Rhone by Lemman's waters wash'd,
 Where mingled and yet separate appears
 The river from the lake, all bluely dash'd
 Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
 Which fain would lull its river-child to sleep.

LXXXVIII.

Now when she once had ta'en an interest
In anything, however she might flatter
Herself that her intentions were the best,
Intense intentions are a dangerous matter :
Impressions were much stronger than she guess'd,
And gather'd as they run like growing water
Upon her mind ; the more so, as her breast
Was not at first too readily impress'd.

LXXXIX.

But when it was, she had that lurking demon
Of double nature, and thus doubly named—
Firmness yclept in heroes, kings, and seamen,
That is, when they succeed ; but greatly blamed
As *obstinacy*, both in men and women,
Whene'er their triumph pales, or star is tamed :—
And 'twill perplex the casuist in morality
To fix the due bounds of this dangerous quality.

XC.

Had Buonaparte won at Waterloo,
It had been firmness ; now 'tis pertinacity :
Must the event decide between the two ?
I leave it to your people of sagacity
To draw the line between the false and true,
If such can e'er be drawn by man's capacity :
My business is with Lady Adeline,
Who in her way too was a heroine.

XCI.

She knew not her own heart ; then how should I ?
I think not she was *then* in love with Juan :
If so, she would have had the strength to fly
The wild sensation, unto her a new one :
She merely felt a common sympathy
(I will not say it was a false or true one)
In him, because she thought he was in danger,—
Her husband's friend, her own, young, and a stranger.

XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and this
 Without the farce of friendship, or romance
 Of platonism, which leads so oft amiss
 Ladies who have studied friendship but in France,
 Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.
 To thus much Adeline would not advance;
 But of such friendship as man's may to man be
 She was as capable as woman can be.

XCIII.

No doubt the secret influence of the sex
 Will there, as also in the ties of blood,
 An innocent predominance annex,
 And tune the concord to a finer mood.
 If free from passion, which all friendship checks,
 And your true feelings fully understood,
 No friend like to a woman earth discovers,
 So that you have not been nor will be lovers.

XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ
 Of change; and how should this be otherwise?
 That violent things more quickly find a term
 Is shown through nature's whole analogies;¹⁵
 And how should the most fierce of all be firm?
 Would you have endless lightning in the skies?
 Methinks Love's very title says enough:
 How should "the *tender* passion" e'er be *tough*?

XCV.

Alas! by all experience, seldom yet
 (I merely quote what I have heard from many)
 Had lovers not some reason to regret
 The passion which made Solomon a zany.
 I've also seen some wives (not to forget
 The marriage state, the best or worst of any)
 Who were the very paragons of wives,
 Yet made the misery of at least two lives.

XCVI.

I've also seen some female *friends* ('tis odd,
 But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)
 That faithful were through thick and thin, abroad,
 At home, far more than ever yet was Love—
 Who did not quit me when Oppression trod
 Upon me; whom no scandal could remove;
 Who fought, and fight, in absence, too, my battles,
 Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

XCVII.

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
 Grew friends in this or any other sense,
 Will be discuss'd hereafter, I opine:
 At present I am glad of a pretence
 To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
 And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense*:
 The surest way for ladies and for books
 To bait their tender or their tenter hooks.

XCVIII.

Whether they rode, or walk'd, or studied Spanish
 To read Don Quixote in the original,
 A pleasure before which all others vanish;
 Whether their talk was of the kind call'd "small,"
 Or serious, are the topics I must banish
 To the next Canto; where perhaps I shall
 Say something to the purpose, and display
 Considerable talent in my way.

XCIX.

Above all, I beg all men to forbear
 Anticipating aught about the matter:
 They'll only make mistakes about the fair,
 And Juan too, especially the latter.
 And I shall take a much more serious air
 Than I have yet done, in this epic satire.
 It is not clear that Adeline and Juan
 Will fall; but if they do 'twill be their ruin.

c.

But great things spring from little :—Would you think,
 That in our youth, as dangerous a passion
 As e'er brought man and woman to the brink
 Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion,
 As few would ever dream could form the link
 Of such a sentimental situation?
 You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions, millions—
 It all sprung from a harmless game at billiards.

or.

'Tis strange,—but true ; for truth is always strange :
 Stranger than fiction : if it could be told,
 How much would novels gain by the exchange !
 How differently the world would men behold !
 How oft would vice and virtue places change !
 The new world would be nothing to the old,
 If some Columbus of the moral seas
 Would show mankind their souls' antipodes.

or.

What "antres vast and deserts idle" ¹⁶ then
 Would be discover'd in the human soul !
 What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
 With self-love in the centre as their pole !
 What Anthropophagi are nine or ten
 Of those who hold the kingdoms in control !
 Were things but only call'd by their right name,
 Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE FIFTEENTH.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTOS XV. AND XVI.

THE two last Cantos of "Don Juan" were written on the eve of Lord Byron's departure for Greece, and were published in London, in March, 1824. When Mr. West was painting his portrait in 1822, the poet showed him some of the cantos in manuscript, and told him that it was "all *gin*." He had contracted the habit of drinking every night glass after glass of nearly pure spirit, and when it had raised him to the proper pitch of excitement the composing commenced. He has preserved some of his experience of the unhappy propensity in the Fourth Stanza of the Fifteenth Canto :

"The ruby glass that shakes within his hand
Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand."

Some of this sediment showed itself in the poem. He had carried it already to a great length, and in the fulness of his fervid genius it would have been extremely difficult to have gone on sustaining its freshness and humour. It became impossible when he persisted in drawing his inspiration from such a suicidal source. The increased power of to-night was so much deducted from the energies of to-morrow, and each instalment of the poem, if he had lived to continue it, must have sunk below the last. The present Cantos have the disadvantage of being occupied in a great degree with elaborate descriptions of character of which the point and propriety depended upon the events to be afterwards developed ; but though the progress of the story might have imparted increased effect to the conception, it could not have redeemed the flatness of the execution. A few bright sparks, however, of the wonted fire live in the ashes. One of the principal faults of "Don Juan," considered exclusively as a work of art, is the length and frequency of the digressions. In so far as they favoured freedom and variety, they were an essential part of the design, which was framed for the purpose of admitting all the author's casual gleams of wit and fancy, and all his varied adventures and observations upon life. Carried beyond these legitimate bounds they have a deadening instead of an enlivening influence, and Lord Byron, like Sterne, has often introduced them merely to balk the expectation of the reader, and play with his impatience. The mirth of the jest is then exclusively with the contriver, and the public, who are the subjects of it, have no disposition to laugh. Of the graver offences there can be no reprehension so impressive and affecting as that which he finally pronounced himself. He had been dwelling with fondness upon the sympathy which his poetry must excite in his daughter, and Lady Blessington reminded him that if he desired her admiration, "Don Juan" was not the work to win it. He remained thoughtful and silent for several minutes, and then replied : "You are right ; I never recollected this. That poem, composed to beguile hours of wretchedness, is well calculated to loosen my hold on her affections. I will write no more of it ;—would that I had never written a line !" Whatever evil may exist in the work can now derive no countenance from the authority of Lord Byron, and the antidote should be effective which shows that the end of pernicious doctrines is always vexation and self-reproach.

CANTO THE FIFTEENTH.

I.

AH!—What should follow slips from my reflection;
Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be
As à-propos of hope or retrospection,
As though the lurking thought had follow'd free.
All present life is but an interjection,
An "Oh!" or "Ah!" of joy or misery,
Or a "Ha! ha!" or "Bah!"—a yawn, or "Pooh!"
Of which perhaps the latter is most true.

II.

But, more or less, the whole's a syncopé
Or a singultus—emblems of emotion,
The grand antithesis to great ennui,
Wherewith we break our bubbles on the ocean,
That watery outline of eternity,
Or miniature at least, as is my notion,
Which ministers unto the soul's delight,
In seeing matters which are out of sight.

III.

But all are better than the sigh suppress'd,
Corroding in the cavern of the heart,
Making the countenance a mask of rest,
And turning human nature to an art.
Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best;
Dissimulation always sets apart
A corner for herself; and therefore fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

IV.

Ah ! who can tell ? Or rather, who can not
Remember without telling, passion's errors ?
The drainer of oblivion, even the sot,
Hath got blue devils for his morning mirrors :
What though on Lethe's stream he seem to float,
He cannot sink his tremors or his terrors ;
The ruby glass that shakes within his hand
Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand.

V.

And as for love—O love !——We will proceed.
The Lady Adeline Amundeville,
A pretty name as one would wish to read,
Must perch harmonious on my tuneful quill.
There's music in the sighing of a reed ;
There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
There's music in all things, if men had ears :
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

VI.

The Lady Adeline, right honourable,
And honour'd, ran a risk of growing less so ;
For few of the soft sex are very stable
In their resolves—alas ! that I should say so ;
They differ as wine differs from its label,
When once decanted ;—I presume to guess so,
But will not swear : yet both upon occasion,
Till old, may undergo adulteration.

VII.

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,
The unmingled essence of the grape ; and yet
Bright as a new Napoleon from its mintage,
Or glorious as a diamond richly set ;
A page where Time should hesitate to print age,
And for which Nature might forego her debt—
Sole creditor whose process doth involve in't
The luck of finding every body solvent.

VIII.

O Death ! thou dunnest of all duns ! thou daily
 Knockest at doors, at first with modest tap,
 Like a meek tradesman when, approaching palely,
 Some splendid debtor he would take by sap :
 But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he
 Advances with exasperated rap,
 And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,
 On ready money, or " a draft on Ransom."¹

IX.

Whate'er thou takest, spare awhile poor Beauty !
 She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.
 What though she now and then may slip from duty,
 The more's the reason why you ought to stay :
 Gaunt Gourmand ! with whole nations for your booty,
 You should be civil in a modest way :
 Suppress, then, some slight feminine diseases,
 And take as many heroes as Heaven pleases.

X.

Fair Adeline, the more ingenuous
 Where she was interested (as was said),
 Because she was not apt, like some of us,
 To like too readily, or too high bred
 To show it—(points we need not now discuss)—
 Would give up artlessly both heart and head
 Unto such feelings as seem'd innocent,
 For objects worthy of the sentiment.

XI.

Some parts of Juan's history, which Rumour,
 That live gazette, had scatter'd to disfigure,
 She had heard ; but women hear with more good humour
 Such aberrations than we men of rigour :
 Besides, his conduct, since in England, grew more
 Strict, and his mind assumed a manlier vigour ;
 Because he had, like Alcibiades,
 The art of living in all climes with ease.

XII.

His manner was perhaps the more seductive,
Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to seduce;
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive
Of coxcombry or conquest: no abuse
Of his attractions marr'd the fair perspective,
To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,
And seem to say, "Resist us if you can"—
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man.

XIII.

They are wrong—that's not the way to set about it;
As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.
But, right or wrong, Don Juan was without it;
In fact, his manner was his own alone:
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,
In listening merely to his voice's tone.
The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

XIV.

By nature soft, his whole address held off
Suspicion; though not timid, his regard
Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,
To shield himself than put you on your guard:
Perhaps 'twas hardly quite assured enough,
But modesty's at times its own reward,
Like virtue; and the absence of pretension
Will go much farther than there's need to mention.

XV.

Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful but not loud;
Insinuating without insinuation;
Observant of the foibles of the crowd,
Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;
Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,
So as to make them feel he knew his station
And theirs:—without a struggle for priority,
He neither brook'd nor claim'd superiority.

XVI.

That is, with men : with women he was what
They pleased to make or take him for ; and their
Imagination's quite enough for that :
So that the outline's tolerably fair,
They fill the canvass up—and "verbum sat."
If once their phantasies be brought to bear
Upon an object, whether sad or playful,
They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael.¹

XVII.

Adeline, no deep judge of character,
Was apt to add a colouring from her own :
'Tis thus the good will amiably err,
And eke the wise, as has been often shown.
Experience is the chief philosopher,
But saddest when his science is well known ;
And persecuted sages teach the schools
Their folly in forgetting there are fools.

XVIII.

Was it not so, great Locke ? and greater Bacon ?
Great Socrates ? And thou, Diviner still,³
Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,
And thy pure creed made sanction of all ill ?
Redeeming worlds to be by bigots shaken,
How was thy toil rewarded ? We might fill
Volumes with similar sad illustrations,
But leave them to the conscience of the nations.

XIX.

I perch upon an humbler promontory,
Amidst life's infinite variety :
With no great care for what is nicknamed glory,
But speculating as I cast mine eye
On what may suit or may not suit my story,
And never straining hard to versify,
I rattle on exactly as I'd talk
With any body in a ride or walk.

XX.

I don't know that there may be much ability
 Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme ;
 But there's a conversational facility,
 Which may round off an hour upon a time.
 Of this I'm sure at least, there's no servility
 In mine irregularity of chime,
 Which rings what's uppermost of new or hoary,
 Just as I feel the "Improvvisatore."

XXI.

"Omnia vult *belle* Matho dicere—dic aliquando
 Et *bene*, dic *neutrum*, dic aliquando *male*." "
 The first is rather more than mortal can do ;
 The second may be sadly done or gaily ;
 The third is still more difficult to stand to ;
 The fourth we hear, and see, and say too, daily :
 The whole together is what I could wish
 To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

XXII.

A modest hope—but modesty's my forte,
 And pride my feeble :—let us ramble on.
 I meant to make this poem very short,
 But now I can't tell where it may not run.
 No doubt, if I had wish'd to pay my court
 To critics, or to hail the *setting* sun
 Of tyranny of all kinds, my concision
 Were more ;—but I was born for opposition.

XXIII.

But then 'tis mostly on the weaker side ;
 So that I verily believe if they
 Who now are basking in their full-blown pride
 Were shaken down, and "dogs had had their day," "
 Though at the first I might perchance deride
 Their tumble, I should turn the other way,
 And wax an ultra-royalist in loyalty,
 Because I hate even democratic royalty.

XXIV.

I think I should have made a decent spouse,
If I had never proved the soft condition;
I think I should have made monastic vows,
But for my own peculiar superstition :
'Gainst rhyme I never should have knock'd my brows,
Nor broken my own head, nor that of Priscian,
Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet,
If some one had not told me to forego it.

XXV.

But "laissez aller"—knights and dames I sing,
Such as the times may furnish. 'Tis a flight
Which seems at first to need no lofty wing,
Plumed by Longinus or the Stagyrte :
The difficulty lies in colouring
(Keeping the due proportions still in sight)
With nature manners which are artificial,
And rend'ring general that which is especial.

XXVI.

The difference is, that in the days of old
Men made the manners; manners now make men—
Pinn'd like a flock, and fleeced too in their fold,
At least nine, and a ninth besides of ten.
Now this at all events must render cold
Your writers, who must either draw again
Days better drawn before, or else assume
The present, with their common-place costume.

XXVII.

We'll do our best to make the best on't :—March !
March, my Muse ! If you cannot fly, yet flutter ;
And when you may not be sublime, be arch,
Or starch, as are the edicts statesmen utter.
We surely may find something worth research :
Columbus found a new world in a cutter,
Or brigantine, or pink, of no great tonnage,
While yet America was in her non-age.⁶

XXVIII.

When Adeline, in all her growing sense
Of Juan's merits and his situation,
Felt on the whole an interest intense,—
Partly perhaps because a fresh sensation,
Or that he had an air of innocence,
Which is for innocence a sad temptation,—
As women hate half measures, on the whole,
She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

XXIX.

She had a good opinion of advice,
Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,
For which small thanks are still the market price,
Even where the article at highest rate is :
She thought upon the subject twice or thrice,
And morally decided, the best state is
For morals, marriage ; and this question carried,
She seriously advised him to get married.

XXX.

Juan replied, with all becoming deference,
He had a predilection for that tie ;
But that, at present, with immediate reference
To his own circumstances, there might lie
Some difficulties, as in his own preference,
Or that of her to whom he might apply :
That still he'd wed with such or such a lady,
If that they were not married all already.

XXXI.

Next to the making matches for herself,
And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin,
Arranging them like books on the same shelf,
There's nothing women love to dabble in
More (like a stock-holder in growing pelf)
Than match-making in general : 'tis no sin
Certes, but a preventative, and therefore
That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefore.

XXXII.

But never yet (except of course a miss
Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,
Or wed already, who object to this)
Was there chaste dame who had not in her head
Some drama of the marriage unities,
Observed as strictly both at board and bed
As those of Aristotle, though sometimes
They turn out melodrames or pantomimes.

XXXIII.

They generally have some only son,
Some heir to a large property, some friend
Of an old family, some gay Sir John,
Or grave Lord George, with whom perhaps might end
A line, and leave posterity undone,
Unless a marriage was applied to mend
The prospect and their morals: and besides,
They have at hand a blooming glut of brides.

XXXIV.

From these they will be careful to select,
For this an heiress, and for that a beauty;
For one a songstress who hath no defect,
For t'other one who promises much duty;
For this a lady no one can reject,
Whose sole accomplishments were quite a booty;
A second for her excellent connections;
A third, because there can be no objections.

XXXV.

When Rapp the Harmonist embargo'd marriage?
In his harmonious settlement—(which flourishes
Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,
Because it breeds no more mouths than it nourishes
Without those sad expenses which disparage
What Nature naturally most encourages)—
Why call'd he "Harmony" a state sans wedlock?
Now here I have got the preacher at a dead lock.

XXXVI.

Because he either meant to sneer at harmony
 Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly.
 But whether Reverend Rapp learn'd this in Germany
 Or no, 'tis said his sect is rich and godly,
 Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any
 Of ours, although they propagate more broadly.
 My objection's to his title, not his ritual,
 Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

XXXVII.

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,
 Who favour, malgré Malthus, generation—
 Professors of that genial art, and patrons
 Of all the modest part of propagation ;
 Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,
 That half its produce tends to emigration,
 That sad result of passions and potatoes—
 Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

XXXVIII.

Had Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell ;
 I wish she had : his book's the eleventh commandment,
 Which says, "Thou shalt not marry," unless *well* :
 This he (as far as I can understand) meant.
 'Tis not my purpose on his views to dwell,
 Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand" meant ;⁸
 But certes it conducts to lives ascetic,
 Or turning marriage into arithmetic.

XXXIX.

But Adeline, who probably presumed
 That Juan had enough of maintenance,
 Or *separate* maintenance, in case 'twas doom'd—
 As on the whole it is an even chance
 That bridegrooms, after they are fairly *groom'd*,
 May retrograde a little in the dance
 Of marriage—(which might form a painter's fame,
 Like Holbein's "Dance of Death"—but 'tis the same);—

XL.

But Adeline determined Juan's wedding
In her own mind, and that's enough for woman :
But then, with whom ? There was the sage Miss Reading,
Miss Raw, Miss Flaw, Miss Showman, and Miss Knowman,
And the two fair co-heiresses Giltbedding.
She deem'd his merits something more than common :
All these were unobjectionable matches,
And might go on, if well wound up, like watches.

XLI.

There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seem'd the cream of equanimity,
Till skimm'd—and then there was some milk and water,
With a slight shade of blue too, it might be
Beneath the surface ; but what did it matter ?
Love's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,
And being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

XLII.

And then there was the Miss Audacia Shoestring,
A dashing demoiselle of good estate,
Whose heart was fix'd upon a star or blue string ;
But whether English Dukes grew rare of late,
Or that she had not harp'd upon the true string,
By which such sirens can attract our great,
She took up with some foreign younger brother,
A Russ or Turk—the one's as good as t'other.

XLIII.

And then there was—but why should I go on,
Unless the ladies should go off ?—there was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded ;

XLIV.

Rich, noble, but an orphan; left an only
Child to the care of guardians good and kind;
But still her aspect had an air so lonely!
Blood is not water; and where shall we find
Feelings of youth like those which overthrown lie
By death, when we are left, alas! behind,
To feel, in friendless palaces, a home
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

XLV.

Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.
All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline;
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,
She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more.

XLVI.

She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,
And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear
Perhaps because 'twas fallen: her sires were proud
Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
To novel power; and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

XLVII.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew;
Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young!

XLVIII.

Now it so happen'd, in the catalogue,
Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,
Although her birth and wealth had given her vogue,
Beyond the charmers we have already cited;
Her beauty also seem'd to form no clog
Against her being mention'd as well fitted,
By many virtues, to be worth the trouble
Of single gentlemen who would be double.

XLIX.

And this omission, like that of the bust
Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius,⁹
Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must.
This he express'd half smiling and half serious;
When Adeline replied with some disgust,
And with an air, to say the least, imperious,
She marvell'd "what he saw in such a baby
As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Raby?"

L.

Juan rejoin'd—"She was a Catholic,
And therefore fittest, as of his persuasion;
Since he was sure his mother would fall sick,
And the Pope thunder excommunication,
If ——" But here Adeline, who seem'd to pique
Herself extremely on the inoculation
Of others with her own opinions, stated—
As usual—the same reason which she late did.

LI.

And wherefore not? A reasonable reason,
If good, is none the worse for repetition;
If bad, the best way's certainly to tease on,
And amplify: you lose much by concision,
Whereas insisting in or out of season
Convinces all men, even a politician;
Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.
So the end's gain'd, what signifies the route?

LII.

Why Adeline had this slight prejudice—
 For prejudice it was—against a creature
 As pure as sanctity itself from vice,
 With all the added charm of form and feature,
 For me appears a question far too nice,
 Since Adeline was liberal by nature;
 But nature's nature, and has more caprices
 Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

LIII.

Perhaps she did not like the quiet way
 With which Aurora on those baubles look'd,
 Which charm most people in their earlier day:
 For there are few things by mankind less brook'd,
 And womankind too, if we so may say,
 Than finding thus their genius stand rebuked,
 Like "Anthony's by Cæsar,"¹⁰ by the few
 Who look upon them as they ought to do.

LIV.

It was not envy—Adeline had none;
 Her place was far beyond it, and her mind.
 It was not scorn—which could not light on one
 Whose greatest *fault* was leaving few to find.
 It was not jealousy, I think: but shun
 Following the "ignes fatui" of mankind.
 It was not ——— but 'tis easier far, alas!
 To say what it was not than what it was.

LV.

Little Aurora deem'd she was the theme
 Of such discussion. She was there a guest;
 A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream
 Of rank and youth, though purer than the rest,
 Which flow'd on for a moment in the beam
 Time sheds a moment o'er each sparkling crest.
 Had she known this, she would have calmly smiled—
 She had so much, or little, of the child.

LVI.

The dashing and proud air of Adeline
 Imposed not upon her: she saw her blaze
 Much as she would have seen a glow-worm shine,
 'Then turn'd unto the stars for loftier rays.
 Juan was something she could not divine,
 Being no sibyl in the new world's ways;
 Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
 Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

LVII.

His fame too,—for he had that kind of fame
 Which sometimes plays the deuce with womankind,
 A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
 Half virtues and whole vices being combined;
 Faults which attract because they are not tame;
 Follies trick'd out so brightly that they blind:—
 These seals upon her wax made no impression,
 Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

LVIII.

Juan knew nought of such a character—
 High, yet resembling not his lost Haidée;
 Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere:
 The island girl, bred up by the lone sea,
 More warm, as lovely, and not less sincere,
 Was Nature's all: Aurora could not be,
 Nor would be thus:—the difference in them
 Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

LIX.

Having wound up with this sublime comparison,
 Methinks we may proceed upon our narrative,
 And, as my friend Scott says, "I sound my warison;"
 Scott, the superlative of my comparative—
 Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or Saracen,
 Serf, lord, man, with such skill as none would share it, if
 There had not been one Shakspeare and Voltaire,
 Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.

LX.

I say, in my slight way I may proceed
 To play upon the surface of humanity.
 I write the world, nor care if the world read,
 At least for this I cannot spare its vanity.
 My Muse hath bred, and still perhaps may breed
 More foes by this same scroll: when I began it, I
 Thought that it might turn out so—*now* I *know* it,
 But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

LXI.

The conference or congress (for it ended
 As congresses of late do) of the Lady
 Adeline and Don Juan rather blended
 Some acids with the sweets—for she was heady;
 But, ere the matter could be marr'd or mended,
 The silvery bell rang, not for “dinner ready,”
 But for that hour call'd *half-hour*, given to dress,
 Though ladies' robes seem scant enough for less.

LXII.

Great things were now to be achieved at table,
 With massy plate for armour, knives and forks
 For weapons; but what Muse since Homer's able
 (His feasts are not the worst part of his works)
 To draw up in array a single day-bill
 Of modern dinners? where more mystery lurks,
 In soups or sauces, or a sole ragoût,
 Than witches, b—ches, or physicians, brew.

LXIII.

There was a goodly “*soupe à la bonne femme*,”
 Though God knows whence it came from; there was, too,
 A turbot for relief of those who cram,
 Relieved with “*dindon à la Parigeux* :”
 There also was—the sinner that I am!
 How shall I get this gourmand stanza through?—
 “*Soupe à la Beauveau*,” whose relief was dory,
 Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

LXIV.

But I must crowd all into one grand mess
 Or mass; for should I stretch into detail,
 My Muse would run much more into excess,
 Than when some squeamish people deem her frail;
 But though a "bonne vivante," I must confess
 Her stomach's not her peccant part; this tale
 However doth require some slight refection,
 Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

LXV.

Fowls "à la Condé," slices eke of salmon,
 With "sauces Gênévoises," and haunch of venison:
 Wines too, which might again have slain young Ammon—
 A man like whom I hope we sha'n't see many soon;
 They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
 Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison;
 And then there was champagne with foaming whirls,
 As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

LXVI.

Then there was God knows what "à l'Allemande,"
 "Timballe," and "salpicon," "à l'Espagnole"—
 With things I can't withstand or understand,
 Though swallow'd with much zest upon the whole;
 And "entremets" to piddle with at hand,
 Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;
 While great Lucullus' *Robe triumphal* muffles—
 (*There's fame*)—young partridge fillets, deck'd with truffles.¹²

LXVII.

What are the *fillets* on the victor's brow
 To these? They are rags or dust. Where is the arch
 Which nodded to the nation's spoils below?
 Where the triumphal chariots' haughty march?
 Gone to where victories must like dinners go.
 Farther I shall not follow the research:
 But oh! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,
 When will your names lend lustre e'en to partridges?

LXVIII.

Those truffles too are no bad accessories,
 Follow'd by "petits puits d'amour"—a dish
 Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,
 So every one may dress it to his wish,
 According to the best of dictionaries,
 Which encyclopedise both flesh and fish;
 But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,
 There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."¹⁸

LXIX.

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation
 Of intellect expanded on two courses;
 And indigestion's grand multiplication
 Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.
 Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,
 That cookery could have call'd forth such resources,
 As form a science and a nomenclature
 From out the commonest demands of nature?

LXX.

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled;
 The diners of celebrity dined well;
 The ladies with more moderation mingled
 In the feast, pecking less than I can tell;
 Also the younger men too: for a springald
 Can't, like ripe age, in gormandize excel,
 But thinks less of good eating than the whisper
 (When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.

LXXI.

Alas! I must leave undescribed the gibier,
 The salmi, the consommé, the purée,
 All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber
 Than could roast beef in our rough John Bull way.
 I must not introduce even a spare rib here,
 "Bubble and squeak" would spoil my liquid lay,
 But I have dined, and must forego, alas!
 The chaste description even of a "bécasse;"

LXXII.

And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines
 From nature for the service of the goût—
Taste or the *gout*,—pronounce it as inclines
 Your stomach! Ere you dine, the French will do;
 But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs
 Which prove plain English truer of the two.
 Hast ever *had* the *gout*? I have not had it—
 But I may have, and you too, reader, dread it.

LXXIII.

The simple olives, best allies of wine,
 Must I pass over in my bill of fare?
 I must, although a favourite “plat” of mine
 In Spain, and Lucca, Athens, every where:
 On them and bread ’twas oft my luck to dine,
 The grass my table-cloth, in open air,
 On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,
 Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is.”

LXXIV.

Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,
 And vegetables, all in masquerade,
 The guests were placed according to their roll,
 But various as the various meats display’d:
 Don Juan sat next an “à l’Espagnole”—
 No damsel, but a dish, as hath been said;
 But so far like a lady, that ’twas drest
 Superbly, and contained a world of zest.

LXXV.

By some odd chance too, he was placed between
 Aurora and the Lady Adeline—
 A situation difficult, I ween,
 For man therein, with eyes and heart, to dine.
 Also the conference which we have seen
 Was not such as to encourage him to shine,
 For Adeline, addressing few words to him,
 With two transcendent eyes seem’d to look through him.

LXXVI.

I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears :
This much is sure, that, out of earshot, things
Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,
Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge springs.
Like that same mystic music of the spheres,
Which no one hears, so loudly though it rings,
'Tis wonderful how oft the sex have heard
Long dialogues—which pass'd without a word !

LXXVII.

Aurora sat with that indifference
Which piques a preux chevalier—as it ought :
Of all offences that's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a thought.
Now Juan, though no coxcomb in pretence,
Was not exactly pleased to be so caught ;
Like a good ship entangled among ice,
And after so much excellent advice.

LXXVIII.

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as urbanity
Required. Aurora scarcely look'd aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
The devil was in the girl ! Could it be pride ?
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity ?
Heaven knows ! But Adeline's malicious eyes
Sparkled with her successful prophecies,

LXXIX.

And look'd as much as if to say, "I said it ;"
A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,
Because it sometimes, as I have seen or read it,
Both in the case of lover and of friend,
Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,
To bring what was a jest to a serious end :
For all men prophesy what *is* or *was*,
And hate those who won't let them come to pass.

LXXX.

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight but select, and just enough to express,
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more than less.
Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than guess)
So far relax'd her thoughts from their sweet prison,
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

LXXXI.

From answering she began to question : this
With her was rare ; and Adeline, who as yet
Thought her predictions went not much amiss,
Began to dread she'd thaw to a coquette—
So very difficult, they say, it is
To keep extremes from meeting, when once set
In motion ; but she here too much refined—
Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

LXXXII.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,
Which show'd such deference to what females say,
As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact, too, temper'd him from grave to gay,
And taught him when to be reserved or free :
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

LXXXIII.

Aurora, who in her indifference
Confounded him in common with the crowd
Of flatterers, though she deem'd he had more sense
Than whispering foplings, or than witlings loud—
Commenced (from such slight things will great commence)
To feel that flattery which attracts the proud
Rather by deference than compliment,
And wins even by a delicate dissent.

LXXXIV.

And then he had good looks;—that point was carried
Nem. con. amongst the women, which I grieve
 To say leads oft to *crim. con.* with the married—
 A case which to the juries we may leave,
 Since with digressions we too long have tarried.
 Now though we know of old that looks deceive,
 And always have done, somehow these good looks
 Make more impression than the best of books.

LXXXV.

Aurora, who look'd more on books than faces,
 Was very young, although so very sage,
 Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
 Especially upon a printed page.
 But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
 Has not the natural stays of strict old age;
 And Socrates, that model of all duty,
 Own'd to a penchant, though discreet, for beauty.

LXXXVI.

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic,
 But innocently so, as Socrates;
 And really, if the sage sublime and Attic
 At seventy years had phantasies like these,
 Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic
 Has shown, I know not why they should displease
 In virgins—always in a modest way,
 Observe; for that with me's a "*sine qua.*" "

LXXXVII.

Also observe, that, like the great Lord Coke
 (See Littleton), whene'er I have express'd
 Opinions two, which at first sight may look
 Twin opposites, the second is the best.
 Perhaps I have a third too, in a nook,
 Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest:
 But if a writer should be quite consistent,
 How could he possibly show things existent?

LXXXVIII.

If people contradict themselves, can I
Help contradicting them, and every body,
Even my veracious self?—But that's a lie :
I never did so, never will—how should I ?
He who doubts all things nothing can deny :
Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams are muddy,
And cut through such canals of contradiction,
That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

LXXXIX.

Apologue, fable, poesy, and parable,
Are false, but may be render'd also true,
By those who sow them in a land that's arable.
'Tis wonderful what fable will not do !
'Tis said it makes reality more bearable :
But what's reality ? Who has its clue ?
Philosophy ? No : she too much rejects.
Religion ? *Yes* ; but which of all her sects ?

XC.

Some millions must be wrong, that's pretty clear ;
Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.
God help us ! Since we have need on our career
To keep our holy beacons always bright,
'Tis time that some new prophet should appear,
Or old indulge man with a second sight.
Opinions wear out in some thousand years,
Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

XCI.

But here again, why will I thus entangle
Myself with metaphysics ? None can hate
So much as I do any kind of wrangle ;
And yet, such is my folly, or my fate,
I always knock my head against some angle
About the present, past, or future state :
Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,
For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

xcii.

But though I am a temperate theologian,
 And also meek as a metaphysician,
 Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan
 As Eldon ¹⁶ on a lunatic commission,
 In politics my duty is to show John
 Bull something of the lower world's condition.
 It makes my blood boil like the springs of Hecla,¹⁷
 To see men let these scoundrel sovereigns break law.

xciii.

But politics, and policy, and piety,
 Are topics which I sometimes introduce,
 Not only for the sake of their variety,
 But as subservient to a moral use;
 Because my business is to *dress* society,
 And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose.
 And now, that we may furnish with some matter all
 Tastes, we are going to try the supernatural.

xciv.

And now I will give up all argument;
 And positively henceforth no temptation
 Shall "fool me to the top up of my bent:" — "
 Yes, I'll begin a thorough reformation.
 Indeed, I never knew what people meant
 By deeming that my Muse's conversation
 Was dangerous;—I think she is as harmless
 As some who labour more and yet may charm less.

xcv.

Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?
 No; but you have heard—I understand—be dumb!
 And don't regret the time you may have lost,
 For you have got that pleasure still to come:
 And do not think I mean to sneer at most
 Of these things, or by ridicule benumb
 That source of the sublime and the mysterious:—
 For certain reasons my belief is serious.

XCVI.

Serious? You laugh;—you may: that will I not;
My smiles must be sincere or not at all.
I say I do believe a haunted spot
Exists—and where? That shall I not recall,
Because I'd rather it should be forgot,
“Shadows the soul of Richard”¹⁹ may appal.
In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very
Like those of the philosopher of Malmsbury.²⁰

XCVII.

The night—(I sing by night—sometimes an owl
And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,
And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl
Rattles around me her discordant hymn:
Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—
I wish to heaven they would not look so grim:
The dying embers dwindle in the grate—
I think too that I have sat up too late:

XCVIII.

And therefore, though 'tis by no means my way
To rhyme at noon—when I have other things
To think of, if I ever think—I say
I feel some chilly midnight shudderings,
And prudently postpone, until mid-day,
Treating a topic which, alas! but brings
Shadows;—but you must be in my condition
Before you learn to call this superstition.

XCIX.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

DON JUAN.



CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

I.

THE antique Persians taught three useful things,
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.¹
This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—
A mode adopted since by modern youth.
Bows have they, generally with two strings ;
Horses they ride without remorse or ruth ;
At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,
But draw the long bow better now than ever.

II.

The cause of this effect, or this defect,—
“ For this effect defective comes by cause,”²—
Is what I have not leisure to inspect ;
But this I must say in my own applause,
Of all the Muses that I recollect,
Whate’er may be her follies or her flaws,
In some things, mine’s beyond all contradiction
The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

III.

And as she treats all things, and ne’er retreats
From any thing, this epic will contain
A wilderness of the most rare conceits,
Which you might elsewhere hope to find in vain.
’Tis true there be some bitters with the sweets,
Yet mix’d so slightly, that you can’t complain,
But wonder they so few are, since my tale is
“ De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis.”

IV.

But of all truths which she has told, the most
True is that which she is about to tell.

I said it was a story of a ghost—

What then? I only know it so befell.
Have you explored the limits of the coast,
Where all the dwellers of the earth must dwell?
'Tis time to strike such puny doubters dumb as
The sceptics who would not believe Columbus.

V.

Some people would impose now with authority,
Turpin's or Monmouth Geoffry's Chronicle;
Men whose historical superiority
Is always greatest at a miracle.
But Saint Augustine has the great priority,
Who bids all men believe the impossible,
Because 'tis so. Who nibble, scribble, quibble, he
Quiets at once with "*quia impossibile.*"

VI.

And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all;
Believe:—if 'tis improbable, you *must*,
And if it is impossible, you *shall*:
'Tis always best to take things upon trust.
I do not speak profanely, to recall
Those holier mysteries which the wise and just
Receive as gospel, and which grow more rooted,
As all truths must, the more they are disputed:

VII.

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears;
And what is strangest upon this strange head,
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

VIII.

The dinner and the soirée too were done,
The supper too discuss'd, the dames admired,
The banqueteers had dropp'd off one by one—
The song was silent, and the dance expired :
The last thin petticoats were vanish'd, gone
Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,
And nothing brighter gleam'd through the saloon
Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon.

IX.

The evaporation of a joyous day
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay ;
Or like a system coupled with a doubt ;
Or like a soda bottle when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out ;
Or like a billow left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind ;

X.

Or like an opiate, which brings troubled rest,
Or none ; or like—like nothing that I know
Except itself ;—such is the human breast ;
A thing, of which similitudes can show
No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest
Dyed purple, none at present can tell how,
If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.⁴
So perish every tyrant's robe piece-meal !

XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,
Undressing is a woe ; our robe de chambre
May sit like that of Nessus,⁵ and recall
Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear than amber.
Titus exclaim'd, “ I've lost a day ! ” Of all
The nights and days most people can remember,
(I have had of both, some not to be disdain'd,)
I wish they'd state how many they have gain'd.

XII.

And Juan, on retiring for the night,
Felt restless, and perplex'd, and compromised :
He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more bright
Than Adeline (such is advice) advised ;
If he had known exactly his own plight,
He probably would have philosophised :
A great resource to all, and ne'er denied
Till wanted ; therefore Juan only sigh'd.

XIII.

He sigh'd ;—the next resource is the full moon,
Where all sighs are deposited ; and now
It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone
As clear as such a climate will allow ;
And Juan's mind was in the proper tone
To hail her with the apostrophe—"O thou !"
Of amatory egotism the *Thuism*,
Which further to explain would be a truism.

XIV.

But lover, poet, or astronomer,
Shepherd, or swain, whoever may behold,
Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her :
Great thoughts we catch from thence (besides a cold
Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err) ;
Deep secrets to her rolling light are told ;
The ocean's tides and mortals' brains she sways,
And also hearts, if there be truth in lays.

XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed
For contemplation rather than his pillow :
The Gothic chamber, where he was enclosed,
Let in the rippling sound of the lake's billow,
With all the mystery by midnight caused :
Below his window waved (of course) a willow ;
And he stood gazing out on the cascade
That flash'd and after darken'd in the shade.

XVI.

Upon his table or his toilet,—*which*
Of these is not exactly ascertain'd,—
(I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch
Of nicety, where a fact is to be gain'd,)
A lamp burn'd high, while he leant from a niche,
Where many a Gothic ornament remain'd,
In chisell'd stone and painted glass, and all
That time has left our fathers of their hall.

XVII.

Then, as the night was clear though cold, he threw
His chamber door wide open—and went forth
Into a gallery, of a sombre hue,
Long, furnish'd with old pictures of great worth,
Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,
As doubtless should be people of high birth.
But by dim lights the portraits of the dead
Have something ghastly, desolate, and dread.

XVIII.

The forms of the grim knight and pictured saint
Look living in the moon; and as you turn
Backward and forward to the echoes faint
Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
Start from the frames which fence their aspects stern,
As if to ask how you can dare to keep
A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.

XIX.

And the pale smile of beauties in the grave,
The charms of other days, in starlight gleams,
Glimmer on high; their buried locks still wave
Along the canvass; their eyes glance like dreams
On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,
But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.
A picture is the past; even ere its frame
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

xx.

As Juan mused on mutability,
Or on his mistress—terms synonymous—
No sound except the echo of his sigh
Or step ran sadly through that antique house
When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh,
A supernatural agent—or a mouse,
Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass
Most people as it plays along the arras.

xxi.

It was no mouse, but lo! a monk, array'd
In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, appear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard;
His garments only a slight murmur made;
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly; and as he pass'd Juan by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

xxii.

Juan was petrified; he had heard a hint
Of such a spirit in these halls of old,
But thought, like most men, there was nothing in't
Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold,
Coin'd from surviving superstition's mint,
Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,
But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.
And did he see this? or was it a vapour?

xxiii.

Once, twice, thrice pass'd, repass'd—the thing of air,
Or earth beneath, or heaven, or t'other place;
And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,
Yet could not speak or move; but, on its base
As stands a statue, stood: he felt his hair
Twine like a knot of snakes around his face;
He tax'd his tongue for words, which were not granted,
To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,
The shadow pass'd away—but where? the hall
Was long, and thus far there was no great cause
To think his vanishing unnatural:
Doors there were many, through which, by the laws
Of physics, bodies whether short or tall
Might come or go; but Juan could not state
Through which the spectre seem'd to evaporate.

XXV.

He stood—how long he knew not, but it seem'd
An age—expectant, powerless, with his eyes
Strain'd on the spot where first the figure gleam'd,
Then by degrees recall'd his energies,
And would have pass'd the whole off as a dream,
But could not wake; he was, he did surmise,
Waking already, and return'd at length
Back to his chamber, shorn of half his strength.

XXVI.

All there was as he left it: still his taper
Burnt, and not *blue*, as modest tapers use,
Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour;
He rubb'd his eyes, and they did not refuse
Their office; he took up an old newspaper;
The paper was right easy to peruse;
He read an article the king attacking,
And a long eulogy of “patent blacking.”

XXVII.

This savour'd of this world; but his hand shook:
He shut his door, and after having read
A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,
Undrest, and rather slowly went to bed.
There, couch'd all snugly on his pillow's nook,
With what he had seen his phantasy he fed;
And though it was no opiate, slumber crept
Upon him by degrees, and so he slept.

XXVIII.

He woke betimes ; and, as may be supposed,
Ponder'd upon his visitant or vision,
And whether it ought not to be disclosed,
At risk of being quizz'd for superstition.
The more he thought, the more his mind was posed ;
In the mean time, his valet, whose precision
Was great, because his master brook'd no less,
Knock'd to inform him it was time to dress.

XXIX.

He dress'd ; and like young people he was wont
To take some trouble with his toilet, but
This morning rather spent less time upon't ;
Aside his very mirror soon was put ;
His curls fell negligently o'er his front,
His clothes were not curb'd to their usual cut,
His very neckcloth's Gordian knot was tied
Almost an hair's breadth too much on one side.

XXX.

And when he walk'd down into the saloon,
He sate him pensive o'er a dish of tea,
Which he perhaps had not discover'd soon,
Had it not happen'd scalding hot to be,
Which made him have recourse unto his spoon ;
So much distrait he was, that all could see
That something was the matter—Adeline
The first—but *what* she could not well divine.

XXXI.

She look'd, and saw him pale, and turn'd as pale
Herself ; then hastily look'd down, and mutter'd
Something, but what's not stated in my tale.
Lord Henry said, his muffin was ill butter'd ;
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke play'd with her veil,
And look'd at Juan hard, but nothing utter'd.
Aurora Raby with her large dark eyes
Survey'd him with a kind of calm surprise.

XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and silent still,
And every body wondering more or less,
Fair Adeline enquired, "If he were ill?"
He started, and said, "Yes—no—rather—yes."
The family physician had great skill,
And being present, now began to express
His readiness to feel his pulse and tell
The cause, but Juan said, "He was quite well."

XXXIII.

"Quite well; yes,—no."—These answers were mysterious,
And yet his looks appear'd to sanction both,
However they might savour of delirious;
Something like illness of a sudden growth
Weigh'd on his spirit, though by no means serious:
But for the rest, as he himself seem'd loth
To state the case, it might be ta'en for granted
It was not the physician that he wanted.

XXXIV.

Lord Henry, who had now discuss'd his chocolate,
Also the muffin whereof he complain'd,
Said, Juan had not got his usual look elate,
At which he marvell'd, since it had not rain'd;
Then ask'd her Grace what news were of the duke of late?
Her Grace replied, *his* Grace was rather pain'd
With some slight, light, hereditary twinges
Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

XXXV.

Then Henry turn'd to Juan, and address'd
A few words of condolence on his state:
"You look," quoth he, "as if you had had your rest
Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late."
"What Friar?" said Juan; and he did his best
To put the question with an air sedate,
Or careless; but the effort was not valid
To hinder him from growing still more pallid.

XXXVI.

“Oh! have you never heard of the Black Friar?”
 The spirit of these walls?”—“In truth not I.”
 “Why Fame—but Fame you know’s sometimes a liar—
 Tells an odd story, of which by and by:
 Whether with time the spectre has grown shyer,
 Or that our sires had a more gifted eye
 For such sights, though the tale is half believed,
 The Friar of late has not been oft perceived.

XXXVII.

“The last time was——”—“I pray,” said Adeline—
 (Who watch’d the changes of Don Juan’s brow,
 And from its context thought she could divine
 Connections stronger than he chose to avow
 With this same legend)—“If you but design
 To jest, you’ll choose some other theme just now,
 Because the present tale has oft been told,
 And is not much improved by growing old.”

XXXVIII.

“Jest!” quoth Milor; “why, Adeline, you know
 That we ourselves—’twas in the honey moon—
 Saw——”—“Well, no matter, ’twas so long ago;
 But, come, I’ll set your story to a tune.”
 Graceful as Dian, when she draws her bow,
 She seized her harp, whose strings were kindled soon
 As touch’d, and plaintively began to play
 The air of “’Twas a Friar of Orders Gray.”

XXXIX.

“But add the words,” cried Henry, “which you made
 For Adeline is half a poetess,”
 Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.
 Of course the others could not but express
 In courtesy their wish to see display’d
 By one *three* talents, for there were no less—
 The voice, the words, the harper’s skill, at once
 Could hardly be united by a dunce.

XL.

After some fascinating hesitation,—
The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation,—
Fair Adeline, with eyes fix'd on the ground
At first, then kindling into animation,
Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
And sang with much simplicity,—a merit
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

1.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
Made Norman Church his prey,
And expell'd the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away.

2.

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right,
To turn church lands to lay,
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls, if they said nay;
A monk remain'd, unchased, unchain'd,
And he did not seem form'd of clay,
For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church,
Though he is not seen by day.

3.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still with the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.
By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
He comes—but not to grieve.

4.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,
And when aught is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.^a
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadow'd by his cowl;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

5.

But beware ! beware ! of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the church's heir
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night ;
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

6.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
And he'll say nought to you ;
He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
As o'er the grass the dew.
Then grammarcy ! for the Black Friar ;
Heaven sain him ! fair or foul,
And whatsoe'er may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.

XII.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires
Died from the touch that kindled them to sound ;
And the pause follow'd, which when song expires
Pervades a moment those who listen round ;
And then of course the circle much admires,
Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,
The tones, the feeling, and the execution,
To the performer's diffident confusion.

XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,
 As if she rated such accomplishment
 As the mere pastime of an idle day,
 Pursued an instant for her own content,
 Would now and then as 'twere *without* display,
 Yet *with* display in fact, at times relent
 To such performances with haughty smile,
 To show she *could*, if it were worth her while.

XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)
 Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—
 Trampling on Plato's pride with greater pride,
 As did the Cynic on some like occasion;
 Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
 Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
 For a spoilt carpet—but the “Attic bee”
 Was much consoled by his own repartee.”

XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade
 (By doing easily whene'er she chose,
 What dilettanti do with vast parade)
 Their sort of *half profession*: for it grows
 To something like this when too oft display'd;
 And that it is so, every body knows,
 Who have heard Miss That or This, or Lady T'other,
 Show off—to please their company or mother.

XLV.

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!
 The admirations and the speculations;
 The “Mamma Mia's!” and the “Amor Mio's!”
 The “Tanti palpiti's” on such occasions:
 The “Lasciami's,” and quavering “Addio's!”
 Amongst our own most musical of nations;
 With “Tu mi chamas's” from Portingale,
 To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.¹⁰

XLVI.

In Babylon's bravuras—as the home
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,
The calentures of music which o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are high lands,
No more to be beheld but in such visions—
Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of "*Blue*,"
Could write rhymes, and compose more than she wrote,
Made epigrams occasionally too
Upon her friends, as every body ought.
But still from that sublimer azure hue,
So much the present dye, she was remote;
Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,
And what was worse, was not ashamed to show it.

XLVIII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,
Which now-a-days is the thermometer
By whose degrees all characters are class'd—
Was more Shakspearian, if I do not err.
The worlds beyond this world's perplexing waste
Had more of her existence, for in her
There was a depth of feeling to embrace
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as Space.

XLIX.

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace,
The full-grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke, whose mind,
If she had any, was upon her face,
And that was of a fascinating kind.
A little turn for mischief you might trace
Also thereon,—but that's not much; we find
Few females without some such gentle leaven,
For fear we should suppose us quite in heaven.

L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,
Though once she was seen reading the "Bath Guide,"
And "Hayley's Triumphs," which she deem'd pathetic,
Because she said *her temper* had been tried
So much, the bard had really been prophetic
Of what she had gone through with—since a bride.
But of all verse, what most insured her praise
Were sonnets to herself, or "bouts rimés." "

LI.

'Twere difficult to say what was the object
Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay
To bear on what appear'd to her the subject
Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day.
Perhaps she merely had the simple project
To laugh him out of his supposed dismay;
Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,
Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

LII.

But so far the immediate effect
Was to restore him to his self-propriety,
A thing quite necessary to the elect,
Who wish to take the tone of their society :
In which you cannot be too circumspect,
Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,
But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,
On pain of much displeasing the gynocracy."²

LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally
His spirits, and without more explanation
To jest upon such themes in many a sally.
Her Grace, too, also seized the same occasion,
With various similar remarks to tally,
But wish'd for a still more detail'd narration
Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,
About the present family's deaths and wooings.

LIV.

Of these few could say more than has been said ;
 They pass'd, as such things do, for superstition
 With some, while others, who had more in dread
 The theme, half credited the strange tradition ;
 And much was talk'd on all sides on that head :
 But Juan, when cross-question'd on the vision,
 Which some supposed (though he had not avow'd it)
 Had stirr'd him, answer'd in a way to cloud it.

LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,
 The company prepared to separate ;
 Some to their several pastimes, or to none,
 Some wondering 'twas so early, some so late.
 There was a goodly match too, to be run
 Between some greyhounds on my lord's estate,
 And a young race-horse of old pedigree,
 Match'd for the spring, whom several went to see.

LVI.

There was a picture-dealer who had brought
 A special Titian, warranted original,
 So precious that it was not to be bought,
 Though princes the possessor were besieging all.
 The king himself had cheapen'd it, but thought
 The civil list he deigns to accept, (obliging all
 His subjects by his gracious acceptance)—
 Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur,—
 The friend of artists, if not arts,—the owner,
 With motives the most classical and pure,
 So that he would have been the very donor,
 Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,
 So much he deem'd his patronage an honour,
 Had brought the capo d'opera,¹³ not for sale,
 But for his judgment—never known to fail.

LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic
Bricklayer of Babel, call'd an architect,
Brought to survey these grey walls, which, though so thick,
Might have from time acquired some slight defect;
Who after rummaging the Abbey through thick
And thin, produced a plan whereby to erect
New buildings of correctest conformation,
And throw down old, which he call'd *restoration*.

LIX.

The cost would be a trifle—an “old song,”
Set to some thousands ('tis the usual burthen
Of that same tune, when people hum it long)—
The price would speedily repay its worth in
An edifice no less sublime than strong,
By which Lord Henry's good taste would go forth in
Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,
For Gothic daring shown in English money.”

LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage
Lord Henry wish'd to raise for a new purchase;
Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,
And one on tithes, which sure are Discord's torches,
Kindling Religion till she throws down *her* gage,
“Untying” squires “to fight against the churches;”
There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and ploughman,
For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel trap,
Ready for gaol, their place of convalescence;
There was a country girl in a close cap
And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see, since—
Since—since—in youth, I had the sad mishap—
But luckily I have paid few parish fees since):
That scarlet cloak, alas! unclosed with rigour,
Presents the problem of a double figure.

LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,
One can't tell how it e'er got in or out ;
Therefore the present piece of natural history
I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt ;
And merely state, though not for the consistory,
Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout
The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,
Had bagg'd this poacher upon Nature's manor.

LXIII.

Now justices of peace must judge all pieces
Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
And morals of the country from caprices
Of those who have not a licence for the same ;
And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,
Perhaps these are most difficult to tame :
Preserving partridges and pretty wenches
Are puzzles to the most precautions benches.

LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,
Pale as if painted so ; her cheek being red
By nature, as in higher dames less hale
'Tis white, at least when they just rise from bed.
Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,
Poor soul ! for she was country born and bred,
And knew no better in her immorality
Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality.

LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet espiègle eye,
Had gather'd a large tear into its corner,
Which the poor thing at times essay'd to dry,
For she was not a sentimental mourner
Parading all her sensibility,
Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorner,
But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,
To be call'd up for her examination.

LXVI.

Of course these groups were scatter'd here and there,
Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.
The lawyers in the study ; and in air
The prize pig, ploughman, poachers ; the men sent
From town, viz. architect and dealer, were
Both busy (as a general in his tent
Writing despatches) in their several stations,
Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

LXVII.

But this poor girl was left in the great hall,
While Scout, the parish guardian of the frail,
Discuss'd (he hated beer yclept the "small")
A mighty mug of *moral* double ale.
She waited until Justice could recall
Its kind attentions to their proper pale,
To name a thing in nomenclature rather
Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation
For the Lord Henry, link'd with dogs and horses.
There was much bustle too, and preparation
Below stairs on the score of second courses ;
Because, as suits their rank and situation,
Those who in counties have great land resources
Have "public days," when all men may carouse,
Though not exactly what's call'd "open house."

LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *uninvited*
(Thus we translate a *general invitation*)
All country gentlemen, esquired or knighted,
May drop in without cards, and take their station
At the full board, and sit alike delighted
With fashionable wines and conversation ;
And, as the isthmus of the grand connection,
Talk o'er themselves the past and next election.

LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,
 Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit.
 But county contests cost him rather dearer,
 Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of Giftgabbit
 Had English influence, in the self-same sphere here ;
 His son, the Honourable Dick Dicedrabbitt,
 Was member for the "other interest" (meaning
 The same self-interest, with a different leaning).

LXXI.

Courteous and cautious therefore in his county,
 He was all things to all men, and dispensed
 To some civility, to others bounty,
 And promises to all—which last commenced
 To gather to a somewhat large amount, he
 Not calculating how much they condensed ;
 But what with keeping some, and breaking others,
 His word had the same value as another's.

LXXII.

A friend to freedom and to freeholders—yet
 No less a friend to government—he held,
 That he exactly the just medium hit
 'Twixt place and patriotism—albeit compell'd,
 Such was his sovereign's pleasure, (though unfit.
 He added modestly, when rebels rail'd,)
 To hold some sinecures he wish'd abolish'd,
 But that with them all law would be demolish'd.

LXXIII.

He was "free to confess"—(whence comes this phrase?
 Is't English? No—'tis only parliamentary)
 That innovation's spirit now-a-days
 Had made more progress than for the last century.
 He would not tread a factious path to praise,
 Though for the public weal disposed to venture high ;
 As for his place, he could but say this of it,
 That the fatigue was greater than the profit.

LXXIV.

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a private life
Had ever been his sole and whole ambition ;
But could he quit his king in times of strife,
Which threaten'd the whole country with perdition ?
When demagogues would with a butcher's knife
Cut through and through (oh ! damnable incision !)
The Gordian or Geordi-an knot, whose strings
Have tied together commons, lords, and kings.

LXXV.

Sooner "come place into the civil list
And champion him to the utmost—" ¹⁶ he would keep it,
Till duly disappointed or dismiss'd :
Profit he cared not for, let others reap it ;
But should the day come when place ceased to exist,
The country would have far more cause to weep it :
For how could it go on ? Explain who can !
He gloried in the name of Englishman.

LXXVI.

He was as independent—ay, much more—
Than those who were not paid for independence.
As common soldiers, or a common — shore,
Have in their several arts or parts ascendance
O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
Who do not give professional attendance.
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

LXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,
And thought. I say no more—I've said too much
For all of us have either heard or read—
Off—or *upon* the hustings—some slight such
Hints from the independent heart or head
Of the official candidate. I'll touch
No more on this—the dinner-bell hath rung,
And grace is said ; the grace I *should* have sung—

LXXVIII.

But I'm too late, and therefore must make play.

'Twas a great banquet, such as Albion old
Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray
Were something very glorious to behold.
But 'twas a public feast and public day,—
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And everybody out of their own sphere.

LXXIX.

The squires familiarly formal, and
My lords and ladies proudly condescending ;
The very servants puzzling how to hand
Their plates—without it might be too much bending
From their high places by the sideboard's stand—
Yet, like their masters, fearful of offending.
For any deviation from the graces
Might cost both man and master too—their *places*.

LXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and coursers keen,
Whose hounds ne'er err'd, nor greyhounds deign'd to lurch ;
Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers, seen
Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search
Of the poor partridge through his stubble screen.
There were some massy members of the church,
Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches,
And several who sung fewer psalms than catches.

LXXXI.

There were some country wags too—and, alas !
Some exiles from the town, who had been driven
To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,
And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.
And lo ! upon that day it came to pass,
I sate next that o'erwhelming son of heaven,
The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,"
The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with.

LXXXII.

I knew him in his livelier London days,
 A brilliant diner out, though but a curate ;
 And not a joke he cut but earn'd its praise,
 Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,
 (O Providence ! how wondrous are thy ways !
 Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes obdurate ?)
 Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,
 A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes ;
 But both were thrown away amongst the fens ;
 For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.
 No longer ready ears and short-hand pens
 Imbibed the gay bon-mot, or happy hoax :
 The poor priest was reduced to common sense,
 Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,
 To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.

LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song, " between
 A beggar and a queen," ^{is} or *was* (of late
 The latter worse used of the two we've seen—
 But we'll say nothing of affairs of state)
 A difference "'twixt a bishop and a dean,"
 A difference between crockery ware and plate,
 As between English beef and Spartan broth—
 And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

LXXXV.

But of all nature's discrepancies, none
 Upon the whole is greater than the difference
 Beheld between the country and the town,
 Of which the latter merits every preference
 From those who have few resources of their own,
 And only think, or act, or feel, with reference
 To some small plan of interest or ambition—
 Both which are limited to no condition.

LXXXVI.

But "en avant!" The light loves languish o'er
Long banquets and too many guests, although
A slight repast makes people love much more,
Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,
Even from our grammar upwards, friends of yore
With vivifying Venus,¹⁹ who doth owe
To these the invention of champagne and truffles:
Temperance delights her, but long fasting ruffles.

LXXXVII.

Dully past o'er the dinner of the day;
And Juan took his place, he knew not where,
Confused, in the confusion, and distrait,
And sitting as if nail'd upon his chair:
Though knives and forks clang'd round as in a fray,
He seem'd unconscious of all passing there,
Till some one, with a groan, exprest a wish
(Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the bans,
He started; and perceiving smiles around
Broadening to grins, he colour'd more than once,
And hastily—as nothing can confound
A wise man more than laughter from a dunce—
Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,
And with such hurry, that ere he could curb it,
He had paid his neighbour's prayer with half a turbot.

LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occur'd,
The supPLICATOR being an amateur;
But others, who were left with scarce a third,
Were angry—as they well might, to be sure.
They wonder'd how a young man so absurd
Lord Henry at his table should endure;
And this, and his not knowing how much oats
Had fall'n last market, cost his host three votes.

XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathised,
That he the night before had seen a ghost,
A prologue which but slightly harmonised
With the substantial company engross'd
By matter, and so much materialised,
That one scarce knew at what to marvel most
Of two things—how (the question rather odd is)
Such bodies could have souls, or souls such bodies.

XCI.

But what confused him more than smile or stare,
From all the 'squires and 'squiresses around,
Who wonder'd at the abstraction of his air,
Especially as he had been renown'd
For some vivacity among the fair,
Even in the country circle's narrow bound—
(For little things upon my lord's estate
Were good small talk for others still less great)—

XCII.

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,
And something like a smile upon her cheek.
Now this he really rather took amiss ;
In those who rarely smile, their smiles bespeak
A strong external motive ; and in this
Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique,
Or hope, or love, with any of the wiles
Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

XCIII.

'Twas a mere quiet smile of contemplation,
Indicative of some surprise and pity ;
And Juan grew carnation with vexation,
Which was not very wise, and still less witty,
Since he had gain'd at least her observation,
A most important outwork of the city—
As Juan should have known, had not his senses
By last night's ghost been driven from their defences.

xciv.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,
 Nor seem embarrass'd—quite the contrary;
 Her aspect was as usual, still—*not* stern—
 And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,
 Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?
 I know not; but her colour ne'er was high—
 Though sometimes faintly flush'd—and always clear,
 As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

xcv.

But Adeline was occupied by fame
 This day; and watching, witching, condescending
 To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,
 And dignity with courtesy so blending,
 As all must blend whose part it is to aim
 (Especially as the sixth year is ending)
 At their lord's, son's, or similar connection's
 Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

xcvi.

Though this was most expedient on the whole,
 And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance
 On Adeline while playing her grand rôle,
 Which she went through as though it were a dance,
 Betraying only now and then her soul
 By a look scarce perceptibly askance
 (Of weariness or scorn), began to feel
 Some doubt how much of Adeline was real;

xcvii.

So well she acted all and every part
 By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
 Which many people take for want of heart.
 They err—'tis merely what is call'd mobility,
 A thing of temperament and not of art,
 Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;
 And false—though true; for surely they're sincerest
 Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

XCVIII.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,
Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages never :
But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,
Little that's great, but much of what is clever ;
Most orators, but very few financiers,
Though all Exchequer chancellors endeavour,
Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,
And grow quite figurative with their figures.

XCIX.

The poets of arithmetic are they
Who, though they prove not two and two to be
Five, as they might do in a modest way,
Have plainly made it out that four are three,
Judging by what they take, and what they pay.
The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,
That most unliquidating liquid, leaves
The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

C.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,
The fair Fitz-Fulke seem'd very much at ease ;
Though too well bred to quiz men to their faces,
Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could seize
The ridicules of people in all places—
That honey of your fashionable bees—
And store it up for mischievous enjoyment ;
And this at present was her kind employment.

CI.

However, the day closed, as days must close ;
The evening also waned—and coffee came.
Each carriage was announced, and ladies rose,
And curtsying off, as curtsies country dame,
Retired : with most unfashionable bows
Their docile esquires also did the same,
Delighted with their dinner and their host,
But with the Lady Adeline the most.

CII.

Some praised her beauty : others her great grace ;
 The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity
 Was obvious in each feature of her face,
 Whose traits were radiant with the rays of verity.
 Yes ; *she* was truly worthy *her* high place !
 No one could envy her deserved prosperity.
 And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
 Draperied her form with curious felicity ! ”

CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,
 By an impartial indemnification
 For all her past exertion and soft phrases,
 In a most edifying conversation,
 Which turn'd upon their late guests' miens and faces,
 And families, even to the last relation ;
 Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and dresses,
 And truculent distortion of their tresses.

CIV.

True, *she* said little—'twas the rest that broke
 Forth into universal epigram ;
 But then 'twas to the purpose what she spoke ;
 Like Addison's " faint praise," " so wont to damn,
 Her own but served to set off every joke,
 As music chimes in with a melodrame.
 How sweet the task to shield an absent friend !
 I ask but this of mine, to——*not* defend.

CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen
 Skirmish of wits o'er the departed ; one
 Aurora, with her pure and placid mien ;
 And Juan, too, in general behind none
 In gay remark on what he had heard or seen,
 Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone :
 In vain he heard the others rail or rally,
 He would not join them in a single sally.

CVI.

'Tis true he saw Aurora look as though
 She approved his silence ; she perhaps mistook
 Its motive for that charity we owe
 But seldom pay the absent, nor would look
 Farther ; it might or it might not be so.
 But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,
 Observing little in his reverie,
 Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see.

CVII.

The ghost at least had done him this much good,
 In making him as silent as a ghost,
 If in the circumstances which ensued
 He gain'd esteem where it was worth the most ;
 And certainly Aurora had renew'd
 In him some feelings he had lately lost,
 Or harden'd ; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
 Are so divine, that I must deem them real :—

CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days ;
 The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
 Of what is call'd the world, and the world's ways ;
 The moments when we gather from a glance
 More joy than from all future pride or praise,
 Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
 The heart in an existence of its own,
 Of which another's bosom is the zone.

CIX.

Who would not sigh *Αι αι ταν Κυθερειαν*
 That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart ?
 Alas ! *her* star must fade like that of Dian :
 Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.
 Anacreon only had the soul to tie an
 Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart
 Of Eros : but though thou hast play'd us many tricks,
 Still we respect thee, “ Alma Venus Genetrix ! ” ”

CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as billows
 Heaving between this world and worlds beyond,
 Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
 Arrived, retired to his ; but to despond
 Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows
 Waved o'er his couch ; he meditated, fond
 Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish sleep,
 And make the worldling sneer, the youngling weep.

CXI.

The night was as before : he was undrest,
 Saving his night-gown, which is an undress ;
 Completely "sans culotte," and without vest ;
 In short he hardly could be clothed with less :
 But apprehensive of his spectral guest,
 He sate with feelings awkward to express
 (By those who have not had such visitations),
 Expectant of the ghost's fresh operations.

CXII.

And not in vain he listen'd ;—Hush ! what's that ?
 I see—I see—Ah, no !—'tis not—yet 'tis—
 Ye powers ! it is the—the—the—Pooh ! the cat !
 The devil may take that stealthy pace of his !
 So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
 Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,
 Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,
 And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

CXIII.

Again—what is't ? The wind ? No, no,—this time
 It is the sable Friar as before,
 What awful footsteps regular as rhyme,
 Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much more.
 Again through shadows of the night sublime,
 When deep sleep fell on men, and the world wore
 The starry darkness round her like a girdle
 Spangled with gems—the monk made his blood curdle.

CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,²⁴
Which sets the teeth on edge ; and a slight clatter
Like showers which on the midnight gusts will pass,
Sounding like very supernatural water,
Came over Juan's ear, which throbb'd, alas !
For immaterialism's a serious matter ;
So that even those whose faith is the most great
In souls immortal, shun them tête-à-tête.

CXV.

Were his eyes open?—Yes ! and his mouth too.
Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,
Yet leave the gate which eloquence slips through
As wide as if a long speech were to come.
Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,
Tremendous to a mortal tympanum :
His eyes were open, and (as was before
Stated) his mouth. What open'd next?—the door.

CXVI.

It open'd with a most infernal creak,
Like that of hell. “Lasciate ogni speranza
Voi ch' entrate !” The hinge seem'd to speak,
Dreadful as Dante's rhima, or this stanza ;
Or—but all words upon such themes are weak :
A single shade's sufficient to entrance a
Hero—for what is substance to a spirit ?
Or how is't matter trembles to come near it ?

CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly,—but, as fly
The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—
And then swung back ; nor close—but stood awry
Half letting in long shadows on the light,
Which still in Juan's candlesticks burn'd high,
For he had two, both tolerably bright,
And in the door-way, darkening darkness, stood
The sable Friar in his solemn hood.

CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken
 The night before; but being sick of shaking,
 He first inclined to think he had been mistaken;
 And then to be ashamed of such mistaking;
 His own internal ghost began to awaken
 Within him, and to quell his corporal quaking—
 Hinting that soul and body on the whole
 Were odds against a disembodied soul.

CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath fierce,
 And he arose, advanced—the shade retreated;
 But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
 Follow'd, his veins no longer cold, but heated,
 Resolved to thrust the mystery carte and tierce,
 At whatsoever risk of being defeated:
 The ghost stopp'd, menaced, then retired, until
 He reach'd the ancient wall, then stood stone still.

CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal powers!
 It touch'd no soul, nor body, but the wall,
 On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers,
 Chequer'd with all the tracery of the hall;
 He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers
 When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal.
 How odd, a single hobgoblin's non-entity
 Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity.*

CXXI.

But still the shade remain'd: the blue eyes glared,
 And rather variably for stony death:
 Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared,
 The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath:
 A straggling curl show'd he had been fair-hair'd;
 A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,
 Gleam'd forth, as through the casement's ivy shroud
 The moon peep'd, just escaped from a grey cloud.

CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder !
It press'd upon a hard but glowing bust,
Which beat as if there was a warm heart under.
He found as people on most trials must,
That he had made at first a silly blunder,
And that in his confusion he had caught
Only the wall, instead of what he sought.

CXXIII.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet soul
As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood :
A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
Forth into something much like flesh and blood ;
Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
And they reveal'd—alas ! that e'er they should !
In full, voluptuous, but *not o'ergrown* bulk,
The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke !

NOTES TO CANTO THE FOURTH.

- 1 ["Pride and worse Ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King."
Paradise Lost.]
- 2 [. "my May of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf."—*Macbeth.*]
- 3 [Achilles is said to have been dipped by his mother in the river Styx, to render him invulnerable.]
- 4 ["Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain."
Paradise Lost, b. vi.]
- 5 ["Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit."—*VIRG. Ecl. vi.*]
- 6 [. "from its mother's knee
When its last weaning draught is drain'd for ever,
The child divided—it were less to see,
Than these two from each other torn apart."—*MS.*]
- 7 See Herodotus (the story of Cleobis and Biton). Byron's line is a translation of one in a fragment of Menander.
- 8 ["For theirs were buoyant spirits, which would bound
'Gainst common failings," &c.—*MS.*]
- 9 ["Seldom he smiles : and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything."—*SHAKSPEARE.*]
- 10 ["The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
There can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes."—*SHAKSPEARE.*]
- 11 ["Strange state of being !—for 'tis still to be—
And who can know all false what then we see ?"—*MS.*]

¹² [For the curious mark of propinquity which the poet notices, with respect to the hands of the father and daughter, he is indebted to Ali Pacha, who, when his lordship was introduced with his friend Hobhouse, said that he knew he was the *Megalos Anthropos* (i. e. the Great Man), by the smallness of his ears and hands.—GALT.]

¹³ [“And if *I* did my duty as *thou* hast,
This hour were thine, and thy young minion’s last.”—MS.]

¹⁴ [“Till further orders should his doom assign.”—MS.]

¹⁵ [“But thou, sweet fury of the fiery rill !
Makest on the liver a still worse attack :
Besides, thy price is something dearer still.”—MS.]

¹⁶ [“Beauty and passion were the natural dower
Of Haidée’s mother, but her climate’s force
Lay at her heart, though sleeping at the source.”

Or,

“But in her large eye lay deep passion’s force,
Like to a lion sleeping by a source.”

Or,

“But in her large eye lay deep passion’s force,
As sleeps a lion by a river’s source.”—MS.]

¹⁷ [The suffocating blast of the desert.]

¹⁸ [“The blood gush’d from her lips, and ears, and eyes :
Those eyes so beautiful—beheld no more.”—MS.]

This is no very uncommon effect of the violence of conflicting and different passions. The Doge Francis Foscari, on his deposition in 1457, hearing the bells of St. Mark announce the election of his successor, “mourut subitement d’une hémorragie causée par une veine qui s’éclata dans sa poitrine,” (see Sismondi and Daru, vols. i. and ii.) at the age of eighty years, when “*Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him !*” Before I was sixteen years of age, I was witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect of mixed passions upon a young person, who, however, did not die in consequence, at that time, but fell a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the same kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

¹⁹ [“Distinct from life, as being still the same.”—MS.]

²⁰ [“And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye.”—*As you Like It.*]

²¹ [“Have dawn’d a child of beauty, though of sin.”—MS.]

²² [. . . . “Duncan is in his grave :
After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.”—*Macbeth.*]

²³ [We think that few will withhold their sympathy from this affecting catastrophe, or refuse to drop a tear at the fate of the lovely and unfortunate Haidée. Over this charming creature the poet has thrown a beauty and a fascination, which were never, we think, surpassed.—CAMPBELL.]

²⁴ [“No stone is there to read, nor tongue to say,
No dirge—save when arise the stormy seas.”—MS.]

²⁵ [We anchored at Cape Janissary, the famous promontory of Sigmum. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb, in honour of

which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. Farther down we saw the story famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I reviewed these celebrated mountains and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it; and I spent hours here in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on Mount Sinos.—LADY M. W. MONTAGU.]

The tortoises swarm on the sides of the rivulets, and are found under every bush.—HOBHOUSE.]

This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreigners, embarked them at an Italian port, and carrying them to Algiers, sold them. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange chance, in Rossini's opera of "L'Italiana in Algieri," at Venice, in the beginning of 1817.—[We have reason to believe that the following, which we take from the MS. of a highly respectable traveller, is a more correct account:—"In 1812, a Guariglia induced several young persons of both sexes—none of them exceeding years of age—to accompany him on an operatic excursion; part to form the orchestra and part the ballet. He contrived to get them on board a vessel which took her to Janina, where he sold them for the basest purposes. Some died from the effects of the climate, and some from suffering. Among the few who returned were a Molinari, and a female dancer, named Bonfiglia, who afterwards became the wife of Crespi, the tenor singer. The wretch who so basely sold them was, when Byron resided at Venice, employed as capo de' vestarj, or head tailor, at the theatre."—GRAHAM.]

A comic singer in the opera buffa. The Italians, however, distinguish the buffo cantante, which requires good singing, from the buffo comico, in which there is more buffoonery.]

The figuranti are those dancers of a ballet who do not dance singly, but many together, and serve to fill up the background during the exhibition of individual performers. They correspond to the chorus in the opera.—GRAHAM.]

["To help the ladies in their dress and lacing."—MS.]

It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan who are the chief managers of this branch of trade—women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and not deemed trustworthy as guardians of the harem.

Rauco-canti—may be rendered by Hoarse-song.]

A male voice, the compass of which partakes of those of the common bass and tenor, but does not extend so far downwards as the one, nor to an equal height as the other.—GRAHAM.]

["That each pull'd different ways—and waxing rough,
Had cuff'd each other, only for the cuff."—MS.]

["Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"—SHAKESPEARE.]

["Having had some experience in my youth."—MS.]

"I stood upon the plain of Troy daily, for more than a month, in 1810; and if my vigour diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant had impugned my acuity."—Byron *Diary*, 1821.]

The pillar which records the battle of Ravenna, fought on Easter-day, 1512, is two miles from the city, on the opposite side of the river to the road towards

Forli. Gaston de Foix, who gained the battle, and was killed in it, was in his twenty-fourth year. There fell on both sides twenty thousand men.]

39 ["Protects his tomb, but greater care is paid."—MS.]

40 [Dante was buried ("in sacra minorum arde") at Ravenna, in a handsome tomb, which was erected by his protector, Guido da Polenta, restored by Bernardo Bembo in 1483, again restored by Cardinal Corsi, in 1692, and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre in 1780, at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valent Gonzaga.—HOBHOUSE.]

41 ["With human ordure is it now defiled,
As if the peasant's scorn this made invented
To show his loathing of the thing he soil'd."—MS.]

42 ["Those sufferings once reserved for hell alone."—MS.]

43 ["Its fumes are frankincense ; and were there nought
Even of this vapour, still the chilling yoke
Of silence would not long be borne by Thought."—MS.]

44 ["I have drunk deep of passions as they pass,
And dearly bought the bitter power to give."—MS.]

45 ["What ! must I go with Wordy to the cooks ?
Read—were it but your Grandmother's to vex—
And let me not the only minstrel be
Cut off from tasting your Castalian tea."—MS.]

46 ["Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word *popularity* ! In everything which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness, or to be made conscious of her strength ; wherever, etc.—*there* the Poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers."—WORDSWORTH'S *Second Preface*.]

47 ["Not having look'd at many of that hue,
Nor garters—save those of the '*hani soit*'—which lie
Round the Patrician legs which walk about,
The ornaments of levee and of rout."—MS.]

48 [The cyanometer—an instrument invented for ascertaining the intensity of the blue colour of the sky.—BARROW.]

49 ["I'll back a London '*Bus*' against Peru."

Or,

"I'll bet some pair of stockings beat Peru."

Or,

"And so, old Sotheby, we'll measure you."—MS.]

50 ["The slave-market is a quadrangle, surrounded by a covered gallery, and ranges of small and separate apartments. Here the poor wretches sit in a melancholy posture. Such of them, both men and women, to whom dame Nature has been niggardly of her charms, are set apart for the vilest purposes ; but such girls as have youth and beauty, pass their time well enough. The retailers of this human ware are the Jews, who take good care of their slaves' education, that they may sell the better : their choicest they keep at home, and there you must go, if you would have better than ordinary : for it is here, as in markets for horses, the handsomest do not always appear, but are kept within doors."—TOURNEFORT.]

51 [The manner of purchasing slaves is thus described in the plain and unaffected narrative of a German merchant, "which," says Mr. Thornton, "as I have been able to ascertain its general authenticity, may be relied upon as correct."—"The girls

were introduced to me one after another. A Circassian maiden, eighteen years old, was the first who presented herself; she was well dressed, and her face was covered with a veil. She advanced towards me, bowed down and kissed my hand: by order of her master she walked backwards and forwards, to show her shape and the easiness of her gait and carriage. When she took off her veil, she displayed a bust of the most attractive beauty: she rubbed her cheeks with a wet napkin, to prove that she had not used art to heighten her complexion; and she opened her inviting lips, to show a regular set of teeth of pearly whiteness. I was permitted to feel her pulse, that I might be convinced of the good state of her health and constitution. She was then ordered to retire while we deliberated upon the bargain. The price of this beautiful girl was four thousand piastres."—See *Voyage de N. E. Kleeman*, and also *Thornton's Turkey*, vol. ii. p. 289.]

NOTES TO CANTO THE FIFTH.

¹ *Ωκεανοιο δεοιο*. This expression of Homer has been much criticised. It hardly answers to our Atlantic ideas of the ocean, but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont, and the Bosphorus, with the Ægean intersected with islands.

² The "Giant's Grave" is a height on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday parties ; like Harrow and Highgate.

³ ["That he a man of rank and birth had been,
And then they calculated on his ransom,
And last, not least—he was so very handsome."—MS.]

⁴ ["It chanced, that near him, separately lotted,
From out the groups of slaves put up for sale,
A man of middle age, and," &c.—MS.]

⁵ [A considerable town in Bulgaria, on the right bank of the Danube.]

⁶ ["The intended bidders minutely examine the poor creatures merely to ascertain their qualities as animals, select the sleekest and best-conditioned from the different groups ; and, besides handling and examining their make and size, subject their mouths, their teeth, and whatever chiefly engages attention, to a scrutiny of the most critical description."—DE POUQUEVILLE.]

⁷ [The Turkish zecchino is a gold coin, worth about seven shillings and sixpence. The para is not quite equal to an English halfpenny.]

⁸ See Plutarch in Alex., Q. Curt. Hist. Alex., and Sir Richard Clayton's "Critical Inquiry into the Life of Alexander the Great."

⁹ ["But for mere food, I think with Philip's son,
Or Ammon's—for two fathers claim'd this one."—MS.]

¹⁰ ["Last night suffered horribly from an indigestion. I remarked in my illness the complete inertia, inaction, and destruction of my chief mental faculties. I tried to rouse them, and yet could not."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

¹¹ The assassination alluded to took place on the 8th of December, 1820, in the streets of Ravenna, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer. The circumstances were as described. [Lord Byron was transcribing this canto at the time, and being greatly impressed by the event, he versified it forthwith. "December 9, 1820." The commandant of the troops is *now* lying dead in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door. I was putting on my great coat when I heard the shot. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of my servants) to follow me. We found him lying on his back, almost

if not quite, dead, with five wounds, one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm."—*Byron Letters*.]

12 [——— "so I had
Him borne as soon's I could, up several pair
Of stairs—and look'd to, ——— But why should I add
More circumstances?" &c.—MS.]

13 ["And now as silent as an unstrung drum."—MS.]

14 The light and elegant wherries plying about the quays of Constantinople are so called.

15 ["Eastern Sketches," "Parga," "Phrosyne," "Ilderim," &c. &c.]

16 St. Bartholomew is said to have been flayed alive.

17 ["Of speeches, beauty, flattery—there is no
Method more sure," &c.—MS.]

18 In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetizer. I have seen them take as many as six of raki before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it: I tried the experiment, but fared like the Scotchman, who having heard that the birds called kittiwakes were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that "he was no hungrier than when he began."

19 ["Everything is so still in the court of the seraglio, that the motion of a fly might, in a manner, be heard; and if anyone should presume to raise his voice ever so little, or show the least want of respect to the mansion-place of their emperor, he would instantly have the bastinado by the officers that go the rounds."—TOURNEFORT.]

20 A common furniture. I recollect being received by Ali Pacha, in a large room, paved with marble, containing a marble basin, and fountain playing in the centre, &c. &c.

21 ["A small, snug chamber on a winter's night,
Well furnish'd with a book, friend, girl, or glass," &c.—MS.]

22 [See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. iv.

"In Babylon, where first her queen, for state,
Raised walls of brick magnificently great,
Lived Pyramus and Thisbe, lovely pair!
He found no eastern youth his equal there,
And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair."—GARTH.]

23 Babylon was enlarged by Nimrod, strengthened and beautified by Nabuchadonosor, and rebuilt by Semiramis.

24 [When Lord Byron was writing this Canto, the affair of Queen Caroline, charged among other offences, with admitting her chamberlain, Bergami, originally a *courier*, to her bed, was occupying much attention in Italy, as in England. The allusions to the domestic troubles of George IV. in the text are frequent.]

25 ["Two Memoirs on the Ruins of Babylon, by Claudius James Rich, Esq., Resident for the East India Company at the Court of the Pasha of Bagdat."]

26 ["But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When, lo! the tomb forgotten lies."—FRANCIS'S *Horace*.]

27 ["If they shall not as soon cut off my head."—MS.]

28 ["Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."—MS.]

29 *Features* of a gate—a ministerial metaphor: "the *feature* upon which this question *hinges*." See the "Fudge Family," or hear Castlereagh. [Phil. Fudge, in his letter to Lord Castlereagh, says:

"As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and teacher
In these gay metaphoric fringes,
I now embark into the feature
On which this letter chiefly hinges."

The note adds, "verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's speeches; 'And now, sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges.'"—*Fudge Family*, p. 14.]

30 A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity: he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night. One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love."

31 ["As Venus rose from ocean—bent on them
With a far-reaching glance a Paphian pair."—MS.]

32 ["But there are forms which Time adorns, not wears,
And to which beauty obstinately clings."—MS.]

33 [Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, celebrated for her beauty, her wit, her gallantry, and above all, for the extraordinary length of time during which she preserved her attractions. She intrigued with the young gentlemen of three generations, and is said to have had a grandson of her own among her lovers.]

34 ["Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, and, to the number of twenty, were all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. They put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty,"—&c. LADY M. W. MONTAGU.]

35 ["Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum."—HOR. lib. i. epist. vi.]

36 ["Not to admire, is all the art I know
To make men happy, and to keep them so,
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)"]

The "Murray" of Pope was the great Earl Mansfield. "I maintained that Horace was wrong in placing happiness in *nil admirari*, for that I thought admiration one of the most agreeable of all our feelings; and I regretted that I had lost much of my disposition to admire, which people generally do as they advance in life. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'as a man advances in life, he gets what is better than admiration—*judgment*, to estimate things at their true value.'"—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.]

37 There is nothing, perhaps, more distinctive of birth than the hand. It is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate.

38 ["And husbands now and then are mystified."—MS.]

39 ["But nature teaches what power cannot spoil,
And though it was a new and strange sensation,
Young female hearts are such a genial soil
For kinder feelings, she forgot her station."—MS.]

⁴⁰ [In Fielding's novel of Joseph Andrews.]

⁴¹ ["But if my boy with virtue be endued,
What harm will beauty do him? Nay, what good?
Say, what avail'd, of old, to Theseus' son,
The stern resolve? what to Bellerophon?—
O, then did Phædra redden, then her pride
Took fire to be so steadfastly denied!
Then, too, did Sthenobæa glow with shame,
And both burst forth with unextinguish'd flame!"—JUV.]

The adventures of Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, and Bellerophon are well known. They were accused of incontinence, by the women whose inordinate passions they had refused to gratify at the expense of their duty, and sacrificed to the fatal credulity of the husbands of the disappointed fair ones. It is very probable that both the stories are founded on the Scripture account of Joseph and Potiphar's wife.—GIFFORD.]

⁴² ["By heaven! methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."—*Henry IV.*]

⁴³ ["Like natural Shakspeare on the immortal page."—MS.]

⁴⁴ ["And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill."—*Lear.*]

⁴⁵ ["A woman scorn'd is pitiless as fate,
For, there, the dread of shame adds sting to hate."
GIFFORD'S *Juvenal.*]

⁴⁶ ["Yes, my valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing, as it were, at the palms of my hands!"—SHERIDAN'S *Rivals.*]

⁴⁷ ["Or all the stuff which utter'd by the 'Blues' is."—MS.]

⁴⁸ ["But prithee—get my women in the way,
That all the stars may gleam with due adorning."—MS.]

⁴⁹ [It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in his essay on "Empire," hints that Solyman was the last of his line; on what authority, I know not. These are his words:—"The destruction of Mustapha was so fatal to Solyman's line, as the succession of the Turks from Solyman until this day is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood; for that Selymus the second was thought to be supposititious." But Bacon, in his historical authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give half-a-dozen instances from his Apophthegms only.]

BACON'S APOPTHEGMS.*

OBSERVATIONS.

91.

Michael Angelo, the famous painter, painting in the Pope's chapel the portraiture of hell and damned souls, made one of the damned souls so like a cardinal that was his enemy, as everybody at first sight knew it: whereupon the cardinal complained to Pope Clement, humbly praying it might be defaced. The Pope said to him, Why, you know very well I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.

This was *not* the portrait of a cardinal, but of the pope's master of the ceremonies.

* ["Ordered Fletcher (at four o'clock this afternoon) to copy out seven or eight apophthegms of Bacon, in which I have detected such blunders as a schoolboy might

155.

Alexander, after the battle of Granicum, had very great offers made him by Darius. Consulting with his captains concerning them, Parmenio said, Sure, I would accept of these offers, if I were as Alexander. Alexander answered, So would I, if I were as Parmenio.

It was after the battle of Issus and during the siege of Tyre, and *not* immediately after the passage of the Granicus, that this is said to have occurred.

158.

Antigonus, when it was told him that the enemy had such volleys of arrows that they did hide the sun, said, That falls out well, for it is hot weather, and so we shall fight in the shade.

This was *not* said by Antigonus, but by a Spartan, previously to the battle of Thermopylæ.

162.

There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the Emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by afterwards said unto him, Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the Emperor : I could have answered better myself. Why, said the philosopher, would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?

This happened under Augustus Cæsar, and *not* during the reign of Adrian.

164.

There was one that found a great mass of money, digging under ground in his grandfather's house, and being somewhat doubtful of the case signified it to the emperor that he had found such treasure. The emperor made a rescript thus : Use it. He writ back again, that the sum was greater than his state or condition could use. The emperor writ a new rescript thus : Abuse it.

This happened to the father of Herodes Atticus, and the answer was made by the Emperor *Nerva*, who deserved that his name should have been stated by the "greatest—wisest—meanest of mankind."*

178.

One of the seven was wont to say, that laws were like cobwebs : where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.

This was said by Anacharsis the Scythian, and *not* by a Greek.

209.

An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes, The Athenians will kill you if they wax mad. Demosthenes replied, And they will kill you if they be in good sense.

This was *not* said by Demosthenes, but to Demosthenes by *Phocion*.

221.

There was a philosopher about Tiberius that looking into the nature of Caius, said of him, That he was mire mingled with blood.

This was not said of Caius (Caligula, I presume, is intended by Caius), but of *Tiberius* himself.

detect, rather than commit. Such are the sages ! What must they be, when such as I can stumble on their mistakes or mis-statements ? I will go to bed, for I find that I grow cynical."—*Byron Diary*, Jan. 3, 1812.]

* ["If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."—POPE.]

97.

king of Hungary took a bishop
 kept him prisoner : whereupon
 monitory to him, for that he
 privilege of holy church, and
 the king sent an embassy to
 withal the armour wherein the
 en, and this only in writing—
sit vestis filii tui ? Know now
 thy son's coat ?

This reply was *not* made by a king
 of *Hungary*, but sent by Richard the
 First, Cœur de Lion, of England, to
 the pope with the breast-plate of the
 bishop of Beauvais.

267.

king of Macedon, had a petition
 vers times by an old woman,
 he had no leisure ; whereupon
 id aloud, Why then give over

This did *not* happen to Demetrius,
 but to *Philip*, king of Macedon.

VOLTAIRE.

ed that Bacon was frequently incorrect in his citations from history, I
 it necessary in what regards so great a name (however trifling), to
 sertation by such facts as more immediately occur to me. They are but
 ; for such trifles a schoolboy would be whipped (if still in the fourth
 oltaire for half-a-dozen similar errors has been treated as a superficial
 hstanding the testimony of the learned Warton :—"Voltaire, a writer
 r *research* than is imagined, and the *first* who has displayed the litera-
 ms of the dark ages with *any degree of penetration* and comprehension."*
 istinguished testimony to Voltaire's merits in literary research, see also
 's excellent Account of the Life and Writings of Lope de Vega, vol. i.
 a of 1817.†

s even been termed a "shallow fellow," by some of the same school who
 's Ode "a drunken song ;"—a *school* (as it is called, I presume, from
 on being still incomplete) the whole of whose filthy trash of Epics,
 c. &c. &c. is not worth the two words in *Zaïre*, "*Vous pleurez*,"‡ or a

ion I.

taire appeared, there was no nation more ignorant of its neighbours'
 a the French. He first exposed, and then corrected, this neglect in his

There is no writer to whom the authors of other nations, especially of
 so indebted for the extension of their fame in France, and, through
 rope. There is no critic who has employed more time, wit, ingenuity,
 in promoting the literary intercourse between country and country, and
 in one language the triumphs of another. Yet, by a strange fatality,
 ly represented as the enemy of all literature but his own ; and Spaniards,
 and Italians vie with each other in inveighing against his occasional
 of faulty passages ; the authors of which, till he pointed out their
 e hardly known beyond the country in which their language was spoken.
 el such indignation at his misrepresentations and oversights, would find
 produce a critic in any modern language, who, in speaking of foreign
 better informed or more candid than Voltaire ; and they certainly never
 e to discover one who to those qualities unites so much sagacity and
 His enemies would fain persuade us that such exuberance of wit implies
 ormation ; but they only succeed in showing that a want of wit by no
 s an exuberance of information.—LORD HOLLAND.]

—"Il est trop vrai que l'honneur me l'ordonne,
 Que je vous adorai, que je vous abandonne,
 Que je renonce à vous, que vous le désirez,
 Que sous une autre loi . . . *Zaïre*, VOUS PLEUREZ ?"—

Zaïre, acte iv sc. ii.

single speech of Tancred:—a *school*, the apostate lives of whose renegadoes, with their tea-drinking neutrality of morals, and their convenient treachery in politics—in the record of their accumulated pretences to virtue can produce no *actions* (were all their good deeds drawn up in array) to equal or approach the sole defence of the family of Calas, by that great and unequalled genius—the universal Voltaire.

I have ventured to remark on these little inaccuracies of “the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country ever produced,”* merely to show our national injustice in condemning *generally* the greatest genius of France for such inadvertencies as these, of which the highest of England has been no less guilty. Query, was Bacon a greater intellect than Newton?

CAMPBELL.

Being in the humour of criticism, I shall proceed, after having ventured upon the slips of Bacon, to touch upon one or two as trifling in the edition of the British Poets, by the justly celebrated Campbell. But I do this in good will, and trust it will be so taken. If anything could add to my opinion of the talents and true feeling of that gentleman, it would be his classical, honest, and triumphant defence of Pope, against the vulgar cant of the day, and its existing Grub Street.†

The inadvertencies to which I allude are,—

Firstly, in speaking of *Anstey*, whom he accuses of having taken “his leading characters from *Smollett*.” *Anstey's Bath Guide* was published in 1766. *Smollett's Humphrey Clinker* (the only work of *Smollett's* from which *Tabitha*, &c. &c. *could* have been taken) was written during *Smollett's last residence* at Leghorn in 1770—“*Argal*,” if there has been any borrowing, *Anstey* must be the creditor, and not the debtor. I refer Mr. Campbell to his *own* date in his lives of *Smollett* and *Anstey*.

Secondly, Mr. Campbell says in the life of Cowper (note to page 358, vol. vii.) that he knows not to whom Cowper alludes in these lines,—

“Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built *God* a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn.”

The Calvinist meant Voltaire, and the church of Ferney, with its inscription “*Deo erexit Voltaire*.”

Thirdly, in the life of Burns, Mr. Campbell quotes Shakspeare thus,—

“To gild refined gold, to paint *the rose*,
Or add *fresh* perfume to the violet.”

This version by no means improves the original, which is as follows,—

“To gild refined gold, to paint the *lily*,
To throw a perfume on the violet,” &c.—*King John*.

A great poet quoting another should be correct; he should also be accurate, when he accuses a Parnassian brother of that dangerous charge “borrowing:” a poet had better borrow anything (excepting money) than the thoughts of another—they are always sure to be reclaimed; but it is very hard, having been the *lender*, to be denounced as the debtor, as is the case of *Anstey versus Smollett*.

As there is “honour amongst thieves,” let there be some amongst poets, and give each his due,—none can afford to give it more than Mr. Campbell himself, who, with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, is the only poet of the times (except Rogers) who can be reproached (and *in him* it is indeed a reproach) with having written *too little*.

Ravenna, Jan. 5, 1821.

* Pope, in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 158. Malone's edition.

† [“Read Campbell's Poets. Corrected Tom's slips of the pen. A good work, though—style affected—but his defence of Pope is glorious. To be sure, it is his *own* cause too—but no matter, it is very good, and does him great credit.”—*Byron Diary*, Jan. 10, 1821.]

⁵⁰ [Gibbon.]

⁵¹ [“ Because he kept them wrapt up in his closet, he
Ruled four wives and twelve hundred whores, unseen,
More easily than Christian kings one queen.”—MS.]

⁵² [“ There ended many a fair Sultana’s trip :
The public knew no more than does this rhyme ;
No printed scandals flew—the fish, of course,
Were better—while the morals were no worse.”—MS.]

⁵³ [The state-prison of Constantinople, in which the Porte shuts up the ministers of hostile powers who are dilatory in taking their departure, under pretence of protecting them from the insults of the mob.—HOPE.]

⁵⁴ [“ The princess ” (Sulta Asma, daughter of Achmet III.) “ exclaimed against the barbarity of the institution, which, at six years old, had put her in the power of a decrepit old man, who, by treating her like a child, had only inspired disgust.”—DE TOTT.]

⁵⁵ [This stanza—which Lord Byron *composed in bed*, Feb. 27, 1821, is not in the first edition. On discovering the omission, he thus remonstrated with Mr. Murray :—
“ Upon what principle have you omitted one of the concluding stanzas sent as an addition ?—because it ended, I suppose, with—

‘ And do not link two virtuous souls for life
Into that *moral centaur*, man and wife ?’

Now, I must say, once for all, that I will not permit any human being to take such liberties with my writings because I am absent. I desire the omission to be replaced.”]

NOTES TO CANTO THE SIXTH.

¹ See Shakspeare, *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. iii.

² [A noted visionary, born near Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia, in 1575, and founder of the sect called Behmenites. He had numerous followers in Germany, and has not been without admirers in England; one of these, the famous William Law, author of the "Serious Call," edited an edition of his works.]

³ Cato gave up his wife, Martia, to his friend Hortensius; but, on the death of the latter, took her back again. This conduct was ridiculed by the Romans, who observed, that Martia entered the house of Hortensius very poor, but returned to the bed of Cato loaded with treasures.—*PLUTARCH*.

⁴ ["Forsooth a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster: unless the bookish theoric," &c.—*Othello*.]

⁵ ["At Ware, the inn known by the sign of the Saracen's Head still contains the famous *bed*, measuring *twelve feet square*, to which an allusion is made by Shakspeare in 'Twelfth Night.'"]—*CLUTTERBUCK'S Hertford*, vol. iii. p. 285.]

⁶ ["Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to eat us: and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service: two dishes but to one table: that's the end."—*Hamlet*.]

⁷ See *Waverley*.

⁸ "The blessed Francis, being strongly solicited one day by the emotions of the flesh, pulled off his clothes and scourged himself soundly: being after this inflamed with a wonderful fervour of mind, he plunged his naked body into a great heap of snow. The devil being overcome, retired immediately, and the holy man returned victorious into his cell."—See *BUTLER'S Lives of the Saints*.

⁹ [The *bards* of Queen Caroline were continually, during the period of her trial, ringing the changes on the "driven snow" of her purity.]

¹⁰ *Caligula*—See *Suetonius*. "Being in a rage at the people, for favouring a party in the Circensian games in opposition to him, he cried out, 'I wish the Roman people had but one neck.'"

¹¹ The ladies of the seraglio.

¹² [Demetrius Cantemir, a prince of Moldavia; whose "History of the Growth and Decay of the Ottoman Empire" was translated into English by Tindal. He died in 1723.]

¹³ ["Memoirs of the State of the Turkish Empire, 1785."]

¹⁴ ["I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly."—COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.]

¹⁵ "It is in the adjacent climates of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Circassia, that nature has placed, at least to our eyes, the model of beauty, in the shape of the limbs, the colour of the skin, the symmetry of the features, and the expression of the countenance; the men are formed for action, the women for love."—GIBBON.

¹⁶ Padisha is the Turkish title of the Grand Signior.

¹⁷ [Katinka was the name of the youngest of the three girls, at whose house Lord Byron resided while at Athens, in 1810.]

¹⁸ [The "good points" of a Georgian girl are a rosy or carnation tint on her cheek, which they call *numuck*, "the salt of beauty;" dark hair, large black antelope eyes and arched eye-brows, a small nose and mouth, white teeth, long neck, delicate limbs and small joints. They are extremely beautiful, full of animation, grace, and elegance.—MORIER.]

¹⁹ [This brass, so famous in antiquity, is a mixture of gold, silver, and copper, and is supposed to have been produced by the fusion of these metals, in which Corinth abounded, when it was sacked.]

²⁰ "Nell' mezzo del' cammin' di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura," &c.—*Inferno*.

²¹ [One of the advocates of Queen Caroline spoke of some of the most puzzling passages in her intercourse with Bergami, as "odd instances of strange coincidence."]

²² [Motraye, who gained admission into the interior of the Grand Signior's palace, as the assistant of a watchmaker, employed to regulate the clocks, says that they were conducted into a hall, which appeared to be the most agreeable apartment in the edifice:—"Cette salle est incrustée de porcelaine fine; et le lambris doré et azuré qui orne le fond d'une coupole qui règne au-dessus, est des plus riches. Une fontaine artificielle et jaillissante, dont le bassin est d'un précieux marbre verd qui m'a paru serpent in ou jaspé, s'élevait directement au milieu, sous le dôme. Je me trouvais la tête si pleine de sofas, de précieux plafonds, de meubles superbes, en un mot, d'une si grande confusion de matériaux magnifiques, qu'il seroit difficile d'en donner une idée claire."—VOYAGES, tom. i. p. 220.]

²³ ["How fares my Kate? What! sweeting, all amot?"—
Taming of the Shrew.]

²⁴ ["His guilty soul, at enmity with gods and men, could find no rest; so violently was his mind torn and distracted by a consciousness of guilt. Accordingly his countenance was pale, his eyes ghastly, his pace one while quick, another slow; indeed, in all his looks there was an air of distraction"—SALLUST.]

NOTES TO CANTO THE SEVENTH.

¹ [“I do not know what I may appear to the world : but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.”—SIR ISAAC NEWTON.]

² [“An 1790. Le 30 de Novembre on s'approcha de la place ; les troupes de terre formaient un total de vingt mille hommes, indépendamment de sept à huit mille Kosaks.”—*Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie*, tom. ii. p. 201.]

³ [“Ismaël est situé sur la rive gauche du bras gauche du Danube.”—*Ibid.*]

⁴ [—“à-peu-près à quatre-vingts verstes de la mer : elle a près de trois milles toises de tour.”—*Ibid.*]

⁵ [“On a compris dans ces fortifications un faubourg Moldave, situé à la gauche de la ville, sur une hauteur qui la domine : l'ouvrage a été terminé par un Grec. Pour donner une idée des talens de cet ingénieur, il suffira de dire qu'il fit placer les palissades perpendiculairement sur le parapet, de manière qu'elles favorisaient les assiégeans, et arrêtaient le feu des assiégés.”—*Ibid.* p. 202.]

⁶ [“Le rempart en terre est prodigieusement élevé, à cause de l'immense profondeur du fosse ; il est cependant absolument rasant ; il n'y a ni ouvrage avancé, ni chemin couvert.”—*Ibid.* p. 202.]

⁷ [Casemate is a work made under the rampart, like a cellar or cave, with loopholes to place guns in it, and is bomb-proof.—*Milit. Dict.*]

⁸ [When the breastwork of a battery is only of such height that the guns may fire over it without being obliged to make embrasures, the guns are said to fire in barbet.—*Ibid.*]

⁹ [“Un bastion de pierres, ouvert par une gorge très étroite, et dont les murailles sont fort épaisses, a une batterie casematée et une à barbette ; il défend la rive du Danube. Du côté droit de la ville est un cavalier de quarante pieds d'élévation à pic, garni de vingt-deux pièces de canon, et qui défend la partie gauche.”—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 202.]

¹⁰ [“Du côté du fleuve, la ville est absolument ouverte ; les Turcs ne croyaient pas que les Russes pussent jamais avoir une flotille dans le Danube.”—*Ibid.* p. 203.]

¹¹ [“La première attaque était composée de trois colonnes, commandées par les lieutenans-généraux Paul Potiemkin, Serge Lwow, les généraux-majors, Lasey, Théodore Meknop. Trois autres colonnes avaient pour chefs le Comte Samoilow, les généraux Elie de Bezborodko, Michel Koutousow ; les brigadiers Orlow, Platow, Ribaupierre.

La troisième attaque par eau n'avait que deux colonnes, sous les ordres des généraux-majors Ribas et Arséniew, des brigadiers Markoff et Tchépéga," &c.—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 207.]

¹² [See the farce of "Love Laughs at Locksmiths."]

¹³ ["On s'était proposé deux buts également avantageux, par la construction de deux batteries sur l'île qui avoisine Ismaël : le premier, de bombarder la place, d'en abattre les principaux édifices avec du canon de quarante-huit, effet d'autant plus probable, que la ville étant bâtie en amphithéâtre, presque aucun coup ne serait perdu."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 203.]

¹⁴ ["Le second objet était de profiter de ce moment d'alarme pour que la flotille, agissant en même temps, pût détruire celle des Turcs. Un troisième motif, et vraisemblablement le plus plausible, était de jeter la consternation parmi les Turcs, et de les engager à capituler."—*Ibid.* p. 203.]

¹⁵ ["Un habitude blâmable, celle de mépriser son ennemi, fût la cause."—*Ibid.* p. 203.]

¹⁶ [. . . "du défaut de perfection dans la construction des batteries ; on voulait agir promptement, et on négligea de donner aux ouvrages la solidité qu'ils exigeaient."—*Ibid.* p. 203.]

¹⁷ ["On calcula mal le distance ; le même esprit fit manquer l'effet de trois brûlots ; on se pressa d'allumer la mèche, ils brûlèrent au milieu du fleuve, et, quoiqu'il fût six heures du matin, les Turcs, encore couchés, n'en prirent aucun ombrage."—*Ibid.* p. 203.]

¹⁸ ["1er Déc. 1790. La flotille Russe s'avança vers les sept heures ; il en était neuf lorsqu'elle se trouva à cinquante toises de la ville d'Ismaël : elle souffrit, avec une constance calme, un feu de mitraille et de mousqueterie . . ."—*Ibid.* p. 204.]

¹⁹ [. . . "près de six heures : les batteries de terre secondaient la flotille ; mais on reconnut alors que les canonnades ne suffisaient pas pour réduire la place, on fit la retraite à une heure. Un lançon sauta pendant l'action, un autre dériva par la force du courant, et fut pris par les Turcs."—*Ibid.* p. 204.]

²⁰ ["Properly madmen : a species of troops who, in the Turkish army, act as the forlorn hope."—D'HERBELOT.]

²¹ ["Les Turcs perdirent beaucoup de monde et plusieurs vaisseaux : à peine la retraite des Russes fut-elle remarquée, que les plus braves d'entre les ennemis se jetèrent dans de petites barques et essayèrent une descente : le Comte de Damas les mit en fuite, et leur tua plusieurs officiers et grand nombre des soldats."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 204.]

²² ["On ne tarirait pas si on voulait rapporter tout ce que les Russes firent de mémorable dans cette journée ; pour conter les hauts faits d'armes, pour particulariser toutes les actions d'éclat, il faudrait composer des volumes."—*Ibid.* p. 204.]

²³ ["Parmi les étrangers, le Prince de Ligne se distingua de manière à mériter l'estime générale ; de vrais chevaliers Français, attirés par l'amour de la gloire, se montrèrent dignes d'elle : les plus marquans étaient le jeune Duc de Richelieu, les Comtes de Langeron et de Damas."—*Ibid.* p. 204.]

²⁴ ["Letters and Reflections of the Austrian Field-Marshal, Charles Joseph, Prince de Ligne, edited by the Baroness de Staël-Holstein," 2 vols. 1809.]

²⁵ [Charles Joseph, Comte de Ligne, was born at Brussels. Being, in 1782, sent by the Emperor Joseph II. on a mission to Catherine, he became a great favourite with

her. She appointed him field-marshal, and gave him an estate in the Crimea. In 1788, he was sent to assist Potemkin at the siege of Oczakoff. He died in 1814.]

²⁶ ["L'Amiral Ribas déclara, en plein conseil, que ce n'était qu'en donnant l'assaut qu'on obtiendrait la place : cet avis parut hardi ; on lui opposa mille raisons, auxquelles il répondit par de meilleures."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 205.]

²⁷ [The following character of Prince Potemkin is from the pen of Count Ségur, who lived in habits of intimacy with him :—"In his person were collected the most opposite defects and advantages of every kind. He was avaricious and ostentatious, despotic and obliging, politic and confiding, licentious and superstitious, bold and timid, ambitious and indiscreet ; lavish of his bounties to his relations, his mistresses, and his favourites, yet frequently paying neither his household nor his creditors. His consequence always depended on a woman, and he was always unfaithful to her. Nothing could equal the activity of his mind, nor the indolence of his body. No dangers could appal his courage ; no difficulties force him to abandon his projects. But the success of an enterprise always brought on disgust. Everything with him was desultory ; business, pleasure, temper, courage. His presence was a restraint on every company. He was morose to all that stood in awe of him, and caressed all such as accosted him with familiarity. None had read less than he ; few people were better informed. One while he formed the project of becoming Duke of Courland ; at another he thought of bestowing on himself the Crown of Poland. He frequently gave intimation of an intention to make himself a bishop, or even a simple monk. He built a superb palace, and wanted to sell it before it was finished. In his youth he had pleased Catherine by the ardour of his passion, by his valour, and by his masculine beauty. Become the rival of Orloff, he performed for his sovereign whatever the most romantic passion could inspire. He put out an eye, to free it from a blemish which diminished his beauty. Banished by his rival, he ran to meet death in battle, and returned with glory. He died in 1791, at the age of fifty-two."]

²⁸ ["Ce projet, remis à un autre jour, éprouva encore les plus grandes difficultés ; le courage de Ribas les surmonta : il ne s'agissait que de déterminer le Prince Potiemkin ; il y réussit. Tandis qu'il se démenait pour l'exécution de projet agréé, on construisait de nouvelles batteries ; on comptait, le 12 Décembre, quatre-vingts pièces de canon sur le bord du Danube, et cette journée se passa en vives canonnades."—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. ii. p. 205.]

²⁹ ["Mais le 13^e, une partie des troupes était embarquée ; on allait lever le siège : un courrier arrive ; ce courrier annonce, de la part du Prince, que le Maréchal Souwarow va prendre le commandement des forces réunies sous Ismaël."—*Ibid.* p. 205.]

³⁰ ["La lettre du Prince Potiemkin à Souwarow est très-courte ; elle peint le caractère de ces deux personnages. La voici dans toute sa teneur : ' Vous prendrez Ismaël à quel prix que ce soit ! ' "—*Ibid.* p. 205.]

³¹ ["Le courrier est témoin des cris de joie (Allahs) du Turc, qui se croyait à la fin de ses maux."—*Ibid.* p. 205.]

³² ["Le 16^e, on voit venir de loin deux hommes courant à toute bride : on les prit pour des Kosaks ; l'un était Souwarow, et l'autre son guide, portant un paquet gros comme le poing, et renfermant le bagage du général."—*Ibid.* p. 205.]

³³ [Southey, who thus commences a poem on the death of Wallace.]

³⁴ ["Les succès multipliés de Souwarow, sa bravoure à toute épreuve, la confiance que le soldat avait en lui, produisirent un enthousiasme général : une salve des batteries du camp et de la flotte célébrèrent son arrivée, et l'espoir du succès ranima

les esprits. Les choses prennent le même jour une autre tournure; le camp se rapproche et s'établit à la portée du canon de la place; on prépare des fascines, on construit des échelles, on établit des batteries nouvelles."—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 206.]

³⁵ ["L'ardeur de Souwarow, son incroyable activité, son mépris des dangers, sa presque certitude de réussir, son âme enfin s'est communiquée à l'armée; il n'est pas jusqu'au dernier goujat qui ne désire d'obtenir l'honneur de monter à l'assaut."—*Ibid.*]

* Fact : Souwarrow did this in person.

NOTES TO CANTO THE EIGHTH.

¹ ["La nuit était obscure : un brouillard épais ne nous permettait de distinguer autre chose que le feu de notre artillerie, dont l'horizon était embrasé de tous côtés : ce feu, partant du milieu du Danube, se réfléchissait sur les eaux, et offrait un coup d'œil très-singulier."—*Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie*, tom. iii. p. 209.]

² ["À peine eut on parcouru l'espace de quelque toises au-delà des batteries, que les Turcs, qui n'avaient point tiré pendant toute la nuit, s'apercevant de nos mouvemens, commencèrent de leur côté un feu très-vif, qui embrasa le reste de l'horizon : mais ce fut bien autre chose lorsque, avancés davantage, le feu de la mousqueterie commença dans toute l'étendue du rempart que nous appercevions. Ce fut alors que la place parut à nos yeux comme un volcan dont le feu sortait de toutes parties."—*Ibid.* p. 209.]

³ ["Un cri universel d'*Allah !* qui se répétait tout autour de la ville, vint encore rendre plus extraordinaire cet instant, dont il est impossible de se faire une idée."—*Ibid.* p. 209.]

⁴ Allah Hu ! is properly the war cry of the Mussulmans, and they dwell on the last syllable, which gives it a wild and peculiar effect.

⁵ ["Toutes les colonnes étaient en mouvement ; celles qui attaquaient par eau commandées par le général Arséniew, essuyèrent un feu épouvantable, et perdirent avant le jour un tiers de leurs officiers."—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 209.]

⁶
"But *Thy** most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent,
Is man array'd for mutual slaughter ;
Yea, *Carnage is thy daughter !*"

WORDSWORTH'S *Thanksgiving Ode*.

⁷ ["Le Prince de Ligne fut blessé au genou ; le Duc de Richelieu eut une balle entre le fond de son bonnet et sa tête."—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 210.]

⁸ ["Le brigadier Markow, insistant pour qu'on emportât le prince blessé, reçut un coup de fusil qui lui fracassa le pied."—*Ibid.* p. 210.]

⁹ ["Trois cents bouches à feu vomissaient sans interruption, et trente mille fusils alimentaient sans relâche une grêle de balles."—*Ibid.* p. 210.]

* To wit, the Deity's ; this is perhaps as pretty a pedigree for murder as ever was found out by Garter King at Arms. —What would have been said, had any free-spoken people discovered such a lineage ?

¹⁰ [“Les troupes, déjà débarquées se portèrent à droite pour s'emparer d'un batterie : et celles débarquées plus bas, principalement composées des grenadiers de Fanagorie, escaladaient le retranchement et la palissade.”—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 210.]

¹¹ A fact : see the Waterloo Gazettes. I recollect remarking at the time to a friend :—“*There is fame!* a man is killed, his name is Grose, and they print it Grove.” I was at college with the deceased, who was a very amiable and clever man, and his society in great request for his wit, gaiety, and “*Chansons à boire.*”

¹² See General Valancey and Sir Lawrence Parsons.

¹³ The Portuguese proverb says, that “hell is paved with good intentions.”

¹⁴ [“The Nervii marched to the number of sixty thousand, and fell upon Cæsar, as he was fortifying his camp, and had not the least notion of so sudden an attack. They first routed his cavalry, and then surrounded the twelfth and the seventh legions, and killed all the officers. Had not Cæsar snatched a buckler from one of his own men, forced his way through the combatants before him, and rushed upon the barbarians ; or had not the tenth legion, seeing his danger, ran from the heights where they were posted, and mowed down the enemy's ranks, not one Roman would have survived the battle.”—PLUTARCH.]

¹⁵ [“N'appercevant plus le commandant du corps dont je faisais partie, et ignorant où je devais porter mes pas, je crus reconnaître le lieu où le rempart était situé ; on y faisait un feu assez vif, que je jugai être celui du général-major de Lascy.”—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 210.]

¹⁶ Gunpowder is said to have been discovered by this friar. [Though Friar Bacon seems to have discovered gunpowder, he had the *humanity* not to record his discovery in intelligible language.]

¹⁷ [“*Glendower.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hotspur. Why so can I, or so can any man :
But will they come when you do call for them ?”—*Henry IV.*]

¹⁸ [——“the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns.”—*Hamlet.*]

¹⁹ [“*Talus*,—the slope or inclination of a wall, whereby, reclining at the top so as to fall within its base, the thickness is gradually lessened according to the height.”—*Milit. Dict.*]

²⁰ [“Appellant ceux des chasseurs, qui étaient autour de moi en assez grand nombre, je m'avançai et reconnus ne m'être point trompé dans mon calcul ; c'était en effet cette colonne qui à l'instant parvenait au sommet du rempart. Les Turcs de derrière les travers et les flancs des bastions voisins faisaient sur elle un feu très-vif de canon et de mousqueterie. Je gravis, avec les gens qui m'avaient suivi, le talus intérieur du rempart.”—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 211.]

²¹ [“Ce fut dans cet instant que je reconnus combien l'ignorance du constructeur des palissades était importante pour nous ; car, comme elles étaient placés au milieu du parapet,” &c.—*Ibid.* p. 211.]

²² [“Il y avait de chaque côté neuf à dix pieds sur lesquels on pouvait marcher ; et les soldats, après être montés, avaient pu se ranger commodément sur l'espace extérieur, qui ne s'éleva que d'à-peu-près deux pieds au-dessus du niveau de la terre.”—*Ibid.* p. 211.]

²³ [It has been a favourite assertion with almost all the French, and some English writers, that the English were on the point of being defeated, when the Prussian force

came up. The contrary is the truth. Baron Müffling has given the most explicit testimony, "that the battle could have afforded no favourable result to the enemy even if the Prussians had never come up." The laurels of Waterloo must be divided—the British won the battle, the Prussians achieved and rendered available the victory.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

²⁴ [Pistol's "*Bezonian*" is a corruption of *bisognoso*—a needy man—metaphorically (at least) a scoundrel.]

²⁵ ["Le général Lasey, voyant arriver un corps si à-propos à son secours, s'avance vers l'officier qui l'avait conduit, et le prenant pour un Livonien, lui fit, en Allemand, les complimens les plus flatteurs ; le jeune militaire (le duc de Richelieu) qui parlait parfaitement cette langue, y répondit avec sa modestie ordinaire."—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 211.]

²⁶ ["Sylla revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record."—*Byron Diary*, 1814.]

²⁷ ["General Boon is now (1818), at the age of seventy, pursuing the daily chase two hundred miles to the westward of the last abode of civilised man. He had retired to a spot, beyond the Missouri, which after him is named Boon's Lick, out of the reach of intrusion ; but white men, even there, encroached upon him, and two years ago, he went back two hundred miles farther."—*Birkbeck's Notes on America*. "When asked the cause of his frequent change, he replied, 'I think it time to remove, when I can no longer fell a tree for fuel, so that its top will lie within a few yards of my cabin.'"—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xxix. p. 14.]

²⁸ ["Parmi les colonnes, une de celles qui souffrirent le plus était commandée par le général Koutouzow (aujourd'hui Prince de Smolensko). Ce brave militaire réunit l'intrépidité à un grand nombre de connaissances acquises ; il marche au feu avec la même gaieté qu'il va à une fête ; il sait commander avec autant de sang-froid qu'il déploie d'esprit et d'amabilité dans le commerce habituel de la vie."—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 212.]

²⁹ ["Ce brave Koutouzow se jeta dans le fossé, fut suivi des siens, et ne pénétra jusqu'au haut du parapet qu'après avoir éprouvé des difficultés incroyables. (Le brigadier Ribaupierre perdit la vie dans cette occasion : il avait fixé l'estime générale, et sa mort occasionna beaucoup de regrets.) Les Turcs accoururent en grand nombre ; cette multitude repoussa deux fois le général jusqu'au fossé."—*Ibid.* p. 212.]

³⁰ ["Quelques troupes Russes, emportées par le courant, n'ayant pu débarquer sur le terrain qu'on leur avait prescrit, &c."—*Ibid.* p. 213.]

³¹ [A 'Cavalier' is an elevation of earth, situated ordinarily in the gorge of a bastion, bordered with a parapet, and cut into more or fewer embrasures, according to its capacity.—*Milit. Dict.*]

³² [". . . . "longèrent le rempart, après la prise du cavalier, et ouvrirent la porte dite de *Kilia* aux soldats du général Koutouzow."—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 213.]

³³ ["Il était réservé aux Kozaks de combler de leur corps la partie du fossé où ils combattaient ; leur colonne avait été divisée entre MM. Platow et d'Orlow. . . ."—*Ibid.* p. 213.]

³⁴ [". . . "La première partie, devant se joindre à la gauche du général Arsénien, fut foudroyée par le feu des batteries, et parvint néanmoins au haut du rempart."—*Ibid.* p. 213.]

³⁵ [“Les Turcs la laissèrent un peu s'avancer dans la ville, et firent deux sorties par les angles saillans des bastions.”—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 213.]

³⁶ [“Alors, se trouvant prise en queue, elle fut écrasée; cependant le lieutenant-colonel Yesouskoï, qui commandait la réserve composée d'un bataillon du régiment de Polozk, traversa le fossé sur les cadavres des Kozaks. . .”—*Ibid.* p. 213.]

³⁷ [. . . “et extermina tous les Turcs qu'il eut en tête: ce brave homme fut tué pendant l'action.”—*Ibid.* p. 213.]

³⁸ [“L'autre partie des Kozaks, qu'Orlow commandait, souffrit de la manière la plus cruelle: elle attaqua à maintes reprises, fut souvent repoussée, et perdit les deux tiers de son monde. Et c'est ici le lieu de placer une observation, que nous prenons dans les mémoires qui nous guident; elle fait remarquer combien il est mal vu de donner beaucoup de cartouches aux soldats qui doivent emporter un poste de vive force, et par conséquent où la baïonnette doit principalement agir; ils pensent ne devoir se servir de cette dernière arme, que lorsque les cartouches sont épuisées: dans cette persuasion, ils retardent leur marche, et restent plus long-temps exposés au canon et à la mitraille de l'ennemi.”—*Ibid.* tom. iii. p. 214.]

³⁹ [“La jonction de la colonne de Meknop—(le général étant mal secondé fut tué)—s'étant effectuée avec celle qui l'avoisinait, ces colonnes attaquèrent un bastion, et éprouvèrent une résistance opiniâtre; mais bientôt des cris de victoire se font entendre de toutes parts, et le bastion est emporté: le séraskier défendait cette partie.”—*Ibid.* p. 214.]

⁴⁰ [. . . “un officier de marine anglais, veut le faire prisonnier, et reçoit un coup de pistolet qui l'étend roide mort.”—*Ibid.* p. 214.]

⁴¹ [“Les Russes passent trois mille Turcs au fil de l'épée: seize baïonnettes percent à la fois le séraskier.”—*Ibid.* p. 214.]

⁴² [“La ville est emportée; l'image de la mort et de la destruction se représente de tous les côtés; le soldat furieux n'écoute plus la voix de ses officiers, il ne respire que le carnage; altéré de sang, tout est indifférent pour lui.”—*Ibid.* p. 214.]

⁴³ [“Je sauvai la vie à une fille de dix ans, dont l'innocence et la candeur formaient un contraste bien frappant avec la rage de tout ce qui m'environnait. En arrivant sur le bastion où le combat cessa et où commença le carnage, j'aperçus un groupe de quatre femmes égorgées, entre lesquelles cet enfant, d'une figure charmante, cherchait un asile contre la fureur de deux Kozaks qui étaient sur le point de la massacrer.”—*DUC DE RICHELIEU.*—*Ibid.* p. 217.]

⁴⁴ [“But never mention hell to ears polite.”—*POPE.*]

⁴⁵ [“Ce spectacle m'attira bientôt, et je n'hésitai pas, comme on peut le croire, à prendre entre mes bras cette infortunée, que les barbares voulaient y poursuivre encore. J'eus bien de la peine à me retenir et à ne pas percer ces misérables du sabre que je tenais suspendu sur leurs têtes:—je me contentai cependant de les éloigner, non sans leur prodiguer les coups et les injures qu'ils méritaient. . .”—*RICHELIEU.*]

⁴⁶ [. . . . “J'eus le plaisir d'apercevoir que ma petite prisonnière n'avait d'autre mal qu'une coupure légère qui lui avait faite au visage le même fer qui avait percé sa mère.”—*Ibid.*]

⁴⁷ A Russian military order.

⁴⁸ [“Le sultan périt dans l'action en brave homme, digne d'un meilleur destin; ce fut lui qui rallia les Turcs lorsque l'ennemi pénétra dans le place: ce sultan, d'une

valeur éprouvée, surpassait en générosité les plus civilisés de sa nation ; cinq de ses fils combattaient à ses côtés, il les encourageait par son exemple.”—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 215.]

⁴⁹ [“At Bender, after the fatal battle of Pultawa, Charles gave a proof of that unreasonable obstinacy, which occasioned all his misfortunes in Turkey. When advised to write to the grand vizier according to the custom of the Turks, he said it was beneath his dignity. The same obstinacy placed him necessarily at variance with all the ministers of the Porte.”—VOLTAIRE.]

⁵⁰ [“Ces cinq fils furent tous tués sous ses yeux : il ne cessa point de se battre, répondit par des coups de sabre aux propositions de se rendre, et ne fut atteint du coup mortel qu’après avoir abattu de sa main beaucoup de Kozaks des plus acharnés à sa prise ; le reste de sa troupe fut massacré.”—*Hist. de la N. R.* p. 215.]

⁵¹ [“Quoique les Russes fussent répandus dans la ville, le bastion de pierre résistait encore ; il était défendu par un vieillard, pacha à trois queues, et commandant les forces réunies à Ismaël. On lui proposa une capitulation ; il demanda si le reste de la ville était conquis ; sur cette réponse, il autorisa quelquesuns de ces officiers à capituler avec M. de Ribas.”—*Ibid.* tom. iii. p. 215.]

⁵² [“Pendant ce colloque, il resta étendu sur des tapis placés sur les ruines de la forteresse, fumant sa pipe avec la même tranquillité et la même indifférence que s’il eût été étranger à tout ce qui se passait.”—*Ibid.* p. 215.]

⁵³ [All command seems to have been at an end during the horrors of that terrible night ! the officers could neither restrain the slaughter, nor prevent the general plunder, made by the ferocious soldiers. Thousands of the Turks, incapable of enduring the sight of the horrid scenes of destruction, rushed desperately upon the bayonets of the enemy, while those who could reach the Danube, threw themselves headlong into it. The streets were so choked up by the heaps of dead and dying bodies as considerably to impede the progress of the victors in their search for plunder.—DR. LAURENCE, in *Ann. Reg. for 1791.*]

⁵⁴ [“On égorgéa indistinctement, on saccagea la place ; et la rage du vainqueur se répandit comme un torrent furieux qui a renversé les digues qui le retenaient : personne obtint de grace, et trente huit mille huit cent soixante Turcs périrent dans cette journée de sang.”—*Hist. de la N. R.* tom. iii. p. 214.]

A few hundreds of prisoners were preserved, to serve as melancholy recorders and witnesses of the destruction which they had beheld.—DR. LAURENCE.]

⁵⁵ [In the original Russian—

“Slava bogu ! slava vam !
Krepost Vzata i yü tam ;”

a kind of couplet ; for he was a poet.]

⁵⁶ [Mr. Tweddell, who met with Suwarrow in the Ukraine, says—“He is a most extraordinary character. He dines every morning about nine. He sleeps almost naked : he affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold ; and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer of Reaumur is at ten degrees below freezing. His manners correspond with his humours. I dined with him this morning. He cried to me across the table,—‘Tweddell !’ (he generally addressed me by my surname, without addition) ‘the French have taken Portsmouth—I have just received a courier from England. The King is in the Tower ; and Sheridan, Protector.’ A great deal of his whimsical manner is affected : he finds that it suits his troops, and the people he has to deal with. I asked him, if, after the massacre at Ismail, he was perfectly

satisfied with the conduct of the day. He said he went home and wept in his tent.”
—*Remains*, p. 135.]

⁵⁷ [In the keen and pervading satire, the bitter and biting irony, which constitute the peculiar forte of Lord Byron, we perceive no falling off in these present cantos. The execution, on the whole, we think quite equal to that displayed in the earlier parts of the poem.—CAMPBELL.]

NOTES TO CANTO THE NINTH.



- ¹ ["Faut qu' lord Villainton ait tout pris,
N'y a plus d'argent dans c'gueux de Paris," &c.—DE BÉRANGER.]

² Query, *Ney*?—Printer's Devil.

³ [The late Lord Kinnaird was received in Paris, in 1814, with great civility by the Duke of Wellington and the royal family of France, but he got himself presented to Buonaparte during the hundred days, and intrigued with that faction in spite of the Duke's remonstrances, until the re-restored government ordered him out of the French territory in 1816. In 1817, he became acquainted at Brussels with *Marinèt*, who was mixed up in a conspiracy to assassinate the Duke in the streets at Paris. This fellow at first promised to discover the man who actually shot at his Grace, but, on reaching Paris, would say nothing; and Lord Kinnaird's *avowed* cause of complaint against the Duke was, that he did not *protect* this creature from the French police. *Marinèt* was tried along with the actual assassin, and both were acquitted by the Parisian jury.]

- ⁴ ["Thou art the best o' the cut-throats."—*Macbeth*, act iii. sc. iii.]

⁵ Vide Speeches in Parliament, after the battle of Waterloo.

⁶ ["In other illustrious men you will observe that each possessed some one shining quality, which was the foundation of his fame: in Epaminondas, all the virtues are found united; force of body, eloquence of expression, vigour of mind, contempt of riches."—DIOD. SIC. lib. xv.]

⁷ ["The emoluments of office, almost in every department of the state, and especially in all the highest, are notoriously inadequate to the expenditure which the situation requires. Mr. Pitt, who was no gambler, no prodigal, and too much a man of business to have expensive habits of any kind, died in debt; and the nation discharged his debts, not less as a mark of respect, than as an act of justice."—SOUTHEY.]

⁸ ["Pyrrho, the philosopher of Elis, was in continual suspense of judgment: he doubted of everything; never made any conclusion; and when he had carefully examined a subject, and investigated all its points, he concluded by still doubting of its evidence."—AUL. GEL.]

⁹ See *Othello*.

- ¹⁰ [—"We defy augury: there is a special
Providence in the fall of a sparrow."—*Hamlet*.]

¹¹ ["A kind of madness, in which men have the qualities of wild beasts."—TODD.]

¹² In Greece I never saw or heard these animals ; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds.

¹³ He was killed in a conspiracy, after his temper had been exasperated by his extreme costivity to a degree of insanity.

¹⁴ [“The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.”—*Hamlet*.]

¹⁵ [“The time is out of joint :—O cursed spite !
That ever I was born to set it right.”—*Hamlet*.]

¹⁶ [A yellow-coloured crystal, denominated from a hill in Inverness-shire, where it is found.—JAMIESON.]

¹⁷ He was the grande passion of the grande Catherine. See her Lives under the head of “Lanskoï.”—[“Lanskoï was a youth of as fine and interesting a figure as the imagination can paint. Of all Catherine’s favourites, he was the man whom she loved the most. In 1784, he was attacked with a fever, and perished in the flower of his age, in the arms of her majesty. Catherine gave herself up to the most poignant grief, and remained three months without going out of her palace at Tzarskoselo. She afterwards raised a superb monument to his memory, in the gardens of that imperial seat.”—*TOOKE*.]

¹⁸ This was written long before the suicide of that person.

¹⁹ Hor. Sat. lib. i. sat. iii.

²⁰ [“The union of debauchery and ferocity which characterised Catherine are admirably depicted in her manner of feeding her ambition with the perusal of the despatch, and gratifying her rising passion with the contemplation of Juan.”—*CAMPBELL*.]

²¹ [“Catherine had been handsome in her youth, and she preserved a gracefulness and majesty to the last period of her life. She was of a moderate stature, but well proportioned ; and as she carried her head very high, she appeared rather tall. She had an open front, an aquiline nose, an agreeable mouth, and her chin, though long, was not misshapen. Her hair was auburn, her eyebrows black and rather thick, and her blue eyes had a gentleness which was often affected, but oftener still a mixture of pride. Her physiognomy was not deficient in expression ; but this expression never discovered what was passing in the soul of Catherine, or rather it served her the better to disguise it.”—*TOOKE*.]

²² “His fortune swells him, it is rank, he’s married.”—*Sir Giles Overreach* ; *MASSINGER*’S “*New Way to pay Old Debts*.”

²³ [*Hamlet*, act iii. sc. iv.]

²⁴ [“Not Cesar’s empress would I deign to prove :
No ! make me mistress to the man I love.”—*POPE* : *Eloïsa*.]

²⁵ [“Several persons who lived at the court affirm that Catherine had very blue eyes, and not gray, as M. Rulhières has stated.”—*TOOKE*.]

²⁶ A Russian estate is always valued by the number of the slaves upon it.

²⁷ [Peter was deposed and imprisoned in 1762, and strangled the week after. Catherine, his wife, connived at the murder, and patronised the murderers.]

NOTES TO CANTO THE TENTH.

¹ "Reformers," or rather "Reformed." The Baron Bradwardine, in *Waverley*, is authority for the word.

² Query, *suit*?—Printer's Devil.

³ ["I don't like to bore you about the Scotch novels; to me these novels have so much of '*Auld lang syne*' (I was bred a canny Scot till ten years old), that I never move without them."—*Lord Byron to Sir W. Scott*, Jan. 12, 1822.]

⁴ The brig of Don, near the "auld toun" of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and its black deep salmon-stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age :—

"Brig of Balgounie, *black's* your *wa'*,
Wi' a wife's *ae son*, and a mear's *ae foal*,
Doun ye shall fa' !"

⁵ ["Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood," &c.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.]

⁶ Tiberius Gracchus, being tribune of the people, demanded in their name the execution of the Agrarian law; by which all persons possessing above a certain number of acres were to be deprived of the surplus for the benefit of the poor citizens.

⁷ "Mi retrovai per un selva oscura."—*Inferno, Canto I.*

⁸ A metaphor taken from the "forty-horse power" of a steam-engine. That mad wag, the Reverend Sidney Smith, sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards that his dull neighbour had a "*twelve-parson power*" of conversation.

⁹ "Hyde."—I believe a hyde of land to be a legitimate word, and, as such, subject to the tax of a quibble.

¹⁰ [Both Dr. Baillie and John Abernethy, the great surgeon, were remarkable for plainness of speech.]

¹¹ The empress went to the Crimea, accompanied by the emperor Joseph, in the year—I forget which.

¹² In the Empress Anne's time, Biren, her favourite, assumed the name and arms of the "Birons" of France, which families are yet extant with that of England. There are still the daughters of Courland of that name; one of them I remember seeing in England in the blessed year of the Allies (1814)—the Duchess of S.—to whom the English Duchess of Somerset presented me as a namesake. [Biren's grandfather was groom to the Duke of Courland. The grandson went to Russia, and ingratiated himself with Anne, the widow of another of the Dukes of Courland. When she became empress, she got her favourite elected Duke of Courland also. While Anne lived, he was the virtual sovereign of Russia.]

¹³ [Napoleon's exclamation at the Elysée Bourbon, June the 23rd, 1815.]

¹⁴ [Immanuel Kant, the celebrated founder of a new philosophical sect, was born at Königsberg. He died in 1804.]

¹⁵ ["The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine," &c.—
See *Childe Harold*, c. iii. st. iv.]

¹⁶ St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins were still extant in 1816, and may be so yet, as much as ever.

¹⁷ ["I can swear in German potently, when I like—'Sacrament—Verfluchter—Hundsfoth'—and so forth; but I have little else of their energetic conversation."—LORD BYRON.]

¹⁸ [On the tomb of the prince lies a whole-length brass figure of him, his armour with a hood of mail, and a scull cap enriched with a coronet, which has been once studded with jewels, but only the collets now remain.]

¹⁹ [Becket was assassinated in the cathedral, in 1171.]

²⁰ [India; America.]

²¹ [The Quaker lady, whose benevolent exertions effected so great a change in the condition of the female prisoners in Newgate.]

²² [In 1821 and 1822, George IV., who is the person recommended to Mrs. Fry's care, visited Ireland, Hanover, and Scotland. Sir William Curtis was a boon companion of the king.]

²³ ["O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died."—*Marmion*.]

NOTES TO CANTO THE ELEVENTH.

[“*Prosp.* Why, that’s my dainty Ariel : I shall miss thee ;
But yet thou shalt have freedom.”—*Tempest.*]

² [“*Falstaff.* Diana’s foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon : and let men say, we be men of good government ; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.”—*Henry IV.*]

³ [Gin or Hollands.]

⁴ [A thief of the lower order, who, when he is breeched by a course of successful depredation, dresses in the extreme of vulgar gentility, and affects a knowingness in his air and conversation, which renders him in reality an object of ridicule.—*VAUX.*]

⁵ [Any well-dressed person is emphatically called a swell, or *real* swell.—*P. EGAN.*]

⁶ [A fellow who affects any particular habit, as swearing, dressing in a particular manner, taking snuff, &c., merely to be noticed, is said to do it out of *flash*.—*EGAN.*]

⁷ [“*2nd Clown.* But is this law ?
1st Clown. Ay marry is’t ; crowner’s quest law.”—*Hamlet.*]

⁸ [A house that harbours thieves is called a *ken*.—*Slang Dictionary.*]

⁹ [The playhouse.—*Ibid.*]

¹⁰ [To puzzle or confound a gull, or silly fellow.—*Ibid.*]

¹¹ [Robbery on horseback.—*Ibid.*]

¹² [Fun or sport of any kind.—*Ibid.*]

¹³ [A pickpocket’s trull.—*Ibid.*]

¹⁴ [So gentlemanly.—*Ibid.*]

¹⁵ [To be *nuts* upon, is to be very much pleased or gratified with any thing ; thus, a person who conceives a strong inclination for another of the opposite sex is said to be quite *nutty* upon him or her.—*Ibid.*]

¹⁶ The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility

and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days :—

“On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle,
In spite of each gallows old scout;
If you at the spellken can’t hustle,
You’ll be hobbled in making a Clout.
Then your Blowing will wax gallows haughty,
When she hears of your scaly mistake,
She’ll surely turn snitch for the forty—
That her Jack may be regular weight.”

If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism; who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good-humour and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.

¹⁷ [A kind of medicated malt liquor, in which wormwood and aromatics are infused. —TODD.]

¹⁸ [The streets of London were first regularly lighted with gas in 1812.]

¹⁹ “Hells,” gaming-houses. What their number may now be, in this life, I know not. Before I was of age I knew them pretty accurately, both “gold” and “silver.” I was once nearly called out by an acquaintance, because when he asked me where I thought that his soul would be found hereafter, I answered, “In Silver Hell.”

²⁰ “Anent” was a Scotch phrase meaning “concerning”—“with regard to:” it has been made English by the Scotch novels; and, as the Frenchman said, “If it be not, ought to be English.”

²¹ [———“Oh, these flaws, and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman’s story,” &c.—*Macbeth*.]

²² “Drapery Misses.”—This term is probably anything now but a *mystery*. It was, however, almost so to me when I first returned from the East in 1811-1812. It means a pretty, a high-born, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe upon credit, to be repaid, when married, by the *husband*. The riddle was first read to me by a young and pretty heiress, on my praising the “drapery” of the “*untochered*” but “pretty virginities” (like Mrs. Ann Page) of the *then* day, which has now been some years yesterday; she assured me that the thing was common in London; and as her own thousands, and blooming looks, and rich simplicity of array, put any suspicion in her own case out of the question, I confess I gave some credit to the allegation. If necessary, authorities might be cited; in which case I could quote both “drapery” and the wearers. Let us hope, however, that it is now obsolete.

²³ [Some Reviewer had bestowed the title of a “Moral Byron” on Mr. Bryan Procter, author of “Dramatic Sketches,” &c. &c., all published under the name of “Barry Cornwall.”]

²⁴ [Walter Savage Landor, author of “Imaginary Conversations,” &c. &c.]

²⁵ [The Biographical Dictionary says—“Being in delicate health, he was induced to try the climate of Italy, where he arrived in November, 1820, and died in the following December. His death has been attributed to the attacks of critics; but it was, in fact, owing to a consumptive complaint of long standing.”]

27 [——“Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade.”—*Lear*.]

28 “*Illita Nesseo tibi texta veneno.*”—OVID, *Epist.* ix.

29 [“Come to me, love, I’ve wander’d far,
’Tis past the promised hour :
Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower.”—MOORE.]

30 Scotch for goblin.

31 [Young was more than eighty years old when he published his poem, entitled
“*Resignation*,” &c.]

32 [The year 1822 was marked by extreme agricultural distress.]

33 [The old story of the will of George I., said to have been destroyed by George II.
No such calumny upon the successors of George III. was ever heard of.]

34 [See Moore’s “*Fum and Hum, the Two Birds of Royalty*,” appended to his
“*Fudge Family*.”]

35 [The Congress at Verona, in 1822.]

36 [“If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them,
should be to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to suck.”—
SHAKESPEARE’S *Henry IV.*]

37 [“*Carpe diem, quàm minimum credula postero.*”—HOR.]

38 [“Out, you rogue ! play out the play.”—*Henry IV.*]

39 [The “*New Atalantis, or Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality*,”
was a work in which the authoress, Mrs. Manley, made very free with many dis-
tinguished characters of her day. Warburton calls it “a famous book, full of court
and party scandal, and written in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which
well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar.”]

NOTES TO CANTO THE TWELFTH.

¹ [“BOSWELL: I have heard old Mr. Sheridan maintain, with much ingenuity, that a complete miser is a happy man : a miser who gives himself wholly to the one passion of saving. JOHNSON: That is flying in the face of all the world, who have called an avaricious man a *miser*, because he is miserable. No, sir ; a man who both spends and saves money is the happiest man, because he has both enjoyments.”—*Boswell*, vol. vii. p. 174, edit. 1835.]

² The Descamisados.

³ [China.]

⁴ [“Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,
And love is heaven, and heaven is love.”
Lay of the Last Minstrel.]

⁵ [Mr. Malthus tells us, that the way to reduce our poor-rates is to discourage the lower orders as much as possible from marrying ; and if they will persist in so improper a practice, after so solemn a warning, to leave them to the punishment of severe want, and rigidly deny all parish assistance.—SOUTHEY.]

⁶ [We have no notion that Lord Byron had any mischievous intention in these publications, and readily acquit him of any wish to corrupt the morals, or impair the happiness of his readers ; but it is our duty to say, that much of what he has published appears to us to have this tendency. How opposite to this is the system, or the temper, of the great author of “Waverley.” With all his unrivalled power of invention and judgment, of pathos and pleasantry, the tenour of his sentiments is uniformly generous, indulgent, and good-humoured ; and so remote from the bitterness of misanthropy, that he never indulges in sarcasm, and scarcely, in any case, carries his merriment so far as derision. But the peculiarity by which he stands most broadly and proudly distinguished from Lord Byron is, that beginning as he frequently does, with some ludicrous or satirical theme, he never fails to raise out of it some feelings of a generous or gentle kind, and to end by exciting our tender pity, or deep respect, for those very individuals or classes of persons who seemed at first to be brought on the stage for our mere sport and amusement ;—thus making the ludicrous itself subservient to the cause of benevolence—and inculcating, at every turn, and as the true end and result of all his trials and experiments, the love of our kind, and the duty and delight of a cordial and genuine sympathy with the joys and sorrows of every condition of men.—JEFFREY, in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1822.]

⁷ See Mitford's Greece. “*Græcia Verax*.” His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly ; and what is

strange, after all *his* is the best modern history of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest. [“It has been too extensively held among modern writers, that Plutarch was to be considered as an historian whose authority might be quoted for matters of fact with the same confidence as that of Thucydides or Xenophon, or Cæsar or Tacitus. Little scrupulous as he has shown himself about transactions the most public, concerning which he often contradicts, not only the highest authorities, but even himself, it can hardly be supposed that he would scrutinise with great solicitude the testimonies to private anecdotes, if even he does not sometimes indulge his invention.”—MITFORD.]

⁸ [Philo-progenitiveness. Spurzheim and Gall discovered the organ of this name in a bump behind the ears, and say it is remarkably developed in the bull.]

⁹ [“Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!”—VIRG.]

¹⁰ This line may puzzle the commentators more than the present generation.

¹¹ [“The same feeling that makes the people of France wish to keep the pictures and statues of other nations, must naturally make other nations wish, now that victory is on their side, to return those articles to the lawful owners. According to my feelings, it would not only be unjust in the Allied Sovereigns to gratify the French people, but the sacrifice they would make would be impolitic, as it would deprive them of the opportunity of giving the French nation *a great moral lesson*.”—WELLINGTON, *Paris*, 1815.]

¹² [“Enfin partout la bonne société règle tout.”—VOLTAIRE.]

¹³ [This ancient game originated, I believe, in Germany. It is called the game of the goose, because at every fourth and fifth compartment of the table in succession a goose is depicted; and if the cast thrown by the player falls upon a goose, he moves forward double the number of his throw.—STRUTT.]

¹⁴ [Major Denham says, that when he first saw European women after his travels in Africa, they appeared to him to have unnatural sickly countenances.]

¹⁵ The Russians, as is well known, run out from their hot baths to plunge into the Neva; a pleasant practical antithesis, which it seems does them no harm.

¹⁶ For a description and print of this inhabitant of the polar region and native country of the Auroræ Boreales, see Parry's Voyage in search of a North-west-Passage.

¹⁷ [Charles, second Earl Grey, succeeded to the Peerage in 1807.]

¹⁸ [William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, died in May, 1778, after having been carried home from the House of Lords, where he had fainted away at the close of a remarkable speech on the American war.]

¹⁹ [Lord Byron was presented to the Prince Regent at a ball in 1812, and thought his “manners superior to those of any living gentleman.”]

²⁰ A sculptor projected to hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, with a city in one hand, and, I believe, a river in his pocket, with various other similar devices. But Alexander's gone, and Athos remains, I trust ere long to look over a nation of freemen.—[The river, formed of the collected torrents of the mountain, was to issue from a basin in the right hand. The city in the left was to be capable of containing ten thousand inhabitants.]

NOTES TO CANTO THE THIRTEENTH.



¹ [Mephistopheles is the name of the Devil in Goethe's Faust.]

² ["The practice of knight-errantry, if ever there was such a thing, had been out of date long before the age in which Don Quixote appeared: and as for the spirit of heroism, I think few will sympathise with the critic who deems it possible that an individual, to say nothing of a nation, should have imbibed any contempt, either for that or any other elevating principle of our nature, from the manly page of Cervantes. One of the greatest triumphs of his skill is the success with which he continually prevents us from confounding the absurdities of the knight-errant with the generous aspirations of the cavalier. For the last, even in the midst of madness, we respect Don Quixote himself."—LOCKHART: *Preface to Don Quixote*, 1823.]

³ ["Your husband is in his old lunes again."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.]

⁴ ["Davus sum, non Oedipus."—TER.]

⁵ ["'Tis not in mortals to command success ;
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."—*Cato*.]

⁶ "With every thing that pretty *bin*,
My lady sweet, arise."—SHAKESPEARE.

⁷ [See Notes to Canto V. p. 404.]

⁸ [Lord Byron had evidently in his mind what D'Alembert said of Condorcet—
"That he was a volcano, covered with snow."]

⁹ [Zoroaster accounted for the mingled good and evil in the world by supposing the existence of two deities, one benevolent, and the other malevolent, with power so evenly balanced, that neither could get a permanent ascendancy.]

¹⁰ "Arcades ambo."

¹¹ ["Thus the rich travel."]

¹² ["The front of Newstead Abbey has a most noble and majestic appearance ; being built in the form of the west end of a cathedral, adorned with rich carvings and lofty pinnacles."—ART. *Newstead*, in "Beauties of England," vol. xii.]

¹³ ["How sweetly in front looked the transparent water, and the light of religious remains (equalled by no architecture scarcely in the kingdom, except that of York cathedral), backed by the most splendid field beauties, diversified by the swells of the earth on which they were rooted !" — THOROTON'S *Nottinghamshire*.

¹⁴ ["The beautiful park of Newstead, which once was richly ornamented with two thousand seven hundred head of deer, and numberless fine spreading oaks, is now divided and subdivided into farms."—THOROTON'S *Nottinghamshire*.]

¹⁵ ["I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
By the old Hall, which may be mine no more:
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before."—
Epistle to Augusta.]

¹⁶ ["In the bow-window of the Hall there are yet the arms of Newstead Priory, viz. England, with a chief azure, in the middle whereof is the Virgin Mary with Babe or."—THOROTON.]

¹⁷ [The history of this wonderful statue seems to be simply this:—Herodotus, when he went into Egypt, was shown the fragments of a colossus thrown down some years before by Cambyses. This he calls Memnon; but says not a syllable respecting its emitting a vocal sound; a prodigy which appears to have been an after-thought of the priests of Thebes. The upper part of this statue has been covered by the sand for many ages; it is that which yet remains on its pedestal which performs the wonders mentioned by so many travellers. The sound (for some sound there was), I incline to think, with De Pauw, proceeded from an excavation near the plinth, the sides of which might be struck, at a preconcerted moment, with a bar of sonorous metal. Even Savary, who saw nothing but prodigies in Egypt, treats this foolish affair as an artifice of the priests.—GIFFORD.]

¹⁸ ["Next to the apartment called King Edward the Third's room, on account of that monarch having slept there, is the sounding gallery,—so called from a very remarkable echo which it possesses."—Art. *Newstead*, in "*Beauties of England*," vol. xii.]

¹⁹ ["From the windows of the gallery over the cloisters, we see the cloister court, with a basin in the centre, used as a stew for fish," &c.—*Ibid.*]

²⁰ ["The cloisters exactly resemble those of Westminster Abbey, only on a smaller scale; but possessing, if possible, a more venerable appearance. These were the cloisters of the ancient abbey, and many of its ancient tenants now lie in silent repose under the flagged pavement. The ancient chapel, too, is still entire; its ceiling is a very handsome specimen of the gothic style of springing arches."—*Ibid.*]

²¹ Salvator Rosa.

²² If I err not, "your Dane" is one of Iago's catalogue of nations "exquisite in their drinking."

²³ In Assyria.

²⁴ ["*Aroint thee, witch!* the rump-fed ronyon cries."—*Macbeth*.]

²⁵ Siria, i.e., bitch-star.

²⁶ [George Hardinge, Esq., M.P., one of the Welsh judges, died in 1816. His works were collected, in 1818, by Mr. Nichols.]

²⁷ [Curran and Erskine.]

²⁸ "Mrs. Adams answered Mr. Adams, that it was blasphemous to talk of Scripture out of church." This dogma was broached to her husband—the best Christian in any book.—See *Joseph Andrews*.

²⁹ It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish ; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them ; even net fishing, trawling, &c., are more humane and useful. But angling—No angler can be a good man.

“One of the best men I ever knew,—as humane, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world,—was an angler : true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagancies of I. Walton.”

The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS.:—“*Audi alteram partem.*”—I leave it to counterbalance my own observation.

NOTES TO CANTO THE FOURTEENTH.



- ¹ ["But why then publish?—Granville, the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write."—POPE.]

- ² [Hor. Carm. 1. iii. od. 2.]

Craning.—"To *crane*" is, or was, an expression used to denote a gentleman's stretching out his neck over a hedge, "to look before he leaped:"—a pause in his "vaulting ambition," which in the field doth occasion some delay and execration in those who may be immediately behind the equestrian sceptic. "Sir, if you don't choose to take the leap, let me!"—was a phrase which generally sent the aspirant on again; and to good purpose: for though "the horse and rider" might fall, they made a gap through which, and over him and his steed, the field might follow.

- ⁴ See his Letters to his Son.

- ⁵ [———— "as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung."—DRYDEN'S *Virgil*.]

- ⁶ [A Spanish dance noted for its liveliness.]

- ⁷ ["Guido's most celebrated work, in the palaces of Rome, is his fresco of the Aurora, in the Palazzo Rospigliosi."—BRYANT.]

⁸ In Swift's or Horace Walpole's letters I think it is mentioned that somebody, regretting the loss of a friend, was answered by an universal Pylades: "When I lose one, I go to the Saint James's Coffee-house, and take another." I recollect having heard an anecdote of the same kind. Sir W. D. was a great gamester. Coming in one day to the club of which he was a member, he was observed to look melancholy. "What is the matter, Sir William?" cried Hare, of facetious memory. "Ah!" replied Sir W., "I have just *lost* poor Lady D."—"Lost! What at? *Quinze* or *Hazard*?" was the consolatory rejoinder of the querist.

⁹ The famous Chancellor Oxenstiern said to his son, on the latter expressing his surprise upon the great effects arising from petty causes in the presumed mystery of politics: "You see by this, my son, with how little wisdom the kingdoms of the world are governed." [The true story is;—young Oxenstiern, on being told he was to proceed on some diplomatic mission, expressed his doubts of his own fitness for such an office. The old Chancellor, laughing, answered,—"*Nescis, mi fili, quantula scientiâ gubernatur mundus.*"]

- ¹⁰ See "La Nouvelle Héloïse."

- ¹¹ Hor. Epod. Od.

¹² [See Sheridan's "Critic."]

¹³ [The bald-coot is a small bird of prey in marshes. The Emperor Alexander was baldish.]

¹⁴ [The King's palace at Brighton.]

¹⁵ ["These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die."—*Romeo and Juliet*.]

¹⁶ [Othello, act i. sc. iii.]

NOTES TO CANTO THE FIFTEENTH.



¹ [Ransom, Kinnaird, & Co. were Lord Byron's bankers.]

² [Raphael's masterpiece is called the Transfiguration.]

³ As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say that I mean, by "Diviner still," CHRIST. If ever God was man—or man God—he was *both*. I never arraigned his creed, but the use, or abuse—made of it. Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction negro slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had little to say in reply. And was Christ crucified that black men might be scourged? If so, he had better been born a Mulatto, to give both colours an equal chance of freedom, or at least salvation.

⁴ ["Thou finely wouldst say all? Say something well :
Say something ill, if thou wouldst bear the bell."—ELPHINSTONE.]

⁵ ["The cat will mew ; the dog will have his day."—*Hamlet*.]

⁶ [Three small vessels were apparently all that Columbus had required. Two of them were light barques, called caravels, not superior to river and coasting craft of more modern days.—WASHINGTON IRVING.]

⁷ This extraordinary and flourishing German colony in America does not entirely exclude matrimony, as the "Shakers" do ; but lays such restrictions upon it as prevents more than a certain quantum of births within a certain number of years ; which births (as Mr. Hulme observes) generally arrive "in a little flock like those of a farmer's lambs, all within the same month perhaps." These Harmonists (so called from the name of their settlement) are represented as a remarkably flourishing, pious, and quiet people. See the various recent writers on America.

⁸ Jacob Tonson, according to Mr. Pope, was accustomed to call his writers "able pens," "persons of honour," and especially "eminent hands." Vide Correspondence, &c. &c.—["Perhaps I should myself be much better pleased, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a 'great genius' or an 'eminent hand,' as Jacob does all his authors."—*Pope to Steele*.]

⁹ See Tacitus, b. vi.

¹⁰ [———"And, under him,
My genius is rebuked ; as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Caesar."—*Macbeth*.]

¹¹ [*Warison*—*cri-de-guerre*—note of assault :—

“ Either receive within these towers
Two hundred of my master’s powers,
Or straight they sound their *warison*,
And storm and spoil this garrison.”—*Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]

¹² A dish “à la Lucullus.” This hero, who conquered the East, has left his more extended celebrity to the transplantation of cherries (which he first brought into Europe), and the nomenclature of some very good dishes :—and I am not sure that (barring indigestion) he has not done more service to mankind by his cookery than by his conquests. A cherry-tree may weigh against a bloody laurel : besides, he has contrived to earn celebrity from both.

¹³ “Petits puits d’amour garnis des confitures,”—a classical and well-known dish for part of the flank of a second course.

¹⁴ [“To-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house—this day with the pacha, the next with a shepherd.”—*Byron Letters*, 1810.]

¹⁵ Subauditur “*non* ;” omitted for the sake of euphony.

¹⁶ [John Scott, Earl of Eldon, Chancellor of England (with the interruption of fourteen months) from 1801 to 1830.]

¹⁷ Hecla is a famous hot-spring in Iceland.

¹⁸ Hamlet, act iii. sc. ii.

¹⁹ [“By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,” &c.—
Richard III.]

²⁰ Hobbes : who, doubting of his own soul, paid that compliment to the souls of other people as to decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

NOTES TO CANTO THE SIXTEENTH.

¹ Xenophon, *Cyrop.*

² Hamlet, act ii. sc. ii.

³ ["That the dead are seen no more," said Imlac, "I will not underlake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some, who deny it with their tongues, confess it with their fears."—*Rasselas*.]

⁴ The composition of the old Tyrian purple, whether from a shell-fish, or from cochineal, or from kermes, is still an article of dispute: and even its colour—some say purple, others scarlet: I say nothing.

⁵ [See Ovid. *Epist.* ix.]

⁶ ["Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart."—*Macbeth*.]

⁷ [During a visit to Newstead, in 1814, Lord Byron actually fancied he saw the ghost of the Black Friar, which was supposed to have haunted the Abbey from the time of the dissolution of the monasteries.—*MOORE*.]

⁸ [One of the most beautiful superstitions is the Irish fiction, which assigns to certain families of ancient descent and distinguished rank, the privilege of a Banshie, whose office it is to appear, seemingly mourning, while she announces the approaching death of some one of the destined race.—*SIR WALTER SCOTT*.]

⁹ I think that it *was* a *carpet* on which Diogenes trod, with—"Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!"—"With greater pride," as the other replied. But as *carpets* are *meant* to be trodden upon, my memory probably misgives me, and it might be a robe, or tapestry, or a table-cloth, or some other expensive and uncynical piece of furniture.

¹⁰ I remember that the mayoress of a provincial town, somewhat surfeited with a similar display from foreign parts, did rather indecorously break through the applauses of an intelligent audience—intelligent, I mean, as to music—for the words, besides being in recondite languages (it was some years before the peace, ere all the world had travelled, and while I was a collegian), were sorely disguised by the performers:—

this mayoress, I say, broke out with, "Rot your Italianos ! for my part, I loves a simple ballat !" Rossini will go a good way to bring most people to the same opinion, some day. Who would imagine that he was to be the successor of Mozart ? However, I state this with diffidence, as a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music in general, and of much of Rossini's ; but we may say, as the connoisseur did of painting, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," "that the picture would be better painted if the painter had taken more pains."

¹¹ [The last words or rhymes of a number of verses given to a poet to be filled up.—TODD.]

¹² [Petticoat government—female power.—TODD.]

¹³ [*Capo d'opera*—chef-d'œuvre—master-piece.]

¹⁴ "Ausu Romano ære Veneto" is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians ; the inscription, I believe, imperial ; and inscribed by Napoleon the *First*. It is time to continue to him that title—there will be a second by and by, "*Spes altera mundi*," *if he live* ; let him not defeat it like his father. But, in any case, he will be preferable to Imbeciles. There is a glorious field for him, if he know how to cultivate it.—[Napoleon, Duke of Reichstadt, died at Vienna, July 22, 1832—to the disappointment of many prophets. He had just completed his twenty-first year.]

¹⁵ "I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me :
Though ye *untie* the winds, and let them fight
Against the *churches*."—*Macbeth*.

¹⁶ "Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance."—*Macbeth*.

¹⁷ [Sidney Smith, author of *Peter Plimley's Letters*.]

¹⁸ ["There's a difference between a beggar and a queen ;
And I'll tell you the reason why ;
A queen does not swagger, nor get drunk like a beggar,
Nor be half so merry as I," &c.]

¹⁹ [*Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*.—ADAG.]

²⁰ In French "*mobilité*." I am not sure that mobility is English ; but it is expressive of a quality which rather belongs to other climates, though it is sometimes seen to a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions—at the same time without *losing* the past ; and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute.—["That Lord Byron was fully aware not only of the abundance of this quality in his own nature, but of the danger in which it placed consistency and singleness of character, did not require this note to assure us. The consciousness, indeed, of his own natural tendency to yield thus to every chance impression, and change with every passing impulse, was not only for ever present in his mind, but had the effect of keeping him in that general line of consistency, on certain great subjects, which he continued to preserve throughout life."—MOORE.]

²¹ "Curiosa felicitas."—PETRONIUS ARBITER.

²² ["Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."—POPE on Addison.]

23

[———“genetrix hominum, divomque voluptas,
Alma Venus!”—LUCRET. lib. i.]

24 See the account of the ghost of the uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony, raised by Schroepfer—“Karl—Karl—was willst du mit mir?”

25

“*Shadows to-night*
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than could the *substance* of ten thousand soldiers,” &c.—*Richard III.*

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* * The Roman numerals indicate the *volumes*, the larger Arabic numerals the *pages*, and the smaller the *notes*. The titles of the principal pieces are printed in SMALL CAPITALS, and the first line of every distinct piece, and of every canto, in *italics*.

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